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THE VETERANS OF YESTERDAY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

VIII.

IT was at this time that the report came that Hussein Pasha, Dey of Algiers, had struck our ambassador with his fan, and that those pirates were to be rooted out.

Every one was talking of the preparations for the expedition, of the number of troops embarked, of the unhappy Christians at work in the galleys, and of the horrible deeds committed by the Turks in the Mediterranean. Every evening, in our back shop, my father read aloud these details in the "Constitutionnel," and every one approved of the punishment about to be inflicted on the barbarians.

I remember, too, that my father, who felt very anxious, had written to my brother Paul to come home, and we were all looking for him with impatience.

Child that I was, nothing escaped me. I am, indeed, often astonished at the number of things a child is capable of understanding and retaining; it seems to me, too, that very few men double the capital of ideas accumulated in their early youth.

One thing occurs to me as important when I look back, and this was the visit to Phalsbourg made by Georges Mouton, Comte de Lobau.

He was a member of the Liberal party, and was in the Chamber of Deputies. He undoubtedly came to confer with the veterans, his old companions. The police, of course, had been warned of his coming, and had received orders to watch his every movement; but he was too old a stager to be caught in a mouse-trap.

Justine and I haunted the Place d'Armes, and played under the old trees with the other children. Mouton often walked there, to my great delight. I could never keep my eyes from him, for my

friend Florentin had thrilled my very soul with accounts of how he had commanded the younger Guards at Waterloo, and how he, at the head of eleven thousand young soldiers, had stood firm against thirty-two thousand men of Bülow who attacked him in the rear, and he had kept them at bay for six long hours. He told me that it was not until nightfall that Mouton, wounded, disabled, and stunned, by being thrown from his horse and dragged by the stirrup, was finally carried by his men to the village of Mont-Saint-Léon, where he had been laid on the bench in front of a little inn, and left there for dead.

I have since seen this bench in the village of Mont-Saint-Léon, and I stood and gazed at it for a long time.

He was a tall, solidly built man, with a prominent forehead and a flat nose, eyes half covered by heavy gray brows, and a square-cut chin. He looked, when I saw him in civilian's clothes, like a good, comfortable Lorraine farmer, who had no idea above that of planting his cabbages.

His friends, Thomas Michelair, Metzinger, and Boyer, were always with him; they walked up and down together in the shade of the tall trees, and the police might watch them as much as they pleased—they could not help themselves.

But one most singular thing happened, which came near spoiling everything.

Comte Lobau was living in the house of one of his friends, Baron Parmentier, on the Place d'Armes, and it so happened that we had at Phalsbourg at the same time a certain sergeant of voltigeurs, who was a great tattler, and very restless, finding his business as a bookbinder far from interesting. He always seized every opportunity of talking and of making himself conspicuous.

This individual, named Speck, having heard

that Georges Mouton was in town, took it into his head to make him an address. He gathered together about twenty patriots, who were quite impressed by the idea, and proposed that they should accompany him; then they all crossed the Place d'Armes together, to call on the general.

Justine and I were under the trees as usual, and, seeing this curious procession, we followed it without in the least knowing where it was going.

Just as Speck reached the house, Georges Mouton came out with his friends. What was his surprise to see Speck strike an attitude in front of him, unroll a paper which he held in his hand, and begin to harangue him!

The gendarmes, Werner and Keltz, who were on the square, seeing this crowd, hurried to the scene of action; but Speck, perfectly undisturbed, continued calmly.

Georges Mouton frowned at first, but, seeing that there was no help for it, he waited until the ceremony was over, and then taking out a large snuff-box from his pocket, he said to Speck in a pleasant tone:

"Excellent, my good man! Your oration has gratified me very much." And, extending the box, he said quietly, "Will you have a pinch?"

Speck, who expected something of more importance than this off-hand method of receiving his address, was quite confused.

Justine, more acute than I, pushed me with her elbow and laughed slyly. Others laughed besides herself, and as Speck answered pompously:

"It will be the happiest recollection of my life, mon Général!"

Lobau replied in a bantering tone:

"Ah! indeed? Well, if one pinch gives you so much pleasure, why not take two?"

A shout of laughter went up from the little crowd, even the gendarmes joined in it, and Speck, losing his self-possession entirely, hastily pushed the people aside and disappeared around the corner.

Justine and I at once rushed to find Florentin, and it was she who, laughing like a mischievous little elf, described Speck's discomfiture.

"Is this so, my boy?" exclaimed Florentin, turning to me.

And when I answered "Yes," that Justine had told him just what had occurred, he dropped into his chair and began to laugh so loudly that the very walls shook. I had never in my life seen him so much amused.

"Speck! that miserable Speck, once a mere sergeant and now a bookbinder, daring to go and make a speech to Georges Mouton, the 'king

of soldiers,' as the Emperor called him. Ha! ha! ha! Frentzel, Frentzel, come here! Listen to what Justine has to tell you."

And Justine began her tale all over, laughing herself so that she could hardly speak.

"What a joke!" cried my old friend Sébastien. "A pinch of snuff! he gave him a pinch of snuff!"

From that day forth the unfortunate Speck attempted no more harangues.

As to Georges Mouton—he was fond of a joke (as everybody knew after the affair of the pumps at Paris) and now went calmly to his friend, the baker of the regiment, Jean Baptiste Vacheron, there to eat *kirsch*.*

Jean Baptiste was the oldest of all the veterans of Phalsbourg.

While his friends were hurrying all over the world, he baked the army bread and biscuit at home, and every time that one of them returned, after embracing the father and the mother he went to see Vacheron, who seated him at the pine table in the bake-shop. Jean Baptiste brought out his *kirsch*, which they ate, washing it down with one or two bottles of white wine, while they discussed their companions disappeared long since in Egypt, Germany, Russia, or elsewhere. And then they talked of old Phalsbourg—where there were so few left of the veterans, and where the young people were growing up like weeds.

Yes—it was there that Mouton and his friends Thomas, Boyer, and Metzinger now went, and I leave you to picture for yourselves the amusement afforded to this coterie by Speck's harangue and Lobau's response.

This is the last episode that occurs to me before the Revolution of 1830. Our fleet had sailed; the troops should even have been landed, when Lobau suddenly returned to Paris. Every one exulted; letters were eagerly looked for from Algiers; in fact, an occasional one to relatives had arrived—when all at once a vague rumor arose that Charles X had abused the charter, and that Paris was in revolution.

Then no letters or papers arrived; the mail and the diligences ceased entirely; the telegraph was in constant motion on the hill of Haut-Marten, and everybody was in a state of agonized suspense.

I saw that my parents were unhappy, and that their thoughts were far away, even when they were in the shop among their customers, and this made me attentive to all they said. I listened and I looked, conscious that something extraordinary was taking place.

I remember that on the second day, when my

* A Lorraine cake.

mother was going to bed, she suddenly exclaimed :

"Heaven grant that Paul is not meddling in these disturbances in Paris !"

And then my father answered :

"Are canting fools to rule us for ever, then ? If people like ourselves do not meddle with these affairs, then we must simply make up our minds to submit to new burdens !"

I was struck by these words.

The weather was simply glorious : not a cloud in the sky through those July days of 1830.

Françoise came for me every morning. My friend Florentin and I continued to go to the garden after dinner with Azor—but instead of staying there quietly, we watched through the hedge the people who were wandering up and down the highway, waiting with feverish impatience for news from the capital which came not.

Now, one day, seeing Nicole and Justine passing with many others, I ran after them, followed more slowly by my friend Florentin.

We had hardly gone twenty steps when Justine stopped short ; with her hand outstretched toward Mittelbronn, she exclaimed :

"Listen ! look up at the hill. The diligence is coming !"

It was the first for six days.

Nicole asked the child quickly if she were certain.

"Yes, mamma ; it is coming very slowly. It has little flags on it. Now, do you see ?"

We stood still. Florentin, with his hand over his eyes, said :

"Little flags ? Do you see them too, Lucien ?"

"Yes—yes—I see them. Oh, how beautiful they are—red, white, and blue !"

Florentin was very pale, very pale indeed.

"I can't see them," he murmured. You see his sight was failing, and he always put on spectacles to read with.

And while we stood looking, looking, we heard a cry afar off—"*Vive Lafayette !*"

The diligence now came rolling on at full speed ; the conductor, a stout man with his hat on one side and his whiskers blowing in the wind, shook a small tricolored flag, and the people ran along behind the carriage in a cloud of dust, shouting :

"*Vive Lafayette !*"

All this passed by us like a hurricane. The shouts of *Vive Lafayette* echoed from the fortifications and rang through the Porte de France. We ran too. Justine clutched my hand, crying :

"Come, Lucien, come ! The Emperor is coming back !"

We had been brought up in such a way that we had no other idea than that.

We passed under the arch la Porte de France, and then turning the corner we saw a great crowd before the Hôtel de la Ville de Metz, where the diligence had stopped.

The conductor, jumping down from his box, shouted to the crowd :

"The Swiss Guard is swept away ! Charles X has disappeared ! The citizens are victorious ! They are in possession of the Tuileries ! Form yourselves at once into a National Guard !"

Everybody insisted on his going into the Hôtel to drink to the health of Lafayette, but he thanked them and refused, saying :

"You are very kind, but I have no time to lose. We will drink together another time. *Vive la Garde Citoyenne !* I must be off !"

Justine and I, with uplifted faces, looked on at all this tumult in astonishment.

He climbed on his box again. A man handed him up a glass of wine from below, which he hastily swallowed, shouting as he did so :

"*Vive la France !*"

Others replied by the cry of "*Vive le Duc de Reichstadt !*"

But he shrugged his shoulders and repeated :

"*Vive la France !*"

And the diligence thundered off.

These things are so clear before my eyes that, were I to see that conductor, with his big whiskers all white with dust, I would say : "There he is ! I know him !"

I can hear and see it all—the tumult, the people looking on, some wonder-struck, others laughing as at an excellent joke, and shaking hands all round. And the soldiers of the First Empire all gesticulating and crowding round the diligence, while the impatient horses pranced and neighed, crying out shrilly :

"But the watchword ! Do you know the watchword ?"

For they all wanted a watchword, having never done or thought anything except with one.

Yes, all this I can see again.

And the Commandant of the Old Guard, Michelair, frowningly answered them :

"The watchword is Wait : and be ready to start left foot first. There is no other !"

All this I saw and heard.

Then they dispersed. Everybody ran to take the news to his family.

We ran home too, and when we entered the shop it was crowded. My father was saying to the peasants : "We are going to have a republic. We must all bring out our old cockades, red, white, and blue. You have no time to lose. Charles X has fled, and we shall have Lafayette. You have not forgotten Lafayette, have you ?"

"No, Monsieur Pelerin," answered the old

peasants, lifting their broad-brimmed hats—"no, we have not forgotten Lafayette.

"*Vive Lafayette!*" cried my father.

My mother pulled his sleeve and said softly: "Be careful, Pelerin! Who knows what may happen?"

"Let me alone, my dear," he replied. "I have had enough of sanctimonious people. It is time that we came to our senses."

Then, turning toward the villagers, he repeated: "You hear me?" he said. "You have no time to lose, I say. Let all those who have sons in the army write to them to sustain Lafayette. You understand?"

"Yes, Monsieur Pelerin."

Justine and I, in our corner behind the counter, listened intently, but of course we did not understand the meaning of what we heard.

Some minutes later, in came my dear Florentin with Frentzel, saying, as he entered, "Well, Monsieur Pelerin, we are to see the Emperor again!"

"Have you then forgotten your old generals, Hoche, Kléber, Marceau?" answered my father. "Have you forgotten those who first led you on to victory? They were not the ambitious, unscrupulous plunderers we have since seen. You love the man, do you, who reestablished the noblesse in order to rank you, in order to betray you as did Bourmont? You would like to see France ruled by foreigners, and your pension and your cross dwindle away? You would like this, would you?"

My friend Florentin had never thought of these things, and he did not know what to say, for these words were only too true.

Frentzel, pulling him by the sleeve, said to him: "Who can tell, Sébastien, how these things will turn out? This may all be a false rumor. They may come back—"

Florentin wanted to reply with energy, but he could not think of a word to say, and Frentzel led him away.

My mother, too, led my father into the back shop, saying: "The gendarmes are out. I have just seen Keltz and Werner pass."

Outside, the noise was momentarily increasing, for all the people in the neighborhood were pouring into town to hear the news.

And Justine pulled me by the arm, as all women do in moments of hubbub and confusion. She wanted me to go home with her, but I angrily refused, until she said:

"Listen, Lucien! We are going to have baked pears for tea. Come!"

And I amiably consented.

We then went to her house, where Nicole and Mother Desjardens were just taking their seats at the table. They were saying: "It is all

the same to us whether it be Lafayette or Reichstadt. We can still enjoy our glass of *ratafia*!"

Seeing us appear, Nicole exclaimed: "Oh! Here you are! I did not know what had become of you. Sit down and eat some pears."

Which we proceeded to do with infinite satisfaction, listening all the while to the noise outside, which was rapidly increasing.

The cabarets were filled to overflowing.

Justine and I were crazy to get out, on account of the shouts we heard; but Nicole held us tight, and compelled us to remain.

"No, you are not going out to be trampled to death!" she said. "Eat your suppers quietly; that is much the best thing for you!"

Other gossips now came in, in great excitement. Madame Richard, Frentzel, and Madame Desmarests. And I remember how they at once began to conspire against the Duc de Reichstadt.

"What has that fellow ever done for us?" said Madame Françoise. "Florentin was second lieutenant when Bonaparte made his *coup*. He would have been a general had the *émigrés* not come back."

"Yes," said Mother Desjardens, "that is quite true. My husband would have been a general also; he was no more stupid than the others; but in the end, you know, it was the nobles, like Grouchy and Bourmont, who obtained that rank and title."

"To be sure," answered Nicole; "but our poor innocents are expected to forget all that. That stout Thomas leads them by the noses. He hopes to enter the army with his present title, and means to risk everything to that end."

Then, seeing that we were listening, they lowered their voices, and continued to knit, quite undisturbed by the shouts outside; for they were not the first to which they had listened in their day.

"I should like to know," said Frentzel, "what either Lafayette or Reichstadt can bring to all these brawlers! Will not donkeys always be donkeys? Let us try to keep our good men quiet, and make them understand that they must not move hand or foot now, nor until a good king, a good emperor, or a good republic is established, which will pay us our pensions and our crosses. What in the world do we care about anything else? The big prizes in the lottery are always for the rogues, and our husbands are none of them rogues!"

"Alas! no," sighed Mother Desjardens. "If the new government would only give us back the cross in full, I would shout anything they like."

"And we too," said the others; "we would say '*Vive Lafayette!*' or '*Vive Reichstadt!*'—it is all one to us."

They laughed.

This laugh, these words, still ring in my ears. Justine understood them all quite as well as did her mother, and thought in all things just as she did. For that matter, so do all girls until they are married to good husbands, who make them do as they themselves choose.

Everybody will admit that I am right, and it is very fortunate, on the whole; for, but for the women, Heaven knows what the men would do, and what dreadful things would happen to them!

IX.

THIS commotion continued until night. The inns and the wine-shops swarmed with people, but the crowd was a gay and good-natured one. They all drank, and shouted "*Vive Lafayette!*" and, as everybody was of the same mind, there was, of course, no quarreling.

Finally, about eight o'clock, the country-people made haste to leave before the gates were shut, and all settled down into quiet for the night.

I had been asleep for some time with my head on the table. Rose came to carry me off to bed, and thus ended this wonderful day.

But the next was even more wonderful. When Rose opened my shutters in the morning, I awoke and looked out into the street, gay with tricolored flags.

This was one of the most vivid sensations of my life—the brilliant August sun, the cloudless sky, and gay colors blazing and fluttering from the sidewalks to the roofs. What a sight it was!

"Rose! Rose!" I cried, "dress me quick! Oh! do be quick."

I heard shouts of laughter from without. Some soldiers of the Eighteenth, in full uniform, went by. The evening before they had been sent to the barracks.

Our shop was again crowded, and people were coming in and going out all the time.

Rose helped me, and I, trembling with impatience, ran to my friend Florentin.

The good man was as happy as myself. He had forgotten what had taken place between my father and himself the evening before.

"Ah! it is you, is it?" he said. "Come here and look."

I looked.

On the table were displayed all his old uniforms, which had not seen the light for fifteen years, except when Françoise took them out to air and brush them. They were all old and shabby: the blue coat, with its red facings and tails going off to points like those of a fish, *chapeau à claque*, the sword, and the pistols, all lay side by side.

A very large sword, with a black handle

surrounded by a large gilt shell, and its scabbard of russet-colored leather, attracted all my admiration.

Sébastien Florentin was examining his effects previous to entering on his campaign.

"Ha! ha!" he said, with his artless laugh; "you see, I am to enter the field again. You never saw me in my uniform, my boy; but when I have all these on, and my epaulets too, you shall see me, my boy—you shall see me!"

Astonishment prevented me from speaking; and he, suddenly remembering the scene of the previous evening, said:

"Your father is one of the best of men, but he likes to busy himself with politics, and he doesn't understand it in the least. Let him remain in his grocery and continue to make money. You are all good people—everybody likes you; but don't meddle with politics. Politics is our affair, my boy! We understand it, and let each of us stick to his own trade!"

"Yes, my friend," I answered; "but I wish to be a soldier. I don't wish to remain in our shop."

Then, with a shout of laughter, he cried out: "You would like to have a sword like that, I suppose?"

"Yes, my friend."

"And pistols like these?" he continued. "Look! these are the pistols of the One Hundred and First; all the officers had their pistols."

"And this big sword, my friend?" laying my hand on the other, which seemed to me much the handsomest.

"Ah! that is quite another thing; that is the sword of a Hungarian staff-officer, who gave it to me himself on the day of the Battle of Raab. We were in ambuscade in a little wood, when all at once he dashed full among us. He was carrying an order, and never suspected our presence. As he passed he cut at me with this saber. I parried it, and twenty feet farther on he fell, his horse under him; the animal had five bullets in his body. The staff-officer was surrounded in one second by the bristling bayonets of our men. I hurried up to him; he extended his sword, saying, 'It is yours, Captain!' I struck the bayonets up, and he was my prisoner. I have always kept his sword; it is a good blade. Listen, my boy; do you hear that? it rings like a bell!" and he struck it loudly.

He continued to praise the weapon, and I listened in open-mouthed wonder.

"If you are industrious, you shall go to the military school, and you shall have a sword, a French sword, and you shall be a soldier. You would like to enter the military school, my lad?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, then, continue to study; you have a good head, and you shall do so."

Françoise came in. She had been to gather further news, for the courier had just arrived.

"Well, Frentzel!" said the Captain, turning round; "is Napoleon proclaimed yet?"

"Not yet, Florentin—not yet. They say that the Chamber is deliberating."

"The Chamber deliberating!" cried Florentin indignantly. "What is the Chamber? The Chamber amounts to nothing! It is deliberating, is it? Why should it deliberate? Why doesn't it shout '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and have done with it? It is now the turn of Napoleon II and the veterans. Tut! tut! if the Chamber doesn't look out, we will pitch it overboard, that is all!"

He was becoming excited.

"Yes," said Françoise, "that of course, Florentin—that of course; but we must wait."

"Wait! and for what?" he cried, becoming more heated and emphatic. "Is not the Duc de Reichstadt, the son of the Emperor, all ready to come back? And now that the Emperor is dead, is it not his son who should mount the throne? He will be summoned—he will come—and that is all there is about it!"

He was striding up and down the room.

"Yes, Florentin, you are right," said Françoise; "but Monsieur Pelerin's newspaper says that the Duc d'Orléans will be named Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom."

"Very well! who cares for that?" said Florentin. "Let him be Lieutenant-General, provided the Duc de Reichstadt be General-in-Chief, like his father, and that will be all right."

"Yes, to be sure, Florentin," answered Madame Françoise, "you are right.—But my milk is burning."

And she went back to her kitchen.

"We will go and see to this at once," cried the Captain. "Colonel Thomas has summoned us. All this must be changed!" And my old friend ripped out an oath.

Never before had I heard him swear. He now relapsed into morose silence, and, when Françoise came in with the *café au lait*, we breakfasted without exchanging a word.

My friend Florentin said, as he finished and rose from the table:

"Frentzel, all must be ready!" And he pointed to his uniforms. "We may receive marching orders at any moment, you understand?"

"Yes, yes, Florentin, I understand. Have I failed once since our marriage to have everything ready for you when you were ordered off?"

This reply pleased the Captain.

"No, Frentzel," he said, "to do you justice

I must confess that you make an admirable soldier's wife."

And, taking his cane from the corner of the wardrobe, he put on his hat and departed.

How I longed to go with him!

"Stay with Frentzel," he said; "we are going to Petit-Saint-Jean—it is too far for you."

Then I ran off to Nicole's, for, when my old friend went to Petit-Saint-Jean, Captain Vidal must be there too. I knew this, and these were the days I spent with Justine.

All the gossips except Frentzel were already assembled there.

Mother Desjardens said, "We must wait for Françoise, she always has such good ideas."

"Yes," answered Nicole, "we must send for her."

Fortunately, Madame Françoise was close behind me; she had only stopped to lock our door, and just now passed the window.

"Ah! there she is!" they cried in chorus.

Françoise entered all out of breath, and seated herself.

Justine pulled me into a corner near the *chiffonnière*, and said to me:

"You are going to stay here to dinner. My father will not come home until night, and Catherine is making a *galette*."

She wore a bright cockade over one ear, and looking from the window I saw many people wearing the same cockade in their hats.

"Won't you give me your cockade?" I said.

"No," she answered, searching in her pocket. "I like it too well, and it is too becoming; but here is another that I have made for you. What will you give me if I put it in your cap?"

I extended my hands as if to embrace her.

"No! no!" she said, half turning away.

She pretended to be angry, but I kissed her all the same.

Then she was pleased, and taking a pin she fastened the cockade to my hat. I then stood up on a footstool to see myself in the mirror, and thought I looked very fine.

During all this time the consultation had been going on around the table, assisted by the cherries and *beignets* which Cocole had brought out of her closet. She produced also some macaroons in a little basket. And I think it was for these things that the others liked so much to go to her house.

"I should much like to know," said Madame Richard, "what they do when they are with their dear Colonel Thomas at Petit-Saint-Jean. It is all very well for this big Colonel to shout, '*Vive Reichstadt!*' He is a bachelor, and he is rich. He has no need of his cross or his pension—he can live without them—we can't. It is

to be hoped that he won't tell our old simpletons that it is time to march."

"Don't be troubled," answered Frentzel—"they won't move without a watchword. Until they have one they will rest quietly like carp in the bottom of a tub. I have always noticed this—in Spain, Prussia—everywhere. When the watchword comes, then we'll see what we shall see!"

"But," said Nicole, "who is there to give this? If it were Lafayette or the Duc d'Orléans, they would not budge a foot."

"You are mistaken. They would be so pleased to receive an order—for they have not had one for fifteen years—that I doubt if they would question whence it came. And then Mouton Lobau, who is no fool, will soon find out what he can do, and will grasp the position. He is not the man to put his head into a bridle without knowing where he is to be driven. He will give them the word of command which they covet. If Reichstadt is the strongest, they will march for Reichstadt; if another be so, why, they will march for the other. And Thomas will be equally pleased. He is not as narrow-minded as you think, Nicole. He means to keep his rank, and even become a general, but he does not mean to move a finger, unless at the word of command."

"You are right, Françoise," said Madame Richard, laughing; "and this must come, as a matter of course, from the strongest. And then, of course, we have nothing to fear."

"Well," said Frentzel, "you know as well as I that only simpletons march before the order is given. And then, too, are we not here to warn our dear innocents? They will do nothing without us. Florentin talks a good deal, but, when I speak to him about the cross and the pension, it shuts his mouth, I can tell you!—Cocole, give me a macaroon.—Lucien, do you not want one?"

"Yes, Madame Florentin, I want one, and so does Justine."

"You see what the word of command is to these poor children," said Frentzel. "It is macaroons. They obey it instantly.—Sit down here, Lucien, and keep quiet. You need not think of going out!—All these brawlers shout '*Vive Lafayette!*' to-day; to-morrow it will be '*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*' or even '*Vive Napoléon!*' which is what they would like best."

Thus did the gossips talk, continuing to knit all the time. And we were all ears, Justine and I, when our servant Rose came hurrying in, saying gayly, "Lucien, come quick—your brother Paul has come!"

This caused a great sensation in the room, and I, clinging to our servant's hand, ran off without saying good-by to any one.

Paul had been gone four years, and I had not the smallest recollection of his face. I was often asked at home if I remembered Paul, and I answered "Yes" at hap-hazard.

I ran as fast as possible, therefore, curious to see him of whom my mother was always talking to me. And, when we entered the shop, I saw, seated by my father, who was radiant with joy, a tall youth, twenty-two years old, dressed in chestnut-colored cloth, with a very wide-awake air, although he wore glasses, who, jumping up when he saw me, lifted me in his arms.

"Lucien, do you know me?"

I opened my eyes and examined him, ending by saying, "Yes, I know you—you are Paul."

Then everybody praised my good memory. Paul embraced me, and my mother wept.

But the best part of the whole, to me, was when Paul's trunks were opened, for he had brought me *marrons glacés* and other dainties. In fact, when I thought of him after this, his memory always came back to me associated with these *marrons*, and I longed earnestly for his return. When I was asked if I loved Paul, I always answered enthusiastically, "Indeed I do!"

This enthusiasm was due to the *marrons*.

How many other persons have similar ideas when they think of their relations, and of what they may bequeath to them! Ah! *marrons glacés* are very nice things.

In reality, however, I loved Paul a little for himself, for he frolicked with me and was very fond of me.

X.

ALL the town soon knew that my brother Paul had come from Paris the day before, and our house was soon invaded. All the neighbors came to hear the very last news, and it seemed as if the bell on the shop-door was never still for a moment. All my mother's gossips came; then the different employees from the custom-house, the hospital, and the *mairie*; all those, in short, who had anything to hope or fear from new events.

It was a long and never-ending procession. And Paul was forced to tell, once and over again, how the Tuileries were attacked, and to describe the constant firing upon the Swiss from the windows on the Quai d'Orsay, the arrival of the cannon on the Place de la Révolution, the entrance of the citizens by La Carrousel, and the flight of Charles X to Rambouillet, etc.

I listened to this narration so many times that I could repeat it to you to-day word for word; and I can see the eager attention with which my brother was listened to by the crowd, with outstretched necks and lips apart. I can hear the tone of gratification with which, as he concluded, some said to the others: "Good! It is a happy

riddance for us!" But others went away in gloomy silence.

This went on all day long, even during dinner. My mother, the servants, and I looked at Paul as if he were a hero, merely because he had heard the balls whistle through the air.

Toward evening our shop became so crowded that we were obliged to adjourn to the large chamber looking out on the market, and it was here that our friends went as soon as they came in. It was a large room, with an alcove at the back, where we slept. Between the two windows was the old harpsichord, on which Paul and my sister Juliette played sometimes during vacation. It was wheezy and a little unsteady, but still very sweet, and this day it did wonders.

Paul opened it and played the new air with which Paris was ringing—

"Cornichons—cornichons,
Enfin nous vous dénichons"—

which made everybody laugh.

He had brought, also, an engraving representing Charles X and his ministers, dressed as Jesus in long robes, singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*—a Parisian *Gloria* it was, however, with Latin words—and my brother, then pale and fond of fun, sang this *Gloria* so drolly that Nicole and Mother Desjardens nearly dropped on the floor laughing.

The others, too, were greatly amused.

I have often thought since then that it would have been better for my brother Paul had he joined a good troupe of actors rather than entered the grocery business. The stage was his vocation.

Well, as I say, we were all there, with the windows wide open on the square. I, standing close by my brother's side, was singing with him in a voice as loud and clear as that of a choir-boy, when my friend Florentin, coming back from the Petit-Saint-Jean, entered with a joyous exclamation:

"Hallo! Paul! Is it really you? I am delighted to see you back again."

"Yes, Monsieur Florentin," said Paul, rising to welcome him cordially, for we all adored the old man. He had, so to speak, brought up Paul as well as myself.

The two shook hands, and then the old soldier said:

"Go on, Paul—go on!"

The good man laughed, as had the others; but suddenly the idea of the Duc de Reichstadt entered his head, and sitting well back in his chair, with his hat in his hand and his legs stretched out, he cried:

"That is not what you should sing in a time like this. Listen to me.—Paul, you accompany me, if you please."

And then he, in a loud, ringing voice, filled the room with the old song of the Camp de Boulogne:

"Veillons au salut de l'empire,
Veillons au maintien de nos droits;
Si le despotisme conspire,
Conspirons contre les rois!"

He marked the time on the floor with his cane—Paul accompanied him; but, as this song was not agreeable to every one, many rose and went away, muttering regretfully:

"We were having such a delightful time!"

And as my friend Sébastien finished, an old woman, the mother of the tailor Mauduy, formerly a fencing-master to the Thirty-second, who had come to the shop (the old woman, I mean, who was wrinkled and shriveled up) for two cents' worth of oil and some vinegar to dress her salad, looked into our window and called out:

"Ah! leave your old song—this is the only one to sing. Listen!"

And, picking up her skirt, she began to dance outside on the sidewalk:

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrates à la lanterne!
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrates on les pendra!"

Presently the cobbler from over the way, the paper-hanger Brainstern, and all the customers of Georges Clodter, who kept the wine-shop called "The Three Pigeons," came running up and began to dance with her, all singing:

"Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira!"

I was utterly astonished to see this old crone, who dragged herself about with so much difficulty, become as lively as a fish. She leaped in the air, snapped her fingers, rounded her arms with grace, and lifted first one foot and then the other.

It was perfectly incredible; she seemed to be endowed with new life.

And the cobbler Monborne, who was quite as old as she, danced opposite to her, under the shade of his broad-brimmed hat—he, too, singing:

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son—vive le son—
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!"

And as this dance created a tremendous excitement without, just at our door, and several of the old people leaning from their windows recalled the assignats and many another thing, my father went to the harpsichord and struck

two or three solemn chords, as if to impose silence, and then began to sing in a rich, melodious voice a song I had never before heard, for I was too young, but which thrilled through me and caused every hair to rise on my head:

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

A dead silence fell upon the street. They were all listening outside.

I never supposed that my father could sing like this. He was very pale, and his voice touched every heart.

He sang the song through without interruption. All the old men and women who heard him were lost in a rush of overwhelming recollections. There was not a sound. When he had finished, they murmured as if awakening from a dream:

"Yes, yes—that is it!"

My father turned round.

"Captain Florentin!" he cried, "you surely have not forgotten that. It was the song of the Army of the Rhine, where you were. It was the song at Mayence, the song at Zurich, you know?"

"Yes, yes—I remember," said my friend Sébastien, with bowed head. "I remember—it was a long time ago."

And his eyes had a far-away, troubled expression, as he looked back into the past. Then he said:

"It is all the same. 'Veillons au salut de l'empire' is just as good!"

"Just as good!" cried the others indignantly.

"Was not that the song of the retreat from Russia?"

My friend Florentin, annoyed that everybody seemed inclined to find fault with him, got up and went away, saying:

"Good night, Madame Pelerin! Good night, friends!"

He was thinking of his cross and his pension, as were all the other veterans who departed at the same time, and we were left to sing alone until ten o'clock.

Paul began the air again of "Les Cornichons," but after hearing the "Marseillaise" it seemed very tame to us. Everybody had become grave, and, when the last visitor departed, we were all glad to go to bed.

XI.

No one ever saw such another comedy as this Revolution of 1830; but things could not go on in this way very long: there was something else to be done than to sing old songs.

The day after this scene which I have just described to you, as I came out of the shop-door

on my way to my friend Florentin's, I saw Justine on the sidewalk in front of their house.

I ran over to kiss her good morning.

But, as I approached with outstretched hands, the little maid turned swiftly away, saying haughtily:

"No—you must not kiss me any more. My father forbids you. You are Jacobins at your house."

And she closed the door in my face.

I went home quite stupefied. My father was waiting on a customer. I went up to him and I said:

"What is a Jacobin?"

"They were patriots," he replied, "who allowed themselves to be killed to drive the Prussians and traitors from our land. But why do you ask?"

In great despair I told him what had just happened, and what Justine had said.

"You see, Pelerin," said my mother, who was listening—"you see that we are making enemies."

"Enemies!" he answered, laughing. "As long as we can sell good articles at a lower price than others do, these worthy people will continue to buy from us; and as for anything more, I care not one sou." Then turning to me, he said: "And she will not allow you to kiss her? Very well, I will permit you to kiss all the other pretty little girls in Phalsbourg instead."

He laughed heartily.

I saw plenty of other little girls who were as pretty as Justine, but none whom I liked half as well, so that I was not consoled by this permission; and I was still standing with my heart swelling with pain, when my friend Florentin appeared at the door. He was returning from La Place d'Armes, where he and all the other veterans had been walking for the last three days in momentary expectation of the arrival of the courier.

"Monsieur Pelerin," he exclaimed, "do you know what has happened?"

"No, Monsieur Florentin; what is it?"

"They have thrown us all over."

"What do you mean? How thrown us over?"

"Yes, they have thrown over you republicans and we imperialists!"

My friend thundered out these words, and Frentzel, behind him, caught him by the arm, saying:

"Look out, Florentin—don't speak so loud! Keltz and Werner are at the corner of the street, in front of the *gendarmerie*."

And Florentin, turning round hastily, answered angrily:

"That will do, madame. Will you let me

alone with your Keltz and your Werner? Let them hear me! Let them arrest me if they will!" And putting himself on guard, his cane whizzing in the air, he shouted with pale and trembling lips, "One—two!—one—two!"

Any one would have thought him quite mad.

"Calm yourself, Captain!" said my father. "Let us go into the back shop, and you shall tell me the whole story, for I am greatly astonished."

He was evidently agitated.

The Captain followed, talking fast as he went.

"You are a brave man," he said, "although you never served but in two campaigns as a volunteer in the Army of the Rhine. Nevertheless, I recognize you as a brave man."

I slipped in behind them; but my mother and Frentzel remained at the counter, my father making them a sign not to follow, as Florentin was really furious.

When the door was closed, my father, placing a chair, said:

"Sit down, Captain."

"No, I can't sit down. I am trembling with rage! Ah, *canailles!*" he cried, grinding his teeth, "*canailles!*"

"Well! what is it?"

"Well! they have named the Duc d'Orléans king instead of Reichstadt. Here, look at this," he cried, drawing a bit of paper from his pocket. "Do you see this? The grocers, the lawyers, the journalists, and bankers—the *pékis* have made a king for you. Do you understand that, Pelerin—a king? Under our very noses—the noses of the soldiers of the First Empire—they have made this man their king, so that their trade may go on, when we ought to have marched on Mayence, and three days later taken Landau by surprise, and passed over on the right bank. And they have made us a king. Oh, the wretches!"

He grasped his cane.

My father, glancing at the paper, said:

"You are right, Captain; but Lafayette and the people of Paris are there."

"Lafayette!" bellowed Florentin; "read on—read on, I say. This Lafayette, this famous patriot, says that Philippe d'Orléans is the best of republicans."

Then my father became very pale, and exclaimed:

"Very well. Then it will be Valmy over again. 'La Carmagnole' will ring in our ears once more!"

My mother came in, followed by Françoise. She was white with terror. She said to my father:

"Hush! oh, hush! Every word you say can

be heard outside. In the name of Heaven, hush! Pelerin—hush!"

But my father did not seem to hear her.

"We must all start at once to prevent such a blow as this. The old and the young—"

"Do you wish Paul to go?" said my mother.

"Of course, he as well as the others," answered my father indignantly. "Is he worth more than the others? Did I not go myself when I was only eighteen?"

My mother did not reply, and Florentin, who was calmed by my father's excitement, said: "You are right, Pelerin. All the young men must leave at once, under the command of the veterans. I am all ready, only we have had no orders yet. We have been on the Square for three days waiting for orders, but none have come yet."

"To be sure, Florentin," said his wife in a coaxing voice, "it kills me to say so to you, but of course you can't move until it comes. But I just saw the postman pass; perhaps he has brought it in a letter. Let us go and see!"

Florentin went out with Frentzel, and Azor followed after them.

"They will wait!" said my father with a sarcastic smile. "There is no hurry. Georges Mouton will send them the word they want in his snuff-box, and everybody will take a pinch, except our poor Florentin." And, looking down on the small sheet in his hand, he said: "Listen to this: The National Guard will be formed. They will be commanded by cobblers and grocers. We have the King of Grocers as our own this time! It remains to be seen if the other sovereigns will accept him. If war begins, it will be a long one."

My mother, seeing him calmer, left him, and I ran out on the Square to see what my good friend Sébastien had to tell me. I did not understand, but I was very curious, and deeply interested in all these movements.

It was eleven o'clock; the sun blazed down on the Place d'Armes. The boys were just coming out of Father Vassereau's school. All the town knew that we had a king. Women and children, tradespeople and soldiers, hurried to the *mairie* to see the announcement.

Rose called to me from our door, "Lucien! Lucien!"

But I did not listen to her. I was off with the crowd, and I heard some one say:

"What is he called?"

"Louis Philippe."

"Is he the Duc d'Orléans?"

"Yes, to be sure!"

"But the Duc de Reichstadt?"

"Ah! What would you have? He is at Schönbrunn."

"So much the worse for him!"

Others coming up, all out of breath, said, "Won't they do anything?"

"What would you have them do?"

"They can protest."

"Protest! On what ground? Are they not harmonious in Paris? Suppose we should complain at Phalsbourg, what then? They would withdraw the troops, and then we would be in a nice way!"

Presently we heard a shout behind the hospital—"Vive Louis Philippe!"

Before the *mairie*, it was quite a different thing. All the veterans of the First Empire, with frowning brows and compressed lips, with canes thrust under their arms and hats pulled over their eyes, looked at the placard in its case and said to each other: "Who was it that dared place this here? He was a traitor! We must look for him and punish him."

Colonel Thomas was quite terrible to look upon. His eyes rolled angrily, and he would have torn down the notice had not the sentinel been pacing constantly in front of it, crying out as he did so: "Disperse, gentlemen! Disperse, if you please."

But, just as there was imminent danger of an explosion among the veterans, Monsieur le Baron Parmentier, the friend of Georges Mouton, and the former mayor of the town under the Empire, made his appearance in a black coat and white cravat, carrying a roll of paper in his hand. He mounted the steps, and, turning, addressed the veterans:

"See what it is to be devoted to one's country! The old soldiers are to enter the army with their present rank, and the years lost since 1815 will be counted to them. They will have a right to their pay as retired officers," etc.

And the veterans of yesterday were deeply touched. Their eyes grew misty, and their grasp was tremulous as they shook hands with each other.

"Zounds! this is good," they murmured. "They understand us, then, at last. Justice is to be accorded us. *Vive Lobau! Vive Louis Philippe!*"

The scene was quite touching.

After this Monsieur Parmentier spoke of the people being magnanimous, of their forming into National Guards, and many other things which I do not well remember, seeing that I have never yet understood them.

He said that, in resuming his former office of mayor, which Monsieur Jourdan, Chevalier de Saint Louis, had deserted, as Charles X had deserted his duty, he should consecrate himself to the happiness of the public.

This is all that I now recall, except the illumination of the evening, and the cries of "*Vive Lobau! Vive Louis Philippe!*"—and the cannon

fired on the ramparts, when the young ladies of the town, in white dresses and tricolored sashes, themselves loaded the pieces.

XII.

AFTER this day my friend Florentin became quite melancholy. He no longer walked on the Place d'Armes with his old comrades, but spent his time sitting in his arm-chair, his dressing-gown wrapped around his long legs, and his brow contracted in deep thought.

Never did I see a sadder face than his, especially in the morning, when his nightcap crowned his long nose; with pointed chin, and his mouth surrounded by deep wrinkles.

What ideas were going through that brain? I can't imagine; but sometimes he would abruptly break a long silence by calling me to his side. When I went up to him he would pass his long, bony fingers through my hair, saying as he did so:

"Why do you never see your little friend Justine nowadays?"

"She won't let me kiss her any more!" I exclaimed.

"Won't let you kiss her!—and why, pray?"

"Because her father forbids it. He says we are Jacobins."

"Jacobins," repeated Captain Florentin meditatively. "I remember the Jacobins at Mayence, at Landau, at Kaiserslautern, and at Woerth. They fought well at all these places, and no one ever said to the contrary! They never shouted one day, '*Vive le Roi!*' and on the next, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' They always stuck to one thing, '*Vive la République! En avant!*' They were brave men. Ah me! ah me! Now, my boy, run away; go out and play, if you choose; but I suppose you don't like playing alone! Never mind—by and by we will go to the garden; it is a long time since we have been there; the pears ought to be ripe by this time."

Then I went into the kitchen to Frentzel, or to the courtyard, behind the woodhouse, to play with the kittens, or to visit Captain Lacour, the lodger who taught me to count on my fingers, and who laughed when he heard me skip the nineties, because he promised me a sou.

All this, however, did not prevent my old friend Florentin from being very miserable because Reichstadt had been sacrificed.

"Ah! Georges Mouton," he cried sometimes; "Georges Mouton, whom the Emperor called the best colonel in the army; Gérard, whom he promised to make a marshal at the first battle; Soult, whom he called the greatest manœuvrer of troops in the world, and all the rest of you, his old companions in honor and glory, you all

abandon his son. O misery! who could ever believe that such a thing would happen!"

"But, Florentin," said Frentzel, "the young fellow wants for nothing in his Château de Schönbrunn; he lives like a fighting-cock there; I have even heard say that Metternich compels him to drink Johannisberger, and that he has—"

"Hush, madame!" cried Florentin in hot indignation; "restrain your poisonous tongue. Hush! He is our emperor."

He shouted so loudly that Frentzel was compelled to silence.

I remember, too, that the more melancholy he became in thinking of the Duc de Reichstadt, the more he loved me. He always helped me first at the table.

"Eat, my boy," he would say. "I haven't another friend in the world but you; and you will never desert me, will you?"

"No, I never will."

"And you love me?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Look here, madame," he would say, turning to Frentzel with a most severe expression, "this child has more heart than all the town put together. It is not he who would deny his flag; he will let himself be hewed to pieces for his emperor! Would you not, my boy?"

"Yes! yes!" I cried, with my hands clinched in my enthusiasm; "yes—*vive l'Empereur!*"

Then his eyes looked troubled, and he said, sadly enough:

"Is there no one left but ourselves, we two, to sustain the honor of France? Come here, my friend," and, extending his arms, we embraced each other.

After dinner we went to our little garden, for my friend did not wish to see any one. There, under the shade of the great poplars, behind the pear- and apple-trees bowed down by their weight of fruit, among the cabbages and the beans, far from the maddening crowd, we enjoyed a little quiet. We heard no more that irritating shout, "*Vive le Roi! Vive Louis Philippe!*"

The only time that Florentin seemed at all happy was while he was hoeing his borders and filling his basket with fresh vegetables.

I slept in his shed as usual, and when I woke he gave me a ripe *bon-chrétien* to eat, saying to me:

"Is not that good?"

Then he picked some delicious plums that were like honey; he brought them to me in a cabbage-leaf; and, seated in the shadow of the shed, behind the trellis, from which hung full clusters of grapes, we drank our small measure of wine and nibbled a crust.

Sometimes the remembrance of his old campaigns came to him, and he would talk of them.

"To-day," he would say, "is a happy anniversary. It was to-day that we crossed the Tagliamento to enter the Tyrol, or the Rhine to march on Frankfort, or the Danube to attack Vienna. To-day it was that we met the Prussians or the Russians at such a place. Colonel Such-a-one was killed, and was replaced by So-and-so."

Then he relapsed into a long reverie.

And when asked what he did after that, Florentin would go on to tell me all the movements of the One Hundred and First; its marches and countermarches, its wheeling to the right or its position on the left, during the battle; the attack; the retreat; the position of the batteries; the attacks by the bayonets, etc.

Hearing all this so many times, I finally understood it, for his explanations were wonderfully clear, and he showed me on the ground with his cane the outlines of the battle-fields, and entered into every detail.

It seemed sometimes as if we two were only one, so entirely were we in sympathy in all our opinions and tastes.

One morning, about three weeks after the Revolution, we were quietly established in the garden, when we suddenly heard in the distance, on the highway to Sarrebourg, the noise of troops, and Florentin, listening, instantly said:

"There is a column advancing from Mittelbronn."

And in about fifteen minutes we saw clouds of dust arising; then we heard a vast tumult of voices, and we saw behind the fringe of poplar-trees a large body of men advancing; they marched in threes and fours, and when they saw how near they were to Phalsbourg, its bastions and its ramparts, they began to sing the *Marseillaise*.

These were the combatants of July, who were to be scattered through the regiments in order to be drilled.

Their principal depots were at Metz and at Strasbourg.

They came on, as I say, and my friend Florentin in his shirt-sleeves, with his straw hat pushed to the back of his head, took me by the hand and led me to the garden-gate, and, standing there, watched these men go past with sad and solemn eyes. They were of every kind: some were ragged, others well dressed; some in blouses, some in coats. There were hats and caps, carefully trimmed beards, and others unkempt and wild; there were chiffonniers, employees, scribes, and tradespeople of all kinds. Their faces and their march told this.

They waved their hats enthusiastically as they marched, under the command of non-commissioned officers, and all were white with dust.

When the last ones, who had dragged a little behind, hurried to join the others, Florentin said to me :

"Look at them well, my boy ! Behold the Jacobins of 1792 once more—just as they came to join the army of Custine and Houchard under Théonville. There they are, I tell you ! They were the legions of Popencourt, etc. They sang the Carmagnole ; the Marseillaise did not come until the following year in the Army of the Rhine."

This sight had revived his spirits.

"Well ! well !" he said, as he hung up his jacket and his straw hat in the shed. "All this looks like war ! All is not over ! We have Sarrelouis, Sarrebrück, and Landau to retake, for France is not to be swallowed by mouthfuls ; she is stirring herself—good ! good ! And presently all the world will be agog. We shall see—we shall see !"

We entered the town—my Florentin and I—that day much more joyously than usual. We stopped a few moments on the Place d'Armes before we went home. The crowd was very great, and the new recruits were being billeted about.

Paul and my father were in the crowd. They were looking for the son of Monsieur Regaud, of la Faubourg Poissonnière, a correspondent of the house in Paris.

My father had received notice from Monsieur Regaud that his son would come to Phalsbourg, and was trying to find him.

"Ah ! there he is," cried Paul, just as we, Florentin and I, came up. "Amedée !"

The other turned. He was a handsome fellow, with a laughing face and quick, keen eyes. He became a colonel, and was killed in Africa.

Paul and he embraced each other. My father shook hands with him, and begged him to go home with him, which invitation the young man gladly accepted.

They were just starting off, arm in arm, when, in the center of the crowd which parted as they came, we beheld coming from the Gate of Alsace about twenty horsemen, Bavarian chasseurs in full uniform—sky-blue breeches, short vests with white brandebourgs, huge shakos—and who were, in fact, altogether imposing. They were tall, bold-faced fellows, deserters from Français de Landau, who had succumbed in Bavaria in 1815 ; they had come back to us, as was natural.

Hundreds more came afterward in small detachments ; they wished to fight with us, that they might see their country once more. And my father, stopping to speak to the chief of the detachment, with his hand on the neck of his horse, asked if he knew a certain man in Landau, in a certain street, and what he was doing,

for, since the annexation of Landau to Bavaria, the two little towns of Phalsbourg and Landau were on the most excellent terms ; we had many of our girls married there, and many of theirs with us.

This officer, who was named Roger Dubourg, answered all these questions gayly, and many more besides, for all the world ran to inform themselves as to the welfare of old comrades living at Landau, or prisoners in a foreign land since the annexation.

The women and the young girls, every one, in short, came to question the new-comers. They were taken possession of and provided with homes without waiting for *billets de logement* ; they were as ourselves. My father took the chief of the detachment home with him, telling him that later he would go with him to pay his respects to the Governor. We had, therefore, that day, two guests at table—a Parisian of la Faubourg Poissonnière and a *bourgeois* from Landau, the son of the *maitre d'hôtel* of la Grande Rue des Postes. The horses of these gentlemen were sent to the stables of the Inn du Mouton d'Or, kept there by Lutuspech the baker.

We all started for our house, and, on the threshold of the shop, my father turned and invited my friend also to dine with us.

Sébastien Florentin rarely broke through any of his habits, but he was so enlivened by the joyous stir on the Place that he at once accepted.

"Well," he said, laughing, "I don't know why I should not dine with you once in a while ; but I must tell Frentzel."

"She must come too, Monsieur Florentin, for the *fête* will not be complete without her."

Rose was sent for Frentzel, and we repaired to the large room opposite the market-house, where the table was already spread.

I had never seen so many good things in my life, nor so many beautiful ones. A tall vase of flowers stood in the center of the glossy damask ; plates, bottles, and *carafes* glittered on all sides ; creams, cakes, and fruits, with sweetmeats and other dainties, covered the sideboard behind.

My mother, knowing that the son of our Parisian correspondent was coming, wished to do the handsome thing, particularly as my brother Paul had been often invited to the house of Monsieur Regaud, and there was even some talk of his marrying one of the sisters of that young man.

It was indeed magnificent, and my readers will easily believe that my eyes grew very round and big, and that I wiped my mouth on my sleeve in preparation for the feast to come.

My only regret was in thinking that Justine would not be there. In ordinary times my mother would have sent for her, but as Captain Vidal had a horror of Jacobins, it was impossible to do

so. My satisfaction was somewhat clouded by this, but it was, nevertheless, quite lively.

My friend Florentin was by no means indifferent to this beautiful spectacle, for he liked to wield his fork and crook his elbow, particularly when the glasses were full of old Burgundy. He chuckled, and said to our other guests: "Let me tell you that you won't often eat such a dinner as you will have here to-day! Try and do your duty like men!"

Everybody laughed; and Madame Frentzel—who had only stopped to throw her handsome yellow shawl around her plump shoulders and to put on her best hat—having now arrived, we at last, to my great joy, seated ourselves at table.

I, at the upper end of the table, opposite the windows, sat next my mother; Madame Frentzel between the two strangers; Florentin on my father's right hand, and Paul on the left.

The big soup-tureen arrived, diffusing an odor of *boulettes à la moelle*, which made my mouth water.

I can not describe to you the whole dinner, notwithstanding all the pleasure it would give me. There was a turkey stuffed with chestnuts—crabs and radishes—and many a glass was drunk to the health of all the soldiers, both old and new, in the coming campaign.

No. It would be too long a story.

All I can say is, that the gayety augmented to such a degree that at three o'clock everybody was laughing and talking, and no one was listening.

But the voice of my friend overreached the tumult, and finally, when dessert was brought in, and Frentzel had pushed her chair back to give herself a little more room, and I had gently unbuttoned the two lower buttons of my vest that I might breathe with more ease, just in that happy moment Florentin exclaimed, addressing young Regaud:

"You have not yet told us about your first battle. Ha! ha! ha! Where were you during the engagement? Not in the cellar, I venture to say. Eh?"

"No. I was at the Port St. Denis."

"Precisely! I knew it. Good! And what were you doing there?"

"Well, Captain, the Royal Guard made a charge on us, and, with several others, I had climbed upon the arch and was passing along the paving-stones which we had piled up."

"The deuce you were!" cried Florentin. "That was a very bad position, young man—a very bad position indeed—with no line of retreat open; nothing in the rear to fall back upon. Your opponents had you in their power entirely. Always remember, young man, that you should never enter a path out of which you can't see

your way. That is the A B C of your *métier*. You made a mistake, you see; but, as you came out all right, you may as well look upon it as a stroke of genius!"

"Yes," said my father; "how often success makes the genius! Success is a good thing!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Florentin. "We will succeed again, my friend!—Please remember too, young man, that you should never emerge from under cover, as the *bourgeois* of Paris did, for example, on the steps of the Church of Saint Roche, particularly when the others have cannon and you have none! How those unfortunate *bourgeois* were swept away! They ought to have been tucked under the steps of the church, and thus dismissed with a 'Good-by, baskets, the vintage is over!'"

Then, turning to the young man from Landau: "And you, comrade," he said, "you are not pleased with being with the Germans, then? You don't like them overmuch, do you? You prefer your own country, your dear old France?"

"Most certainly I do," answered the stranger, his handsome, expressive face becoming very serious all at once. "We continue to cherish one dream—that of once more returning to you."

"Is that so?" cried Sébastien Florentin. "Give us your hand, then! You have done well in coming to join us before the campaign fairly opens, for, in doing so, a thousand mistakes are prevented, and we make sure of not firing on the wrong ones."

The two then shook hands cordially. They were evidently mutually attracted toward each other.

Florentin now looked upon things more cheerfully, and my father, somewhat excited and agitated, said quickly:

"I feel quite conscious that the whole country is astir, from Landau to Sarrelouis. I am sure they are only waiting for us, and, at the first movement we make, they will be on the *qui vive* also, too glad to fall into the arms of each other."

"Yes, sir," cried the young man, throwing back his head haughtily. "We are one family—one nation—one blood has rippled through our veins for centuries, both under our father's roof and on the battle-field. We have but one soul, and that soul is French."

The fellow was wonderfully handsome as he uttered these words with flashing eyes and mounting color. Even Frentzel, who was by no means enthusiastic, and was entirely opposed to the sentiments he uttered, admitted this to herself, and said to my mother in an audible whisper:

"How well he talks! He is a brave fellow!"

"Yes," said my mother softly, looking at my father as she spoke. "He talks too well. If he goes on, Pelerin is quite capable of strapping on

his old knapsack and starting off to aid in the deliverance of Landau and Sarrelouis. Heaven grant that he may not take that into his head!"

These words had hardly escaped her lips when my father exclaimed:

"No one must stand aloof now! All our young men must take an active part; they must enroll themselves in the army, and we, their elders, will take up arms in defense of our country. Men like me, in the prime of life, can form the reserve corps, holding themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. I am only forty-eight, and I have served, and if Captain Florentin, who is only twelve years older than I, can march, I don't see why I can't do the same."

"To be sure! you are right," said Florentin; "and nothing would please me better than to march at your side, my friend. Do you still remember your platoon drill?"

"What a question! Is that a thing a man is likely to forget, Captain?"

"Well, then, you would make an excellent sergeant." Then turning to the others, he continued: "We shall slip into that country as easily as if we were sliding on butter; there would probably be two or three sharp encounters to begin with—a battle or two—we all know what war and its chances are. Our arms have not prospered, to be sure, in the last fifteen years, but we had twenty years of victories before. We had had enough, and then, too, everybody was against us; now, however, we have gathered up our strength again. And you young men will see that Lafayette, Gérard, Mouton, Soult, and some others will reform the whole army in a very brief space of time. The French nation is a nation of soldiers—for all the boys are born soldiers. One has a turn for the cavalry, another for the infantry, and others for the artillery; and they don't bore people about it, they just go straight on to their aim."

Then addressing the Parisian, who was smiling:

"What do you think of Louis Philippe?"

he said, "You have seen him, I suppose?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well?"

"Well! he is pleasant enough; he shakes hands with everybody."

"Yes! yes," cried Florentin, "I see—but his hands are empty. There should be something in them—Sarrelouis or Landau. Then there would be some sense in it. And Lafayette, what do you think of him?"

"Lafayette," said the young man, "is a little old—he is sixty-three."

"Sixty-three, is he?" said Florentin; "well, then, he can make the soup while we fight."

I had never seen my friend so gay.

"Now that the National Guard is in process of formation, our orders must soon arrive.—Listen to the noise in the streets; everybody is laughing, everybody is singing, and everything is harmonious from one end of France to the other!"

"And with us, too," said the young man from Landau, "everybody is content—everybody is looking forward to deliverance. The Germans themselves expect it; they understand the iniquity committed against us in 1815. They had been promised everything to fire them against France—every liberty, every right for which they had fought for thirty years. What did they really receive? They are to-day in a more wretched condition than ever before; their commerce is dead, their taxes augmented, all their political rights and privileges abolished. The French Revolution and the victories of France had given them everything—the victories of their masters and oppressors over France deprived them of everything again."

"Ha!" cried my father, "you are right! And unless they are blind and stupid they must see this. It would be the best thing for them if they rose at once, and took their affairs into their own hands; they might become again just what they were before; they can consult their own interests and attend to their own affairs. Are not people always unhappy who are driven by blows? I think, therefore, that all Germans of good sense will wish us success."

"Certainly!" answered the young man eagerly. "If sovereigns only realized how a single defeat would ruin their authority and their credit, they would hasten to be reasonable and to return to France all that belonged to her. The whole world is eager for peace, a peace that shall be lasting. The only persons eager for war are those who fatten and grow rich on the misfortunes of others—those adventurers who have no other means of subsistence than their swords. And it is to maintain the rule of this brood of harpies that occasions for war are invented; for what would become of these people if merchants, mechanics, and the working classes thought only of the welfare of the general public? There would be no more blood shed, there would be no more pillaging, burning, and ruining under the name of war; poor mothers could keep their children, and the progress of civilization would be assured. Unfortunately," continued the young stranger, "this can not be the case so long as the honor and the sense of justice of a great nation like France are involved, nor as long as this execrable race of adventurers hold poor Germany in their claws. This is why thousands of Germans will be found on the side where justice is enshrined."

This enthusiastic youth was the admiration

of all the circle, and our dinner continued swimmingly until seven o'clock.

My friend Florentin was right. All the town was singing—all the inhabitants had one or more of the volunteers at their table, Parisians whom they were entertaining with the best they had in their house, and these strangers rewarded their hosts by describing the three glorious days.

That evening, before we separated, Paul seated himself at the harpsichord, and we all sang in chorus "La Parisienne," the music of which young Regaud had brought with him—

"Peuple Français, peuple de braves."

This was the end of a wonderful day.

Florentin went away, and from the darkness without we heard his voice gradually dying away as he shouted to his friends right and left :

"Things are ripening, boys! things are ripening!"

He shook hands with everybody whom he met.

The next day my brother Paul started for Strasbourg with the new recruits; my father was pleased, my mother wept.

This same day the formation of the National Guard began. The peasants were marched into the city under the command of their mayors, and their names were all inscribed at the Hôtel de Ville.

Then it was announced that France was tired of being robbed of her territory by other nations, and that a war of deliverance would soon be declared.

*From the French of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN
(Revue des Deux Mondes).*

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

NO. I.—COUNTRY BOOKS.

A LOVE of the country is taken, I know not why, to indicate the presence of all the cardinal virtues. It is one of those outlying qualities which are not exactly meritorious, but which, for that very reason, are the more provocative of a pleasing self-complacency. People pride themselves upon it as upon habits of early rising, or of answering letters by return of post. We recognize the virtuous hero of a novel as soon as we are told that the cat instinctively creeps to his knee, and that the little child clutches his hand to stay its tottering steps. To say that we love the country is to make an indirect claim to a similar excellence. We assert a taste for sweet and innocent pleasures, and an indifference to the feverish excitements of artificial society. I, too, love the country—if such a statement can be received after such an exordium—but I confess, to be duly modest, that I love it best in books. In real life I have remarked that it is frequently damp and rheumatic, and most hated by those who know it best. Not long ago, I heard a worthy orator at a country school-treat declare to his small audience that honesty, sobriety, and industry, in their station in life, might possibly enable them to become cab-drivers in London. The precise form of the reward was suggested, I fancy, by some edifying history of an ideal cabman; but the speaker clearly knew the road to his hearers' hearts. Perhaps the realization of this high destiny might dispel their illusions. Like poor Susan at the corner of Wood Street, they would see

"Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flow on through the vale of Cheapside."

The Swiss, who at home regards a mountain as an unmitigated nuisance, is (or once was) capable of developing sentimental yearnings for the Alps at the sound of a *ranz des vaches*. We all agree with Horace that Rome is most attractive at Tibur, and *vice versa*. It is the man who has been "long in populous cities pent," who, according to Milton, enjoys

"The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine,
Or daisy, each rural sight, each rural sound";

and the phrase is employed to illustrate the sentiments of a being whose enjoyment of paradise was certainly enhanced by a sufficiently contrasted experience.

I do not wish to pursue the good old moral saws expounded by so many preachers and poets. I am only suggesting a possible ground of apology for one who prefers the ideal mode of rustication; who can share the worthy Johnson's love of Charing Cross, and sympathize with his pathetic remark, when enticed into the Highlands by his bear-leader, that it is easy "to sit at home and conceive rocks, heaths, and waterfalls." Some slight basis of experience must, doubtless, be provided on which to rear any imaginary fabric; and the mental opiate, which stimulates the sweetest reverie, is found in chewing the cud of past recollections. But, with a good guide, one requires

small external aid. Though a cockney in grain, I love to lean upon the farmyard gate; to hear Mrs. Poyser give a bit of her mind to the squire; to be lulled into a placid doze by the humming of Dorlecote Mill; to sit down in Dandie Dinmont's parlor, and bestow crumbs from his groaning table upon three generations of Peppers and Mustards; or to drop into the kitchen of a good old country inn and to smoke a pipe with Tom Jones or listen to the simple-minded philosophy of Parson Adams. When I lift my eyes to realities, I can dimly descry across the street a vision of my neighbor behind his looking-glass adjusting the parting of his back hair, and achieving triumphs with his white tie calculated to excite the envy of a Brummell. It is pleasant to take down one of the magicians of the shelf, to annihilate my neighbor and his evening parties, and to wander off through quiet country lanes into some sleepy hollow of the past.

Who are the most potent weavers of that delightful magic? Clearly, in the first place, those who have been themselves in contact with rural sights and sounds. The echo of an echo loses all sharpness of definition; our guide may save us the trouble of stumbling through farmyards and across plowed fields, but he must have gone through it himself till his very voice has a twang of the true country accent. Milton, as Mr. Patison has lately told us, "saw nature through books," and is, therefore, no trustworthy guide. We feel that he has got a Theocritus in his pocket; that he is using the country to refresh his memories of Spenser, or Chaucer, or Virgil; and, instead of forgetting the existence of books in his company, we shall be painfully abashed if we miss some obvious allusion or fail to identify the passages upon which he has molded his own descriptions. And, indeed, to put it broadly, the poets are hardly to be trusted in this matter, however fresh and spontaneous may be their song. They don't want to offer us a formal sermon, unless "they" means Wordsworth; but they have not the less got their little moral to insinuate. Shelley's skylark and Keats's nightingale are equally determined that we shall indulge in meditations about life and death and the mysterious meaning of the universe. That is just what, on these occasions, we want to forget; we want the bird's song, not the emotions which it excites in our abnormally sensitive natures. I can never read without fresh admiration Mr. Arnold's "Gypsy Scholar," but in this sense that delightful person is a typical offender. I put myself, at Mr. Arnold's request, in the corner of the high, half-reaped field; I see the poppies peeping through the green roots and yellowing stems of the corn; I lazily watch the scholar with "his hat of antique shape," roaming the country-side, and becoming

the living center of one bit of true old-fashioned rustic scenery after another; and I feel myself half persuaded to be a gypsy. But then, before I know how or why, I find that I am to be worrying myself about the strange disease of modern life; about "our brains o'ertaxed and palsied hearts," and so forth; and, instead of being lulled into a delicious dream, I have somehow been entrapped into a meditation upon my incapacity for dreaming. And, more or less, this is the fashion of all poets. You can never be sure that they will let you have your dream out quietly. They must always be bothering you about the state of their souls; and, to say the truth, when they try to be simply descriptive, they are for the most part intolerably dull.

Your poet, of course, is bound to be an interpreter of nature; and nature, for the present purpose, must be regarded as simply a nuisance. The poet, by his own account, is condescending to find words for the inarticulate voices of sea and sky and mountain. In reality, nature is nothing but the sounding-board which is to give effect to his own valuable observations. It is a general but safe rule that, whenever you come across the phrase "laws of nature" in an article—especially if it is by a profound philosopher—you may expect a sophistry; and it is still more certain that when you come across nature in a poem you should prepare to receive a sermon. It does not in the least follow that it will be a bad one. It may be exquisite, graceful, edifying, and sublime; but, as a sermon, the more effective the less favorable to the reverie which one desires to cultivate. Nor, be it observed, does it matter whether the prophet be more or less openly and unblushingly didactic. A good many hard things have been said about poor Wordsworth for his delight in sermonizing; and, though I love Wordsworth with all my heart, I certainly can not deny that he is capable of becoming a portentous weariness to the flesh. But, for this purpose, Wordsworth is no better and no worse than Byron or Shelley, or Keats or Rousseau, or any of the dealers in praises of "Weltschmerz," or mental dyspepsia. Mr. Ruskin has lately told us that in his opinion ninety-nine things out of a hundred are not what they should be, but the very opposite of what they should be. And therefore he sympathizes less with Wordsworth than with Byron and Rousseau, and other distinguished representatives of the same agreeable creed. From the present point of view the question is irrelevant. I wish to be for the nonce a poet of nature, not a philosopher, either with a healthy or a disturbed liver, delivering a judicial opinion about nature as a whole or declaring whether I regard it as representing a satisfactory or a thoroughly uncomfortable system. I con-

demn neither opinion; I will not pronounce Wordsworth's complacency to be simply the glow thrown from his comfortable domestic hearth upon the outside darkness; or Byron's wrath against mankind to be simply the crying of a spoiled child with a digestion ruined by sweetmeats. I do not want to think about it. Preaching, good or bad, from the angelic or diabolical point of view, cunningly hidden away in delicate artistic forms, or dashed ostentatiously in one's face in a shower of moral platitudes, is equally out of place. And, therefore, for the time, I would choose for my guide to the Alps some gentle enthusiast in "Peaks and Passes," who tells me, in his admirably matter-of-fact spirit, what he had for lunch and how many steps he had to cut in the *mur de la côte*, and catalogues the mountains which he could see as calmly as if he were repeating a schoolboy lesson in geography. I eschew the meditations of Obermann, and do not care in the least whether he got into a more or less maudlin frame of mind about things in general as contemplated from the Col de Janan. I shrink even from the admirable descriptions of Alpine scenery in "The Modern Painters," lest I should be launched unawares into ethical or æsthetical speculation. "A plague of both your houses!" I wish to court entire absence of thought—not even to talk to a graceful gypsy scholar, troubled with aspirations for mysterious knowledge; but rather to the genuine article, such as the excellent Bamfield Moore Carew, who took to be a gypsy in earnest, and was content to be a thorough loafer, not even a Bohemian in conscious revolt against society, but simply outside of the whole social framework, and accepting his position with as little reflection as some wild animal in a congenial country.

Some kind philosopher professes to put my thoughts into correct phraseology by saying that for such a purpose I require thoroughly "objective" treatment. I must, however, reject his suggestions, not only because "objective" and "subjective" are vile phrases, used for the most part to cover indolence and ambiguity of thought, but also because, if I understand the word rightly, it describes what I do not desire. The only thoroughly objective works with which I am acquainted are those of which Bradshaw's "Railway Guide" is an accepted type. There are occasions, I will admit, in which such literature is the best help to the imagination. When I read in prosaic black and white that by leaving Euston Square at 10 A. M. I shall reach Windermere at 5.40 P. M., it sometimes helps me to perform an imaginary journey to the lakes even better than a study of Wordsworth's poems. It seems to give a fixed point round which old

fancies and memories can crystallize; to supply a useful guarantee that Grasmere and Rydal do in sober earnest belong to the world of realities, and are not mere parts of the decaying phantasmagoria of memory. And I was much pleased the other day to find a complimentary reference in a contemporary essayist to a lively work called, I believe, "The Shepherd's Guide," which once beguiled a leisure hour in a lonely inn, and which simply records the distinctive marks put upon the sheep of the district. The sheep, as it proved, was not a mere poetical figment in an idyl, but a real, tangible animal, with wool capable of being tarred and ruddled, and eating real grass in real fells and accessible mountain-dales. In our childhood, when any old broomstick will serve as well as the wondrous horse of brass

"On which the Tartar king did ride,"

in the days when a cylinder with four pegs is as good a steed as the finest animal in the Elgin marbles, and when a puddle swarming with tadpoles or a streamlet haunted by water-rats is as full of romance as a jungle full of tigers, the barest catalogue of facts is the most effective. A child is deliciously excited by Robinson Crusoe because Defoe is content to give the naked scaffolding of direct narrative, and leaves his reader to supply the sentiment and romance at pleasure. Who does not fear, on returning to the books which delighted his childhood, that all the fairy-gold should have turned to dead leaves? I remember a story told in some forgotten book of travels, which haunted my dreams, and still strikes me as terribly impressive. I see a traveler benighted by some accident in a *nullah* where a tiger has already supped upon his companion, and listening to mysterious sounds, as of fiendish laughter, which he is afterward cruel enough to explain away by some rationalizing theory as to gases. How or why the traveler got into or emerged from the scrape, I know not; but some vague association of ferocious wild beasts and wood-demons in ghastly and haunted solitudes has ever since been excited in me by the mention of a *nullah*. It is as redolent of awful mysteries as the chasm in "Kubla Khan." And it is painful to reflect that a *nullah* may be a commonplace phenomenon in real life; and that the anecdote might possibly affect me no more, could I now read it for the first time, than one of the tremendous adventures recorded by Mr. Kingston or Captain Mayne Reid.

As we become less capable of supplying the magic for ourselves, we require it from our author. He must have the art—the less conscious the better—of placing us at his own point of view. He should, if possible, be something of a "humorist," in the old-fashioned sense of the

word; not the man who compounds oddities, but the man who is an oddity; the slave, not the master, of his own eccentricities; one absolutely unconscious that the strange twist in his mental vision is not shared by mankind, and capable, therefore, of presenting the fancies dictated by his idiosyncrasy as if they corresponded to obvious and generally recognized realities; and of propounding some quaint and utterly preposterous theory as though it were a plain deduction from undeniable truths. The modern humorist is the old humorist *plus* a consciousness of his own eccentricity, and the old humorist is the modern humorist *minus* that consciousness. The order of his ideas should not (as philosophers would have it) be identical with the order of things, but be determined by odd arbitrary freaks of purely personal association.

This is the kind of originality which we specially demand from an efficient guide to the country; for the country means a region where men have not been ground into the monotony by the friction of our social mill. The secret of his charm lies in the clearness with which he brings before us some quaint, old-fashioned type of existence. He must know and care as little for what passes in the great world of cities and parliaments as the family of Tullivers and Dodsons. His horizon should be limited by the nearest country town, and his politics confined to the disputes between the parson and the dissenting minister. He should have thoroughly absorbed the characteristic prejudices of the little society in which he lives, till he is unaware that it could ever enter into any one's head to doubt their absolute truth. He should have a share of the peculiarity which is often so pathetic in children—the unhesitating conviction that some little family arrangement is a part of the eternal and immutable system of things, and be as much surprised at discovering an irreverent world outside as the child at the discovery that there are persons who do not consider his papa to be omniscient. That is the temper of mind which should characterize your genuine rustic. As a rule, of course, it condemns him to silence. He has no more reason for supposing that some quaint peculiarity of his little circle will be interesting to the outside world than a frog for imagining that a natural philosopher would be interested by the statement that he was once a tadpole. He takes it for granted that we have all been tadpoles. In the queer, outlying corners of the world where the father goes to bed and is nursed upon the birth of a child (a system which has its attractive side to some persons of that persuasion), the singular custom is so much a matter of course that a village historian would not think of mentioning it. The man is only in-

duced to exhibit his humor to the world when, by some happy piece of fortune, he has started a hobby not sufficiently appreciated by his neighbors. Then it may be that he becomes a prophet, and, in his anxiety to recommend his own pet fancy, unconsciously illustrates also the interesting social stratum in which it sprang to life. The hobby, indeed, is too often unattractive. When a self-taught philosopher airs some pet crotchet, and proves, for example, that the legitimate descendants of the lost tribes are to be found among the Ojibways, he doubtless throws a singular light upon the intellectual peculiarities of his district. But he illustrates chiefly the melancholy truth that a half-taught philosopher may be as dry and as barren as the one who has been smoke-dried according to all the rules of art in the most learned academy of Europe.

There are a few familiar books in which a happy combination of circumstances has provided us with a true country idyl, fresh and racy from the soil, not consciously constructed by the most skillful artistic hand. Two of them have a kind of acknowledged preëminence in their own department. The man is not to be envied who has not in his boyhood fallen in love with Izaak Walton and White of Selborne. The boy, indeed, is happily untroubled as to the true source of the charm. He pores over the "Compleat Angler" with the impression that he will gain some hints for beguiling, if not the wily carp, who is accounted the water-fox, at least the innocent roach, who "is accounted the water-sheep for his simplicity or foolishness." His mouth waters as he reads the directions for converting the pike—that compound of mud and needles—into "a dish of meat too good for any but anglers or very honest men"—a transformation which, if authentic, is little less than miraculous. He does not ask what is the secret of the charm of the book even for those to whom fishing is an abomination—a charm which induced even the arch-cockney Dr. Johnson, in spite of his famous definition of angling, to prompt the republication of this angler's bible. It is only as he grows older, and has plodded through other sporting literature, that he can at all explain why the old gentleman's gossip is so fascinating. Walton, undoubtedly, is everywhere charming for his pure simple English, and the unostentatious vein of natural piety which everywhere lies just beneath the surface of his writing. Now and then, however, in reading the "Lives," we can not quite avoid a sense that this excellent tradesman has just a touch of the unctuous about him. He is given—it is a fault from which hagiographers can scarcely be free—to using the rose-color a little too freely. He holds toward his heroes the relation of a sentimental church-warden to a re-

vered parish parson. We fancy that the eyes of the preacher would turn instinctively to Walton's seat when he wished to catch an admiring glance from an upturned face, and to assure himself that he was touching the "sacred fount of sympathetic tears." We imagine Walton lingering near the porch to submit a deferential compliment as to the "florid and seraphical" discourse to which he has been listening, and scarcely raising his glance above the clerical shoe-buckles. A portrait taken from this point of view is apt to be rather unsatisfactory. Yet, in describing the "sweet humility" of a George Herbert or of the saintly Mr. Farrer, the tone is at least in keeping, and is consistent even with an occasional gleam of humor, as in the account of poor Hooker, tending sheep and rocking the cradle under stringent feminine supremacy. It is less satisfactory when we ask Walton to throw some light upon the curiously enigmatic character of Donne, with its strange element of morbid gloom, and masculine passion, and subtle and intense intellect. Donne married the woman he loved in spite of her father and to the injury of his own fortunes. "His marriage," however, observes the biographer, "was the remarkable error of his life; an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it." From our point of view, the only error was in the desire to justify an action of which he should have been proud. We must make allowance for the difference in Walton's views of domestic authority; but we feel that his prejudice disqualifies him from fairly estimating a character of great intrinsic force. A portrait of Donne can not be adequately brought within the lines accepted by the writer of orthodox and edifying tracts.

In spite of this little failing, this rather massive subservience to the respectabilities, the "Lives" form a delightful book; but we get the genuine Walton at full length in his "Angler." It was first published in dark days; when the biographer might be glad that his pious heroes had been taken from the sight of the coming evil; when the scattered survivors of his favorite school of divines and poets were turned out of their well-beloved colleges and parsonages, hiding in dark corners or plotting with the melancholy band of exiles in France and Holland; when Walton, instead of listening to the sound and witty discourses of Donne, would find the pulpit of his parish church profaned by some fanatical Puritan, expounding the Westminster Confession in place of the Thirty-nine Articles. The good Walton found consolation in the almost religious pursuit of his hobby. He fortified himself with the authority of such admirable and orthodox anglers as Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Nowel,

Dean of St. Paul's. Dr. Nowel had, "like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service-book": for an angler, it seems, is most likely to know that the road to heaven is not through "hard questions." The Dean died at the age of ninety-five, in perfect possession of his faculties; and "'tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of those blessings." Evidently Walton had somehow taken for granted that there is an inherent harmony between angling and true religion, which of course for him implies the Anglican religion. He does not trust himself in the evil times to grumble openly, or to indulge in more than an occasional oblique reference to the dealers in hard questions and metaphysical dogmatism. He takes his rod, leaves the populous city behind him, and makes a day's march to the banks of the quiet Lea, where he can meet a like-minded friend or two; sit in the sanded parlor of the country inn, and listen to the milkmaid singing that "smooth song made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago," before English fields had been drenched with the blood of Roundheads and Cavaliers; or lie under a tree, watching his float till the shower had passed, and then calling to mind what "holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these." Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!—but everybody has learned to share Walton's admiration, and the quotation would now be superfluous. It is nowhere so effective as with Walton's illustrations. We need not, indeed, remember the background of storm to enjoy the quiet sunshine and showers on the soft English landscape, which Walton painted so lovingly. The fact that he was living in the midst of a turmoil, in which the objects of his special idolatry had been so ruthlessly crushed and scattered, may help to explain the intense relish for the peaceful river-side life. His rod was the magic wand to interpose a soft idyllic mist between his eyes and such scenes as were visible at times from the windows of Whitehall. He loved his paradise the better because it was an escape from a pandemonium. But, whatever the cause of his enthusiasm, its sincerity and intensity is the main cause of his attractiveness. Many poets of Walton's time loved the country as well as he; and showed it in some of the delicate lyrics which find an appropriate setting in his pages. But we have to infer their exquisite appreciation of country sights and sounds from such brief utterances, or from passing allusions in dramatic scenes. Nobody can doubt that Shakespeare loved daffodils, or a bank of wild thyme, or violets, as keenly as Wordsworth. When he happens to mention them, his voice trembles with fine emotion. But none of the

poets of the time dared to make a passion for the country the main theme of their more pretentious song. They thought it necessary to idealize and transmute; to substitute an indefinite Arcadia for plain English fields, and to populate it with piping swains and nymphs, Corydons and Amorets and Phyllises. Poor Hodge and Cis were only allowed to appear when they were minded to indulge in a little broad comedy. The coarse rustics had to be washed and combed before they could present themselves before an aristocratic audience; and plain English hills and rivers to be provided with tutelary gods and goddesses, fitted for the gorgeous pageantry of a country masque. Far be it from me—with the fear of æsthetic critics before my eyes—to say that very beautiful poems might not be produced under these conditions. It is proper, as I am aware, to admire Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," and to speak reverently of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," and Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." I only venture to suggest here that such work is *caviare* to the multitude; that it requires a fine literary sense, a happy superiority to dull realistic suggestion, and a power of accepting the conventional conditions which the artist has to accept for his guidance. Possibly I may go so far as to hint without offense that the necessity of using this artificial apparatus was not in itself an advantage. A great master of harmony, with a mind overflowing with majestic imagery, might achieve such triumphs as "Comus" and "Lycidas," in which even the Arcadian pipe is made to utter the true organ-tones. We forgive any incongruities or artificialities when they are lost in such a blaze of poetry. The atmosphere of Arcadia was not as yet sickly enough to asphyxiate a Milton; but it was ceasing to be wholesome; and the weaker singers who imbibed it suffered under distinct attacks of drowsiness.

Walton's good sense, or his humility, or perhaps the simple ardor of his devotion to his hobby, encouraged him to deal in realities. He gave the genuine sentiment which his contemporaries would only give indirectly, transfigured and bedizened with due ornaments of classic or romantic pattern. There is just a faint touch of unreality—a barely perceptible flavor of the sentimental about his personages; but only enough to give a permissible touch of pastoral idealism. Walton is painting directly from the life. The "honest alehouse," where he finds "a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty bal-lads stuck about the wall," was standing then on the banks of the Lea, as in quiet country nooks, here and there, occasional representatives of the true angler's rest are still to be found, not entirely corrupted by the modern tourist. The

good man is far too much in earnest to be aiming at literary ornament; he is a genuine simple-minded enthusiast, revealing his kindly nature by a thousand unconscious touches. The common objection is a misunderstanding. Everybody quotes the phrase about using the frog "as though you loved him"; and it is the more piquant as following one of his characteristically pious remarks. The frog's mouth, he tells, grows up for six months, and he lives for six months without eating, "sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how." He reverently admires the care taken of the frog by Providence, without drawing any more inference for his own conduct than if he were a modern physiologist. It is just this absolute unconsciousness which makes his love of the sport attractive. He has never looked at it from the frog's point of view. Your modern angler has to excuse himself by some scientific hypothesis as to feeling in the lower animals, and thereby betrays certain qualms of conscience which had not yet come to light in Walton's day. He is no more cruel than a school-boy, "ere he grows to pity." He is simply discharging his functions as a part of nature, like the pike or the frog; and convinced, at the very bottom of his heart, that the angler represents the most eminent type of enjoyment, and should be the humble inheritor of the virtues of the fishers of Galilee. The gentlest and most pious thoughts come naturally into his mind while his worm is wriggling on his hook to entice the luckless trout. It is particularly pleasant to notice the quotations, which give a certain air of learning to his book. We see that the love of angling had become so ingrained in his mind as to direct his reading as well as to provide him with amusement. We fancy him poring on winter evenings over the pages of Aldrovandus and Gesner and Pliny and Topsell's histories of serpents and four-footed beasts, and humbly accepting the teaching of more learned men, who had recorded so many strange facts unobserved by the simple angler. He produces a couple of bishops, Dubravius and Thurso, as eye-witnesses, to testify to a marvelous anecdote of a frog jumping upon a pike's head and tearing out his eyes, after "expressing malice or anger by swollen cheeks and staring eyes." Even Walton can not forbear a quiet smile at this quaint narrative. But he is ready to believe, in all seriousness, that eels, "like some kinds of bees and wasps," are bred out of dew, and to confirm it by the parallel case of young goslings bred by the sun "from the rotten planks of an old ship and hatched up trees." Science was not a dry museum of hard facts, but a quaint storehouse of semi-mythical curiosities; and therefore excellently fitted to fill spare hours, when he could not meditatively indulge in "the contem-

plative man's recreation." Walton found some queer texts for his pious meditations, and his pursuit is not without its drawbacks. But his quaintness only adds a zest to our enjoyment of his book; and we are content to fall in with his humor, and to believe for the nonce that the love of a sport which so fascinates this simple, kindly, reverent nature must be, as he takes for granted, the very crowning grace of a character molded on the principles of sound Christian philosophy. Angling becomes synonymous with purity of mind and simplicity of character.

Mr. Lowell, in one of the most charming essays ever written about a garden, takes his text from White of Selborne, and admirably explains the charm of that worthy representative of the Waltonian spirit. "It is good for us now and then," says Mr. Lowell, "to converse in a world like Mr. White's, where man is the least important of animals"; to find one's whole world in a garden, beyond the reach of wars and rumors of wars. White does not give a thought to the little troubles which were disturbing the souls of Burke and George III. The "natural term of a hog's life has more interest for him than that of an empire"; he does not trouble his head about diplomatic complications while he is discovering that the odd tumbling of rooks in the air is caused by their turning over to scratch themselves with one claw. The great events of his life are his making acquaintance with a stilted plover, or his long—for it was protracted over ten years—and finally triumphant passion for "an old family tortoise." White of Selborne is clearly not the ideal parson of George Herbert's time; nor the parson of our own day—a poor atom whirled about in the distracting eddies of two or three conflicting movements. He is merely a good, kindly, domestic gentleman, on friendly terms with the squire and the gamekeeper, and ready for a chat with the rude forefathers of the hamlet. His horizon, natural and unnatural, is bounded by the soft, round hills, and the rich hangers of his beloved Hampshire country. There is something specially characteristic in his taste for scenery. Though "I have now traveled the Sussex Downs upwards of thirty years," he says, "I still investigate that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year"; and he calls "Mr. Ray" to witness that there is nothing finer in any part of Europe. "For my own part," he says, "I think there is somewhat peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely figured aspects of chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless." I, for my part, agree with Mr. White—so long, at least, as I am reading his book. The Downs have a singular charm in the exquisite play of long, gracefully undulating lines which bound their gentle edges.

If not a "majestic range of mountains," as judged by an Alpine standard, there is no want of true sublimity in their springing curves, especially when harmonized by the lights and shadows under cloud-masses driving before a broad south-westerly gale; and, when you reach the edge of a great down and suddenly look down into one of the little hollows where a village, with a gray church-tower and a grove of noble elms, nestles amid the fold of the hills, you fancy that in such places of refuge there must still be relics of the quiet domesticities enjoyed by Gilbert White. Here, one fancies, it must be good to live; to discharge, at an easy rate, all the demands of a society which is but a large family, and find ample excitement in studying the rambles of a tortoise, forming intimacies with moles, crickets, and field-mice, and bats, and brown owls, and watching the swifts and the night-jars wheeling round the old church-tower, or hunting flies at the edge of the wood in the quiet summer evening.

In rambling through the lanes sacred to the memory of White, you may (in fancy, at least) meet another figure not at first sight quite in harmony with the clerical Mr. White. He is a stalwart, broad-chested man in the farmer's dress, even ostentatiously representing the old British yeoman brought up on beer and beef, and with a certain touch of pugnacity suggestive of the retired prize-fighter. He stops his horse to chat with a laborer breaking stones by the roadside, and informs the gaping rustic that wages are made bad and food dear by the diabolical machinations of the Tories, and the fundholders, and the boroughmongers, who are draining away all the fatness of the land to nourish the portentous "wen" called London. He leaves the man to meditate on this suggestion, and jogs off to the nearest country town, where he will meet the farmers at their ordinary, and deliver a ranting radical address. The squire or the parson who recognizes William Cobbett in this sturdy traveler will mutter a hearty objugation, and wish that the disturber of rustic peace could make a closer acquaintance with the neighboring horse-pond. Possibly most readers who hear his name have vaguely set down Cobbett as one of the demagogues of the anti-reforming days, and remember little more than the fact that he dabbled in some rather questionable squabbles, and brought back Tom Paine's bones from America. But it is worth while to read Cobbett, and especially "The Rural Rides," not only to enjoy his fine, homespun English, but to learn to know the man a little better. Whatever the deserts or demerits of Cobbett as a political agitator, the true man was fully as much allied to modern Young England and the later type of conservatism as to the modern radical. He

hated the Scotch "feelosophers"—as he calls them—Parson Malthus, the political communists, the Manchester men, the men who would break up the old social system of the country, at the bottom of his heart; and, whatever might be his superficial alliances, he loved the old, quiet country life when Englishmen were burly, independent yeomen, each equal to three frog-eating Frenchmen. He remembered the relics of the system in the days of his youth; he thought that it had begun to decay at the time of the Reformation, when grasping landlords and unprincipled statesmen had stolen Church property on pretense of religion; but, ever since, the growth of manufactures, and corruption, and stockjobbing had been unpopulating the country to swell the towns, and broken up the old, wholesome, friendly, English life. That is the text on which he is always dilating with genuine enthusiasm, and the belief, true or false, gives a pleasant flavor to his intense relish for true country scenery.

He looks at things, it is true, from the point of view of a farmer, not of a landscape-painter or a lover of the picturesque. He raves against that "accursed hill" Hindhead; he swears that he will not go over it; and he tells us very amusingly how, in spite of himself, he found himself on the very "tip top" of it, in a pelting rain, owing to an incompetent guide. But he loves the woodlands and the downs, and bursts into vivid enthusiasm at fine points of view. He is specially ecstatic in White's country. "On we trotted," he says, "up this pretty green lane, and, indeed, we had been coming gently and gradually up hill for a good while. The lane was between high banks, and pretty high stuff growing on the banks, so that we could see no distance from us, and could receive not the smallest hint of what was so near at hand. The lane had a little turn toward the end, so that we came, all in a moment, at the very edge of the hanger; and never in my life was I so surprised and delighted! I pulled up my horse, and sat and looked. It was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. I looked at my servant to see what effect this unexpected sight had upon him. His surprise was as great as mine, though he had been bred among the north Hampshire hills. Those who have so strenuously dwelt on the dirt and dangers of this road have said not a word about the beauties, the matchless beauties, of the scenery." And Cobbett goes on to describe the charms of the view over Selborne, and to fancy what it will be "when trees, and hangers, and hedges are in leaf, the corn waving, the meadows bright, and the hops upon the poles," in language which is not after the modern style of word-painting, but excites a contagious enthusiasm by

its freshness and sincerity. He is equally enthusiastic soon afterward at the sight of Avington Park and a lake swarming with wild fowl; and complains of the folly of modern rapid traveling. "In any sort of carriage you can not get into the *real country places*. To travel in stage-coaches is to be hurried along by force in a box with an air-hole in it, and constantly exposed to broken limbs, the danger being much greater than that of shipboard, and the noise much more disagreeable, while the company is frequently not a great deal more to one's liking." What would Cobbett have said to a railway? And what has become of the old farmhouse on the banks of the Mole, once the home of "plain manners and plentiful living," with "oak clothes-chests, oak bedsteads, oak chests of drawers, and oak tables to eat on, long, strong, and well supplied with joint-stools"? Now, he sighs, there is a "*parlor*! ay, and a *carpet* and *bell-pull*, too! and a mahogany table, and the fine chairs, and the fine glass, and all as barefaced upstart as any stock-jobber in the kingdom can boast of!" Probably the farmhouse has followed the furniture, and, meanwhile, what has become of the fine old British hospitality when the farmer and his lads and lasses dined at one table, and a solid Englishman did not squeeze money out of his men's wages to surround himself with trumpery finery?

To say the truth, Cobbett's fine flow of invective is a little too exuberant, and overlays too deeply the picturesque touches of scenery and the occasional bits of autobiography which recall his boyish experience of the old country life. It would be idle to inquire how far his vision of the old English country had any foundation in fact. Our hills and fields may be as lovely as ever; and there is still ample room for the lovers of "nature" in Scotch moors and lochs, or even among the English fells, or among the storm-beaten cliffs of Devon and Cornwall. But nature, as I have said, is not the country. We are not in search of the scenery which appears now as it appeared in the remote days when painted savages managed to raise a granite block upon its supports for the amusement of future antiquarians. We want the country which bears the impress of some characteristic social growth; which has been molded by its inhabitants as the inhabitants by it, till one is as much adapted to the other as the lichen to the rock on which it grows. How bleak and comfortless a really natural country may be is apparent to the readers of Thoreau. He had all the will to become a part of nature, and to shake himself free from the various trammels of civilized life, and he had no small share of the necessary qualifications; but one can not read his account of his life by Walden Pond without a shivering sense of dis-

comfort. He is not really acclimatized; so far from being a true child of nature, he is a man of theories, a product of the social state against which he tries to revolt. He does not so much relish the wilderness as to go out into the wilderness in order to rebuke his contemporaries. There is something harsh about him and his surroundings, and he affords an unconscious proof that something more is necessary for the civilized man who would become a true man of the woods than simply to strip off his clothes. He has got tolerably free from tailors; but he still lives in the intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge debating-rooms.

To find a life really in harmony with a rustic environment, we must not go to raw settlements where man is still fighting with the outside world, but to some region where a reconciliation has been worked out by an experience of centuries. And, amid all the restlessness of modern improvers, we may still find a few regions where the old genius has not been quite exorcised. Here and there, in country lanes and on the edge of unclosed commons, we may still meet the gypsy—the type of a race adapted to live in the interstices of civilization, having something of the indefinable grace of all wild animals, and yet free from the absolute savagery of the genuine wilderness. To mention gypsies is to think of Mr. Borrow; and I always wonder that the author of "The Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro" is not more popular. Certainly, I have found no more delightful guide to the charming nooks and corners of rural England. I would give a good deal to identify that remarkable dingle in which he met so singular a collection of characters. Does it really exist, I wonder, anywhere on this island? or did it ever exist? and, if so, has it become a railway-station, and what has become of Isopel Berners and "Blazing Bosville, the flaming Tinman"? His very name is as good as a poem, and the battle in which Mr. Borrow flogged the Tinman by that happy left-handed blow is, to my mind, more delightful than the fight in "Tom Brown," or that in which Dobbin acted as the champion of Osborne. Mr. Borrow is a "humorist" of the first water. He lives in a world of his own—a queer world with laws peculiar to itself, and yet one which has all manner of odd and unexpected points of contact with the prosaic world of daily experience. Mr. Borrow's Bohemianism is no revolt against the established order. He does not invoke nature or fly to the hedges because society is corrupt or the world unsatisfying, or because he has some kind of new patent theory of life to work out. He cares nothing for such fancies. On the contrary, he is a stanch conservative, full of good, old-fashioned prejudices. He seems to be a case of the strange re-

appearance of an ancestral instinct under altered circumstances. Some of his forefathers must have been gypsies by temperament if not by race; and the impulses due to that strain have got themselves blended with the characteristics of the average Englishman. The result is a strange and yet, in a way, harmonious and original type, which made "The Bible in Spain" a puzzle to the average reader. The name suggested a work of the edifying class. Here was a good, respectable emissary of the Bible Society going to convert four papists by a distribution of the Scriptures. He has returned to write a long tract setting forth the difficulties of his enterprise, and the stiff-neckedness of the Spanish people. The luckless reader who took up the book on that understanding was destined to a strange disappointment. True, Mr. Borrow appeared to take his enterprise quite seriously, indulges in the proper reflections, and gets into the regulation difficulty involving an appeal to the British Minister. But it soon appears that his Protestant zeal is somehow mixed up with a passion for strange wanderings in the queerest of company. To him Spain is not the land of stanch Catholicism, or of Cervantes, or of Velasquez, and still less a country of historic or political interest. Its attraction is in the picturesque outcasts who find ample roaming-ground in its wilder regions. He regards them, it is true, as occasional subjects for a little proselytism. He tells us how he once delivered a moving address to the gypsies in their own language to his most promising congregation. When he had finished, he looked up and found himself the center of all eyes, each pair contorted by a hideous squint, rivaling each other in frightfulness; and the performance, which he seems to have thoroughly appreciated, pretty well expressed the gypsy view of his missionary enterprise. But they delighted to welcome him in his other character as one of themselves, and yet as dropping among them from the hostile world outside. And, certainly, no one not thoroughly at home with gypsy ways, gypsy modes of thought, to whom it comes quite naturally to put up in a den of cutthroats, or to enter the field of his missionary enterprise in company with a professional brigand traveling on business, could have given us so singular a glimpse of the most picturesque elements of a strange country. Your respectable compiler of handbooks might travel for years in the same districts all unconscious that passing vagabonds were so fertile in romance. The free-masonry which exists among the class lying outside the pale of respectability enables Mr. Borrow to fall in with adventures full of mysterious fascination. He passes through forests at night and his horse suddenly stops and trembles, while he hears heavy footsteps and rustling branches, and

some heavy body is apparently dragged across the road by panting but invisible bearers. He enters a shadowy pass, and is met by a man with a face streaming with blood, who implores him not to go forward into the hands of a band of robbers; and Mr. Borrow is too sleepy and indifferent to stop, and jogs on in safety without meeting the knife which he half expected. "It was not so written," he says, with the genuine fatalism of your hand-to-mouth Bohemian. He crosses a wild moor with a half-witted guide, who suddenly deserts him at a little tavern. After a wild gallop on a pony, apparently half-witted also, he at last rejoins the guide resting by a fountain. This gentleman condescends to explain that he is in the habit of bolting after a couple of glasses, and never stops till he comes to running water. The congenial pair lose themselves at nightfall, and the guide observes that, if they should meet the *Estadéa*, which are spirits of the dead riding with candles in their hands—a phenomenon happily rare in this region—he shall "run and run till he drowns himself in the sea, somewhere near Muros." The *Estadéa* do not appear, but Mr. Borrow and his guide come near being hanged as Don Carlos and a nephew, escaping only by the help of a sailor who knows the English words knife and fork, and can therefore testify to Mr. Borrow's nationality; and is finally liberated by an official who is a devoted student of Jeremy Bentham. The queer stumbling upon a name redolent of every-day British life throws the surrounding oddity into quaint relief. But Mr. Borrow encounters more mysterious characters. There is the wondrous Abarbenelt, whom he meets riding by night, and with whom he soon becomes hand and glove. Abarbenelt is a huge figure in a broad-brimmed hat, who stares at him in the moonlight with deep, calm eyes, and still revisits him in dreams. He has two wives and a hidden treasure of old coins, and, when the gates of his house are locked, and the big dogs loose in the court, he dines off ancient plate made before the discovery of America. There are many of his race among the priesthood, and even an archbishop, who died in great renown for sanctity, had come by night to kiss his father's hand. Nor can any reader forget the singular history of Benedict Mol, the wandering Swiss, who turns up now and then in the course of his search for the hidden treasure at Compostella. Men who live in strange company learn the advantage of not asking questions or following out delicate inquiries; and these singular figures are the more attractive because they come and go, half-revealing themselves for a moment, and then vanishing into outside mystery, as the narrator himself sometimes merges into the regions of absolute commonplace, and then dives down below the

surface into the remotest recesses of the social labyrinth.

In Spain there may be room for such wild adventures. In the trim, orderly, English country we might fancy they had gone out with the fairies. And yet Mr. Borrow meets a decayed peddler in Spain who seems to echo his own sentiments; and tells him that even the most prosperous of his tribe who have made their fortunes in America return in their dreams to the green English lanes and farmyards. "There they are with their boxes on the ground displaying their goods to the honest rustics and their dames and their daughters, and selling away and chaffering and laughing just as of old. And there they are again at nightfall in the hedge alehouses, eating their toasted cheese and their bread, and drinking the Suffolk ale, and listening to the roaring song and merry jests of the laborers." It is the old, picturesque country life which fascinates Mr. Borrow, and he was fortunate enough to plunge into the heart of it before it had been frightened away by the railways. "Lavengro" is a strange medley, which is nevertheless charming by reason of the odd idiosyncrasy which fits the author to interpret this fast-vanishing phase of life. It contains queer controversial irrelevance—conversations or stories which may or may not be more or less founded on fact, tending to illustrate the pernicious propagandism of popery, the evil done by Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the melancholy results of the decline of pugilism. And then we have satire of a simple kind upon literary craftsmen, and excursions into philology which show at least an amusing dash of innocent vanity. But the oddity of these quaint utterances of a humorist who seeks to find the most congenial mental food in the Bible, the Newgate Calendar, and in old Welsh literature, is in thorough keeping with the situation. He is the genuine tramp whose experience is naturally made up of miscellaneous waifs and strays; who drifts into contact with the most eccentric beings, and parts company with them at a moment's notice, or catching hold of some stray bit of out-of-the-way knowledge follows it up as long as it amuses him. He is equally at home compounding narratives of the lives of eminent criminals for London booksellers, or making acquaintance with thimblerriggers, or pugilists, or Armenian merchants, or becoming a hermit in his remote dingle, making his own shoes and discussing theology with a postboy, a feminine tramp, and a Jesuit in disguise. The compound is too quaint for fiction, but is made interesting by the quaint vein of simplicity and the touch of genius which brings out the picturesque side of his roving existence, and yet leaves one in doubt how far the author appreciates his own singularity. One old

gypsy lady in particular, who turns up at intervals, is as fascinating as Meg Merrilies, and at once made lifelike and more mysterious. "My name is Herne, and I comes of the hairy ones!" are the remarkable words by which she introduces herself. She bitterly regrets the intrusion of a Gentile into the secrets of the Romanies, and relieves her feelings by administering poison to the intruder, and then trying to poke out his eye as he is lying apparently in his last agonies. But she seems to be highly respected by her victim as well as by her own people, and to be acting in accordance with the moral teaching of her tribe. Her design is frustrated by the appearance of a Welsh Methodist preacher, who, like every other strange being, is at once compelled to unbosom himself to this odd confessor. He fancies himself to have committed the unpardonable sin at the age of six, and is at once comforted by Mr. Borrow's sensible observation that he should not care if he had done the same thing twenty times over at the same period. The grateful preacher induces his consoler to accompany him to the borders of Wales; but there Mr. Borrow suddenly stops on the ground that he should prefer to enter Wales in a suit of superfine black, mounted on a powerful steed like that which bore Greduv to the fight of Catrath, and to be welcomed at a dinner of the bards, as the translator of the odes of the great Ab Gwilym. And Mr. Petulengro opportunely turns up at the instant, and Mr. Borrow rides back with him, and hears that Mrs. Herne has hanged herself, and celebrates the meeting by a fight without gloves, but in pure friendliness, and then settles down to the life of a blacksmith in his secluded dingle.

Certainly it is a queer, topsy-turvy world to which we are introduced in "Lavengro." It gives the reader the sensation of a strange dream in which all the miscellaneous population of car-

avans and wayside tents make their exits and entrances at random, mixed with such eccentrics as the distinguished author, who has a mysterious propensity for touching odd objects as a charm against evil. All one's ideas are dislocated when the center of interest is no longer in the thick of the crowd, but in that curious limbo whither drift all the odd personages who live in the interstices without being caught by the meshes of the great network of ordinary convention. Perhaps the oddity repels many readers; but to me it always seems that Mr. Borrow's dingle represents a little oasis of genuine romance—a kind of half-visionary fragment of fairyland, which reveals itself like the enchanted castle in the vale of St. John, and then vanishes after tantalizing and arousing one's curiosity. It will never be again discovered by any flesh-and-blood traveler; but, in my imaginary travels, I like to rusticate there for a time, and to feel as if the gypsy was the true possessor of the secret of life, and we who travel by rail and read newspapers and consider ourselves to be sensible men of business were but vexatious intruders upon this sweet dream. There must, one supposes, be a history of England from the Petulengro point of view, in which the change of dynasties recognized by Hume and Mr. Freeman, or the oscillations of power between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, appear in relative insignificance as more or less affecting certain police regulations and the inclosure of commons. It is pleasant for a time to feel as though the little rivulet were the main stream, and the social outcast the true center of society. The pure flavor of the country life is only perceptible when one has annihilated all disturbing influences; and in that little dingle with its solitary forge beneath the woods haunted by the hairy Hernes, that desirable result may be achieved for a time, even in a London library.

Cornhill Magazine.

PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES.

OF all the numerous ways of manufacturing history, one of the most ingenious that has come under our notice, and certainly not the least entertaining, is that adopted by Mr. Jennings in his "Anecdotal History of the British Parliament."* Avoiding at once the formality of consecutive narrative and the tediousness of

analytical description, he brings together in anecdotal form the more striking facts in the history of Parliament and in the public lives of distinguished statesmen, arranging the whole in such a way as to give a compendious view of the growth of constitutional liberty, and of the code of unwritten laws and customs that have been gradually evolved out of the chaos of Parliamentary usages. The opening section contains a concise account of the rise and progress of Parliamentary institutions; then come the personal

* An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time. Compiled from Authentic Sources by George Henry Jennings. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

anecdotes of eminent Parliamentary men, with numerous examples of their oratory; and then comes a striking array of miscellaneous anecdotes about elections, bribery, privilege, the publication of debates, the exclusion of strangers, behavior in the House, and other matters of a similar character. Finally, in an Appendix, we have lists of the Parliaments of England and the United Kingdom, of the Speakers of the House of Commons, and of the prime ministers, lord chancellors, and secretaries of state from 1715 to 1880. Taken as a whole, the book furnishes a larger amount and variety of practically useful information about the British Parliament, its history and its leading men, than anything of a popular character that has been written on the subject; and the reader will obtain from it an unexpectedly vivid and impressive idea of the life, the atmosphere, and the tone of the most renowned legislative body that the world has known.

The book will be read once for the amusement which it affords, but it will be referred to many times afterward for the verification of a fact, or for an apposite anecdote or allusion. The occasion of a particular incident, or the use of a certain phrase, is often a matter of dispute both in Parliament and out of it, and Mr. Jennings has taken much pains to render his information on such matters both accessible and trustworthy. He has been especially careful to eliminate those "mythical accretions" which, as Mr. Gladstone remarks, are constantly being clustered around the celebrated dicta of public men, and to discover the original occasion and precise sense of such expressions. The number of political proverbs and sayings which will be found included in the volume, with an account of the circumstances under which they arose, is very considerable. "For many of these," says the author, "recourse has necessarily been had, not only to the voluminous pages of 'Hansard,' but to the deeper depth of ancient newspaper files, where alone some of the celebrated sayings of distinguished statesmen could be found—often uttered on 'extra-parliamentary' and slight occasions, but destined, by some happy conjuncture of thought and phrase, to live as long in memory as, or longer than, anything that fell from them in elaborate orations. To these, as well as some other portions of the book, gathered from voluminous histories and lengthy biographies, the words of the elder Disraeli, when speaking of some of his own labors, may not inappropriately be applied: 'There are articles in the present work, occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches they contain than some would allow to a small volume.'"

Mr. Jennings remarks in his preface that anecdotes of a humorous nature occur in his book to an extent not to have been anticipated; but then humor has always played an important part in the proceedings of legislative bodies, and, as a worthy member of the House of Commons once observed, it "loves good sense *and* joking." No book, therefore, could faithfully mirror Parliamentary life unless the humorous as well as the sensible qualities were fairly represented; and, taking our cue from this, we shall cull a few of those anecdotes and passages which, in the course of our perusal of Mr. Jennings's history, struck us as most characteristic and amusing.

The first paragraph which we have marked is one illustrating "Henry VIII's method with the Commons"; and certainly it would be difficult to obtain in such brief compass a more vivid idea of the enormous strides which political liberty has made during the last three centuries. The ministers of Henry VIII, says Oldfield, "moved in 1536 that a bill be brought in to dissolve such monasteries as had not above two hundred pounds per annum in land. The bill remained so long in the House that the King, who was impatient to have it passed, took upon himself to expedite its progress. He sent for the members to attend him in his gallery, when, having kept them waiting for a considerable time, he told them fiercely that if the bill did not pass it would cost many of them their heads." It is also related that, while the opposition of the Commons to the imposition lasted, Henry sent for a Mr. Edward Montague, who had considerable influence in the House, and said, "Ho, man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?" and, laying his hand on the head of Montague, who was then on his knees before him, "Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours will be off." The bill was passed, and Mr. Montague's head was graciously permitted to remain upon his shoulders.

Queen Elizabeth was as arbitrary with the clergy as her father had been with the Commons. In her speech to Parliament on closing the session of 1584, when many complaints against the rulers of the Church had rung in her ears, she told the bishops that, if they did not amend what was wrong, she meant to depose them. Her power to do so was unquestioned, and her readiness to carry it into effect on minor occasions was shown by her well-known letter to Cox, Bishop of Ely, when he resisted the sacrifice of his garden in Holborn to the Queen's favorite, Hatton: "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are: if you do not immediately comply with my request, by G— I will unfrock you!—ELIZABETH."

A very striking indication of the ferocity of the passions aroused by the civil war between Charles and the Commons is to be found in the following anecdote, quoted from Isaac D'Israeli: "There was a most bloody-minded 'maker of washing-balls,' as one John Durant is described, appointed a lecturer by the House of Commons (the Rump), who always left out of the Lord's Prayer, 'As we forgive them that trespass against us,' and substituted 'Lord, since thou hast now drawn out thy sword, let it not be sheathed again till it be glutted in the blood of the malignants.'"

There are few things in political history more difficult as a general thing to trace than the origin of party names and political epithets. Macaulay's account of the derivation of the terms Whig and Tory is well known, and Mr. Jennings quotes an interesting bit of confirmatory evidence from the "Recollections" of Professor Pryme, who represented Cambridge University: "O'Connell showed me in the library of the House of Commons, as an illustration of the name Tory, an Irish Act of Parliament for the suppression of 'Rapparees, Tories, and other Robbers.' The appellation of Whig, as well as Tory, was also a nickname, and given by the opposite party in allusion to sour milk."

The legislative union with Ireland, which came into effect on the 1st of January, 1801, and which the Irish are now making such strenuous efforts to overthrow, was carried by the energy and determination of Lord Cornwallis (the Lord Lieutenant) and Lord Castlereagh. The secret measures adopted to effect it are revealed in the "Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis," published in 1858. There were three hundred members in the Irish House of Commons, of whom fifty were barristers. The sum of £1,260,000 was spent in the purchase of rotten boroughs from the persons who had the patronage, about £15,000 being given for each. Lord Downshire received £52,500 for his interest of this kind, and Lord Ely £45,000. Twenty-two Irish peerages were created as bribes, nineteen Irish peers received advancement to a higher grade, and five obtained English peerages. Pensions and places innumerable were given to less influential recipients. The Opposition was almost equally corrupt, and as much as £5,000 given on either side for an individual vote.

Coming now to the "Personal Anecdotes," the first which we shall quote is one of Addison, told by Mr. O'Flanagan in his "Lives of the Irish Chancellors": "He [Addison] represented the borough of Cavan in the Irish Parliament, in 1709. Though famous as an easy and graceful writer, he could not express himself with any degree of fluency. An anecdote related of him proves this. On a motion before the House,

Addison rose, and, having said 'Mr. Speaker, I conceive,' paused, as if frightened by the sound of his own voice. He again commenced—'I conceive, Mr. Speaker'—when he stopped, until roused by cries of 'hear! hear!' when he once more essayed with—'Sir, I conceive.' Power of further utterance was denied, so he sat down amid the scarcely suppressed laughter of his brother members, which soon burst forth when a witty senator said, 'Sir, the honorable gentleman has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing.'"

Among the anecdotes about Sir Robert Walpole there is one which illustrates somewhat humorously the corrupt practices for which that statesman was notorious. Sir Robert wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition, and which was disliked by some of his own dependents. As he was passing through the Court of Requests he met a member of the contrary party, whose avarice, he imagined, would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said: "Such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is a bank bill of two thousand pounds," which he put into his hands. The member replied: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (putting the bank-note into his pocket) if I were to refuse the favor you are now pleased to ask me."

In view of the experiences of which this is but a modest specimen, it can hardly be regarded as surprising that Walpole should entertain such an opinion of "patriots" and "patriotism" as that expressed by him in a speech delivered in 1741: "Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism; a venerable word, when duly practiced. But I am sorry to say that of late it has been so much hackneyed about that it is in danger of falling into disgrace; the very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, sir! why, patriots spring up like mushrooms. I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot."

It should be mentioned, however, that the profligate political axiom generally attributed to Walpole, that "all men have their price," was perverted by leaving out the word "those." Flowery oratory he despised; he ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom

he said, "All *those* men have their price"; and in the event many of them justified his observation.

The passages relating to William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, are particularly interesting, and we must make room for a few. In his earlier time, it is said, Pitt's manner was beyond conception animated and imposing. Indeed, the things which he effected principally by means of it, or at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief. Some of these sallies are, indeed, examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault. It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker"—and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "sugar!" three times; and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?"

Charles Butler relates that Mr. Moreton, the Chief Justice of Chester, happened to say in the House, "King, Lords, and Commons, or (directing his eye toward Pitt), as that right honorable member would call them, Commons, Lords, and King." Pitt arose with great deliberation, and called to order. "I have," he said, "heard frequently in this House doctrines which have surprised me; but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honorable member may be taken down." The clerks of the House wrote the words. "Bring them to me," said Pitt, in his loudest voice. By this time Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given any offense to the right honorable member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King; *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed, I meant nothing." "I don't wish to push the matter further," said Pitt. "The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honorable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice, whenever that member *means* nothing, I recommend him to say nothing."

Earl Russell writes of Pitt, "He commanded his expeditions against France by placing a sheet of paper over the orders he gave, and leaving at the bottom of the page on which they were written only room for the signatures of the Lords of the Admiralty." And again: "My grand-

father, Lord Torrington, told me that the first William Pitt sent a messenger to the Admiralty that the Channel fleet must sail on the Tuesday following. The Board of Admiralty answered that it was impossible that the fleet could be ready by Tuesday. Mr. Pitt rejoined that in that case he should recommend to the King to name a new Board of Admiralty. The Channel fleet sailed on the Tuesday."

During his later years, as is well known, the Earl of Chatham suffered cruelly from the gout, and when he had an attack it was his plan to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. Apropos of this, a highly amusing anecdote is told by Horace Walpole: "At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture, unluckily, continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person from whom I had the story suddenly going in saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque nature of the scene."

Malone, the editor of Shakespeare, who was in the habit of noting down the anecdotes he heard in society, is authority for the following, which illustrates very happily how powerless mere eloquence sometimes is when pitted against professional knowledge: "On one occasion Pitt made a very long and able speech in the Privy Council relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his eloquence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being then at the head of the Admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt, got up, and only said these words: 'My Lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, and all I shall say is that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking about.' This short reply, together with the confidence the Council had in Lord Anson's professional skill, had such an effect on every one present that they immediately determined against Mr. Pitt's proposition."

About that cold and repellent personality, the younger Pitt, there is curiously little that is either interesting or amusing. It is quite otherwise

with Fox, the reminiscences of whom are both copious and attractive; but the public memory of these has been recently refreshed by Mr. Trevelyan's admirable and all-comprehending biography. Among the other members of the "illustrious band," there are characteristic anecdotes of Lord North, of Burke, and of Sheridan. The portrait given of Lord North is very different from what one would conjecture of the Minister who carried on so obstinately the war of George III against his American colonies. "A few only of North's sayings," says Brougham, "have reached us, and those, as might be expected, are rather things which he had chanced to coat over with some sarcasm or epigram that tended to preserve them; they consequently are far from giving an idea of his habitual pleasantry, and the gayety of thought which generally pervaded his speeches. Thus, when a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in a soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the Minister as capable of sleeping while he ruined his country, the latter only complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed—that of having a night's rest before their fate. When surprised in a like indulgence during the performance of a very inferior artist, who, however, showed equal indignation at so ill-timed a recreation, he contented himself with observing how hard it was that he should be grudging so very natural a release from considerable suffering; but, as if recollecting himself, added that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to complain of him for taking the remedy which he had himself been considerate enough to administer." Earl Russell says more concisely: "North's good humor and readiness were of admirable service to him when the invectives of his opponents would have discomfited a more serious minister. He often indulged in real or seeming slumber; an opponent in the midst of an invective exclaimed, 'Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep.' 'I wish to God I was!' rejoined Lord North."

Harford relates, in his "Recollections of Wilberforce," that, on an occasion when Colonel Barré brought forward a motion on the British navy, Lord North said to a friend of his who was sitting next him in the House: "We shall have a tedious speech from Barré to-night. I dare say he'll give us our naval history from the beginning, not forgetting Sir Francis Drake, and the Armada. All this is nothing to me, so let me sleep on, and wake me when we come near our own times." His friend at length roused him, when Lord North exclaimed, "Where are we?" "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord."

"Oh, my dear friend," he replied, "you have woken me a century too soon!" Another example of the inimitable talent for good-humored raillery which distinguished him is furnished by Lord Campbell. During the American war, at a City dinner, having announced the receipt of intelligence of an important advantage gained over the "rebels," and being taken to task by Charles Fox and Colonel Barré, who were present, for applying such language to "our fellow-subjects in America," he exclaimed, "Well, then, to please you, I will call them *the gentlemen in opposition on the other side of the water.*"

The anecdotes of Burke are numerous and characteristic, but for the most part are too well known for us to venture to reproduce them. There are two or three, however, which we do not remember to have seen before, and which we may cite as specimens of the whole. On one occasion, while speaking on the Civil List, Burke was annoyed by the repeated interruptions of a member who occupied a position in the royal household, and who, among other ejaculations, called upon the orator to remember his duty as a subject to the King. At this the speaker paused, and remarked that "he was perfectly ready to honor the King, but he did not feel himself constrained therefore to honor the King's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass!" In a new Parliament which met in May, 1784, Burke was not viewed with much favor by many of the members. A prejudice or combination (says Prior), chiefly of the younger members of the House, was formed so strong against him, that the moment of his rising became a signal for coughing or other symptoms of pointed dislike, by men who had no chance of success against him in any other manner. On one occasion, instead of threatening, like Mr. Tierney when similarly assailed, to "speak for three hours longer," he stopped short in his argument to remark that "he could teach a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension." At another time, having occasion to rise with papers in his hands, a rough country gentleman, who had more ear, perhaps, for this melody of the hounds than for political discussion, exclaimed, with something of a look of despair, "I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers and bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke is said to have felt so much irritation that, incapable of utterance for some minutes, he ran out of the house. "Never before," said the facetious George Selwyn, who told the story with great effect, "did I see the fable realized—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."

The class of "small and noisy" politicians

was once described by Burke in his most vigorous style: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle beneath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that of course they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour."

The freshest and most amusing anecdote about Sheridan was reproduced in our last month's number (in the Notes for Readers), but here is a good example of his dexterity in repelling criticism: "Law (afterward Lord Ellenborough) was called upon to settle the answer to the articles of impeachment in the trial of Warren Hastings. He was (says Lord Campbell) most afraid of Sheridan, but ventured to try to ridicule a figurative observation of his that "the treasures in the zenana of the Begum were an offering laid by the hand of piety on the altar of a saint," by asking "how the lady was to be considered a saint, and how the camels when they bore the treasure were to be laid upon the altar?" Sheridan: "This is the first time in my life that I ever heard of special pleading on a metaphor, or a bill of indictment against a trope; but such is the turn of the learned gentleman's mind that when he attempts to be humorous no jest can be found, and when serious no fact is visible."

In regard to those brilliant little impromptus and repartees for which Sheridan was famous, Lord Brougham is quoted as saying: "How little Sheridan's wit was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore, when he came to write his 'Life'; for we there find given to the world, with a frankness which must almost have made their author shake in his grave, the secret note-books of this famous wit; and we are thus enabled to trace the jokes in embryo, with which he had so often made the walls of St. Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden, unpremeditated effusion. Take an instance from this author, giving extracts from the commonplace-book of the wit: 'He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit.' Again, the same idea is expanded into—'When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination.' But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a commonplace-book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine-merchant. 'You will,' said the

ready wit, 'import your music and compose your wine.' Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient; so in the House of Commons an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it, at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge: 'who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts.'"

Curran, another famous epigrammatist, is rather meagerly represented, but we must make room for two or three of his "good things." He was once asked how a certain member of Parliament had spoken. The answer was, "His speech was a long parenthesis." He was asked to explain. "Why," said he, "don't you know that a parenthesis is a paragraph which may be omitted from beginning to end, without any loss of meaning." Of a certain Sergeant Hewitt he once remarked: "His speech put me exactly in mind of a familiar utensil called an extinguisher: it began at a point, and on it went widening and widening, until at last it fairly put out the subject altogether." At another time an able speaker, who was addicted to lofty language, had made a speech in the House of Peers, at which Curran was present. He was asked what he thought of the debate. "I had," said he, "only the advantage of hearing Lord — airing his vocabulary."

Canning, of course, is a prolific theme, and tempts one frequently to quotation, but we must content ourselves with citing one or two of his less-known achievements in verse. While he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he sent a dispatch in cipher to Sir Charles Bagot, then ambassador at the Hague, and the latter, on deciphering it after much trouble, was infinitely astonished to find the following:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.
"GEORGE CANNING."

At the time of the celebrated impeachment of Lord Melville, the articles of impeachment were moved by Mr. Whitbread. His speech is said to have been able and vigorous, but some passages struck Mr. Canning's acute sense of the ridiculous so forcibly that he scribbled the following impromptu parody on them while Mr. Whitbread was yet speaking:

"FRAGMENT OF AN ORATION.

"I'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like—(with respect to the fair be it said)—
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.

If you ask why the 11th of June I remember
Much better than April, or May, or November,
On that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer;
On that day, too, commenced his connubial career;
On that day he received and he issued his bills;
On that day he cleared out all the cash from his
tills;

On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread
a-coming!'

So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I;
And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine all together—
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hin-
doos;

So long as that sun shall shine in at those windows,
My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, *his* blazoned on signs!"

O'Connell was also noted for his parodies and poetical applications in debate, some of which were very apt and felicitous. Among those given by Mr. Jennings is the following sneer at the fewness of Lord Derby's personal adherents after some general election:

"Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides."

His celebrated parody on three members of Parliament, Colonels Sibthorp, Perceval, and Verner, was extremely ready, and produced a roar:

"Three colonels, in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn.
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry—in both, the last.
The force of Nature could no further go—
To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

Two of these gentlemen looked as if they never needed a razor, and the third (Sibthorp) as if he repudiated one.

No collection of Parliamentary anecdotes would be complete unless it contained some of the blunders of Sir Boyle Roche. Sheridan used to declare that these blunders *must* have been carefully premeditated because no one *could* fall so constantly into such "happy mistakes." The numbers that have been imputed to him are endless, and most of them are too well known for reproduction; but Mr. Jennings's budget has the merit of being at once fresher and better than those usually given. "Sir Boyle Roche," he says, "who was a member of the Irish Parliament in the period preceding the Union, achieved renown by the remark that he could not be, 'like a bird, in two places at once.' Some other say-

ings imputed to him are scarcely less celebrated. 'I would gladly, Mr. Speaker, sacrifice not only a part of the constitution, but the whole of it, to preserve the remainder.' And again, speaking of what might be expected if the leaders of the rebellion gained sway, 'Our heads will be thrown upon that table to stare us in the face!' To him also is ascribed that example of mixed metaphor, 'I smell a rat, Mr. Speaker; I see him floating in the air; but I will yet nip him in the bud.' But on one occasion Sir Boyle gained the victory over Curran in a contest in the Irish House. 'Do not speak of my honor,' said Curran; 'I am the guardian of my own honor.' 'Faith,' replied Sir Boyle Roche, 'I knew that at some time or other you would accept a sinecure.'"

As he approaches our own times Mr. Jennings becomes more copious in his personal details and in his specimens of oratory; but either the statesmen of the present day are less amusing and less picturesque than their predecessors, or else, in his desire to avoid giving offense, Mr. Jennings includes many who would have been passed over had they not happened to be contemporaries and in a position to have their susceptibilities regarded. The House of Commons is obviously a graver body of men than in former times, and statesmen evidently take a more serious view of their responsibilities. The later record is somewhat enlivened by Mr. Disraeli's rhetorical coruscations and cynical epigrams; but, during the period extending from Sir Robert Peel to the present time, Mr. Jennings seems more desirous of recording opinions than of illustrating personal oddities and eccentricities. All that he introduces is important, and essential to the plan of his work, but the only other anecdote we shall quote is one of Sir Charles Wetherell, who made a strong speech against the Catholic Relief Bill brought in by the Government in which he was Attorney-General, and in consequence had to resign. Mr. Greville thus writes respecting him and his speech (March, 1829): "The anti-Catholic papers and men lavish the most extravagant encomiums on Wetherell's speech, and call it 'the finest oration ever delivered in the House of Commons,' 'the best since the second Philippic.' He was drunk, they say. The Speaker said 'the only lucid interval he had was that between his waistcoat and his breeches.' When he speaks he unbuttons his braces, and in his vehement action his breeches fall down and his waistcoat runs up, so that there is a great interregnum."

To the student of politics and political history the most valuable and instructive section of Mr. Jennings's work will be that which, under the head of "Miscellaneous Anecdotes," groups numerous details concerning elections, privilege,

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Parliamentary usages, etc. Every one has heard in general terms about the "corruption" which used to prevail, about the purchase and sale of seats in the House of Commons, the bribery of voters, the tricks and rascality of candidates and their agents, and the enormous cost of electoral contests; but Mr. Jennings has compiled a "bill of particulars" on all these points which can

only be described as astounding. Whatever may be thought of the relative merits of individual statesmen, and however depressing may be the special corruptions that are still occasionally brought to light, there is no room for doubt that the general tone of political life has been elevated immeasurably even within the past fifty years.

BUDDHISTS AND BUDDHISM IN BURMAH.

JUDGING from externals, Buddhism is far from being the religion which one would expect to find adopted by the Burmese. They are a jovial, laughing, joking race, brimful of fun and delight, in the simple act of living. Strange it is to find such a people adopting the cold, stern, materialistic philosophy of Buddha. Almost all forms of heathen religion teach men to seek for some sort of happiness here. Christian forms of belief call this folly, and bid all live such a holy and self-denying life on earth that they may find perfect happiness hereafter in a better world beyond. The Buddhist comes between and exclaims: "Cease this foolish, petty longing for personal happiness. The one life is as hollow as the other. *Aneitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—all is transitory, sad, unreal." Such a faith one might think suitable for the sullen, truculent Malay, but we can not understand the Burman holding such a purely ethical religion and still retaining his constant *bonhomie*. Buddhism denies the existence of a Creator or of anything created. "There is nothing eternal; the very universe itself is passing away; nothing is, everything becomes; and all that you see or feel, bodily or mentally, of yourself, will pass away like everything else; there will only remain the accumulated result of all your actions, words, and thoughts. The consciousness of self is a delusion; the organized being, sentient existence, since it is not infinite, is bound up inextricably with ignorance, and therefore with sin, and therefore with sorrow." And so the true Buddhist saint does not mar the purity of his self-denial by lusting after a positive happiness, which he himself shall enjoy here or hereafter. Here it comes of ignorance, and leads to sin, which leads to sorrow; and there the conditions of existence are the same, and each new birth will leave you ignorant and finite still. All that is to be hoped for is the joy and rest of Nirvana, Neikban, the Buddhist *summum bonum*, a blissful, holy existence, a moral condition, a sinless, calm state of mind, practically the extinction

of our being. Unutterably sad one would say for despairing and earnest hearts, and more than enough to arouse the pity of every man, not to say of every Christian man. Yet this is the faith of the light-hearted Burmans, one of the most lovable of races on the face of the earth; and the devoted labors of Anglican, Roman, and Baptist missionaries for a couple of decades have been almost resultless, even in persuading the Burman of the hopelessness of his creed. The gayly-dressed, laughing crowd of Burmese young men and maidens go not the less merrily along the streets. Four times in each lunar month the pagoda-steps are thronged by old and young alike. They make offerings of fruits and flowers to they hardly know what; they offer up prayers as to a Supreme Deity, and deny that there is such a being; they prostrate themselves before images of Gaudama, and declare that they do not worship them as idols. The young sing and make merry. The old calmly meet death, with their rosaries in their hands, patiently telling their beads. Yet they tell you their faith is summed up in the words, *Aneitsa, Dokkha, Anatta*—transitoriness, misery, unreality—words of hopelessness and despair. If we look below the surface, we can hardly say that this merry heartiness of the young and this tranquil resignation of the old are due in the one case to simple thoughtlessness and carelessness, and in the other to blind resignation and blank ignorance of what their future state shall be. Let us rather turn to the habits of the people and their system of education for an explanation.

It is in the monastic schools that the strength of Buddhism lies, and it is by means of them that the faith is kept active in the country. The whole land is overspread with these Kyoungs, or monasteries, and through them passes, with hardly a single exception, the entire male population of the country. Outside every village, no matter how small, stands one of these Kyoungs. Away from the noise of the people, with great, well-foliaged

trees to shield them from the heat, and cocoanut and areca palms, mangoes, and jacks, and other fruit-trees to supply them with occasional luxuries, the monk's position seems well calculated to rouse the envy of those who are tired of nineteenth-century theological and polemical discussions, and do not care to have it clearly demonstrated to them that Tiberius and Catiline are much-maligned individuals, and that Judas Iscariot has been greatly wronged by the consensus of centuries in regarding him as the type of baseness and hideous guilt. There the *hpongyees* pass their time without a care to ruffle the tranquil surface of their lives. They have no trouble for their food, for a pious and kindly population supplies them far beyond their requirements. They are monks, not priests, and have no duties to perform for the laity in return for this support. Their minds are never racked by the excogitation of that too frequently excruciating formality of the Christian Church, a sermon. Their natural rest is never broken in upon by calls to minister consolation and comfort to the sick and the dying. Even their leisure is never interrupted to execute the last rites for the dead. They are not ministers of religion, they are monks, and all they have to do is to work out their own deliverance and salvation without regard to any one else. Latterly, some of them have, indeed, assumed something of the priestly character in performing ceremonies which are supposed to confer merit on those in whose names they are accomplished; and certain duties which most of them assume, such as reading the sacred books to the people and instructing youth, are of a pastoral nature. All that is compulsory on them is the observation of continence, poverty, and humility; with abstraction from the world, tenderness to all living things, and the obligation of certain moral precepts, and numerous ritual observances. As members of the holy Sangha, one of the precious triad, the *hpongyees* are approached with tokens of worship by the laity, in recognition of their ascetic life. The members of the order lay claim, often with very little ground, to superior wisdom and sanctity, but not to any spiritual powers. Indeed, in a religious system which acknowledges no supreme God, it is impossible for any one to become an intercessor between a creator whose existence is denied and man who can only attain to a higher state by his own personal exertions and earnest self-denial. Where there are no gods, no one is required to avert their anger or sue for their pity by fervent prayer. Consequently not even Gaudama himself could attain to the position of Peter, and claim to hold the keys of heaven and hell. The doors of the Kyoung are always open as well to those who wish to enter as to those who wish to leave it. As a matter of

fact, almost every Burman—certainly every respectable Burman—at some period of his life, dons, for a longer or shorter time, the yellow robe of the monk.

There is but one order, but there are grades in sanctity and approximation to the final release. Most of the scholars who enter these Talapoinic houses put on the yellow robe; thus at the same time learning to read and write, and acquiring *kutho*, or merits for future existences. Some, especially nowadays in British Burmah, never do so, or only for a few days; not a few for no longer than twenty-four days. In Upper Burmah, however, the desire for merit seems much greater, or, perhaps we may say, the knowledge of the value of time is altogether wanting, as it certainly exists only in very modified fashion in our provinces. At any rate, in Independent Burmah the adoption of the yellow monkish garments for a season is almost universal. These disciples or novices are called SHINS or KOVINS. His entry into the monastic orders is perhaps the most important event in the life of the Burman. Only under the robe of the recluse, and through the abandonment of the world, can he completely fulfill the law and hope to find the way to eventual deliverance from the misery of ever-recurring existences. The common time for the ceremony is just before the *Wa*, or Buddhist Lent, lasting from July to October, roughly speaking. During Lent no ceremony or feast is lawful, and most of the more respectable Burmans send their sons into the Kyoung for these three months. The boy's admission is made the occasion of a great feast. A *baydin tsaya*, or wise woman, is consulted, and, as soon as she has named a day that is likely to be fortunate, preparations are begun. Three or four girls, the intending *moung shin's* sisters, or friends of the family, dress themselves up in their best silks and jewels—usually borrowing a large quantity of the latter—and go the round of the town, announcing to all relatives, friends, and neighbors when the induction is to take place, and where it will be. At each house they leave a little morsel of LET-HPET, pickled tea (the triturated leaves of the *Elaeodendron orientale*), rolled up in a palm-leaf, as a kind of invitation-card. Every one sends some little present, to help toward making the feast as grand as possible; and very often some one else, whose son is also going to be inducted, suggests that the two should join forces. Not unfrequently half a dozen unite in this way. On the appointed day the young neophyte dresses himself in his best clothes, and loads himself with all the family jewels. He mounts a pony, or ascends a gayly decorated car. A gilt umbrella is held over his head; a band of music goes before, and all his friends and relatives gather round him in their best; the young man dancing and caper-

ing and singing, the girls gorgeous with brocaded TAMEINS and powdered faces, and so the party sets out. They go the round of all the boy's friends and acquaintances, he bidding each of them farewell, and they giving something toward the expenses or solace of the band and the supernumeraries. All this *tumasha*, this jovial march round, is meant to represent the *moung shin's* abandonment of the follies of this world, and intended to recall Gaudama's triumphal entry into Kapilavastre, amid a crowd of rejoicing clansmen, on the birth of his child, and just previous to his abandonment of family and home to become a houseless mendicant ascetic and embryo Buddha.

When the round of visits has been paid, the procession turns toward the monastery; the presents for the monks are brought to the front, and all enter reverently, and, of course, shoeless. The youth's head is shaved, his parents standing by to receive the hair as it falls. He throws off all his fine clothes and jewelry, bathes, and puts on the dull yellow robe of the recluse. Nothing now remains but to present him to the *kyoung-pogo*, the head of the society. This is done by the postulant's father. The abbot asks the boy's name, and motions him to take his place among the other probationers. Everything is then over, the friends return home, and probably finish up the day at a *pwai*, or dramatic performance, given by the lad's family in honor of the day. The KOYIN remains behind in the Kyoung, subject—whether his stay be for a few days, or months, or for years—to all the strict discipline of the place. In addition to the five great commandments enjoined by Gaudama on all Buddhists, there are other five precepts, obligatory on all dwelling in the monastery. The five universal commandments are:

1. Thou shalt not kill.
 2. Thou shalt not steal.
 3. Thou shalt not indulge in unlawful passions.
 4. Thou shalt not lie.
 5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating liquor.
- The five now imposed upon our KOYIN are:
1. Not to eat after noon.
 2. Not to sing, or dance, or play any musical instrument.
 3. Not to use cosmetics.
 4. Not to stand on platforms or high places.
 5. Not to touch gold or silver.

His duties are to attend on the elders of the Kyoung, and administer to their wants, bringing and laying before them, at stated times, the betel-box, etc., and following the hpongyee as bearer of his umbrella or fan. The latter is shaped like the letter S, whence the name Talapoins given to the monks by some writers. Most of the

shins in Lower Burmah leave almost immediately, in order to enter or reënter into the English school. In Upper Burmah they stay for some years, to complete their education, and then leave and return to a secular life. Some grow fond of the ways of the monastery, and remain to study and qualify to become monks themselves. When they have acquired sufficient knowledge, and attained the age of twenty, they are solemnly admitted among the professed members of the brotherhood, under the name of PATZIN or OOPATZIN. A few conditions are imposed. The applicant must state that he is free from contagious disease, consumption, and fits; that he is neither a slave, nor a debtor, nor a soldier, and that he has obtained the consent of his parents. For those who have not grown up in the Kyoung, and whose attainments are therefore unknown, a public examination, conducted in a *thain*, or open, triple-roofed building, near the Kyoung, or the pagoda, is necessary. The candidate is asked a few simple questions, in the presence of any one who likes to come, by the elders of the house. Any one so-inclined may further catechise him; but a rejection on the ground of ignorance or insufficient preparation is almost unknown. In the early days of Buddhism, the aspirant was admitted without any ceremony; merely having his head shaved, putting on the yellow robes of the YAHAN, and thenceforth leading an ascetic life. Later, somewhat of an ordination ceremonial grew up. On the appointed day, chosen—like that of first entrance into the Kyoung—as being a propitious one, a chapter of monks meet together. This chapter must consist of not less than ten monks, and the president must be a YAHAN of at least ten years' standing. Mats are laid down for them in the chief room of the monastery, and they seat themselves in two rows facing toward one another. The president places himself at the head of one row. The sponsor of the postulant then brings him forward. The sponsor is invariably a monk. The candidate comes up in lay dress, but bearing with him the three garments of the hpongyee. Halting at a respectful distance, he SHE-KHOS, does obeisance to the president and deposits a small present, necessary as a sign of respect. Bowing his forehead three times to the ground, he thrice begs for admittance to the order: "Pity, Lord; have pity on me: graciously take these garments, and grant me admittance to the order, that I may escape from sin and misery, and enter on the path to NEIKBAN." The head of the chapter then bends forward, and, taking up the robes, throws them over the candidate's shoulders, and repeats a Pali rubric, to the effect that the robes are only worn out of modesty, and because the flesh is too weak without them to endure the extremes of heat and

cold; winding up with a formula on the transitoriness and misery of all human things. The postulant then retires to put on the monkish vestments, and reappears before the chapter, again reverently she-khoing. The president then repeats "the triple consolation," the novice reciting it three times after him: "My trust is in the Lord, the law, the assembly, the three precious things." HPAYAH, TAYA, THINGA, YAYDANA, THONBA. Then the "ten precepts," mentioned above, are similarly intoned. Three times, once more saluting the head of the chapter, the mendicant humbly begs him to become his superior. This request being granted, the begging-bowl is hung round the ascetic's neck, and he again falls on his knees and addresses the whole chapter: "Mendicants, I seek for admittance into your order; have mercy on me and grant my prayer." The members then question him formally as to his age, his freedom from disease, his name, and that of his intended abbot; whether he has obtained the consent of his parents, and is *sui juris*. Then three times a monk asks whether any one knows just cause or impediment why he should not be admitted. No objection being entered, the whole body of examiners bend down before the president, and say: "The candidate has been admitted into the order, A. being his superior. The questions have been asked, and none have objected; so we all agree."

A monk then stands up and reads a selection from the full rule of the order, which contains two hundred and twenty-seven precepts. This done, the ordination ceremonial is over, and the chapter disperses, the newly admitted hpongyee falling into the train of the head of his monastery. The state of OOPATZIN is, properly speaking, that of hpongyee. Every other step or promotion in the sacred hierarchy is purely honorific. Nevertheless, the new member must reside, for some time at least, in the same monastery as his superior. He acts as the abbot's secretary and personal attendant, and treats him with all the respect that a son would a father, while the superior, in his turn, instructs him and directs his studies. In time, however, he moves away to some other monastery, possibly led to do so by its superior collection of commentaries, or its proximity to some sacred shrine. Or perhaps some pious layman, who has made his fortune and desires to acquire merit, selects our oopatzin as his teacher and spiritual master, and builds a Kyoung for him, dedicated with great ceremony and much feasting. Then the simple hpongyee becomes a KYOUNG-POGO, or abbot, and gathers round him a following of his own. He has now attained the full rank of his order, but he still remains dependent on charity for his daily food. He is still a hpongyee. He has no new

obligations imposed upon him, but neither does he escape from any of the former duties. He simply has power of jurisdiction over all the brethren in his Kyoung. The founder of the Kyoung gains far more earthly distinction. He is regarded as a LOOGYEE, an elder, and acquires the title of KYOUNS-TAGA, founder of a monastery, by which name he is thereafter always addressed, and which he prefixes to his signature in all documents. He rests comfortable in the assurance that in a future existence he will certainly not be a woman, and possibly not a man; will at any rate be some estimable animal, such as a pig or an elephant, and not an objectionable creature like a snake or a louse. Our hpongyee probably remains in this position of KYOUNG-POGO or TSAYA for a long time, unless he develops a character for superior saintliness or learning. In process of years, he becomes a "head of assembly," a GINE-OKE or TSADAU. A TSAYA is a teacher; a TSADAU, a royal or lord teacher. He now has under his management a cluster of Kyoungs, exercising power over their inmates as well as their heads. He gives his advice in all the little affairs of these communities, enforces the rules against malcontents, and corrects the abuses. Still, however, unless very old, he is a mendicant, and must go out every morning with his begging-bowl. His dress is the same as the most recently admitted KOYIN, and in the eyes of the world he is only a little further on in the path to NEIKBAN. When very aged and decrepit, he is excused from the daily begging tour, but has to go round every now and again, to preserve the letter of the law and show a proper example of humility.

In Lower Burmah there is no head of the hierarchy. Under native rule there was a "pope" whose authority on all matters of religion was recognized throughout the country. This was the THA THANA BEIN TSADAU GYEE. With the conquest of Pegu, however, he has lost all his authority, and the last incumbent exercised control only over the monasteries in the circle of Mandalay. At present the post is, as far as I know, unfilled. The THA THANA BEIN has usually been the preceptor of "the Lord of the Umbrella-bearing Chiefs, and Great King of Righteousness"; Golden Foot, in that august potentate's youthful days. MINDONE MIN's (the late king) teacher, however, is dead, and the present young ruffian has but scant reverence for the monks. After leaving the S. P. G. Royal School, in Mandalay, Theebau went into a monastery and remained there almost constantly until his accession to the throne. He passed as PATAMA BYAN in the theological examination, for ordination as OOPATZIN with great *iclat*, to the enthusiastic delight of his pious old father, MINDONE MIN,

"the Fifth Founder of Religion." The old gentleman could talk of nothing else for a while, and gave the cocks and hens on Mandalay Hill double rations in honor of the event. The Mandalay Theological Tripos is supposed to be a much stiffer business than the examination is elsewhere, and the competitors are placed in classes, young Theebau figuring in the first division. His researches into the three BEETAGHATS do not seem to have done him much good, however. Ugly stories went round about the ongoinings of Theebau and sundry other young princes in the KYOUNG-DAU GYEE, the royal monastery. Probably the venerable KYOUNG-POGO found it necessary to rate the raffish KOYIN, possibly even to set him to water the sacred BO-tree, or sweep out the rooms, as a punishment for his peccadilloes. However that may be, it is certain that Theebau, as soon as he had ascended to the throne, packed off his old superior, along with a couple of thousand other hpongyees, to Lower Burmah. Thus it comes that there is at present, not even in Upper Burmah, a head of Burman Buddhism.

The account of a day spent in one of the monastic communities may be interesting, as showing how far a little method will go toward making the day pass, with the least possible amount of work and the least chance of ennui. At half-past five o'clock in the morning all rise and perform their ablutions. The proper time, according to the DINA CHARIYAWA, is before daylight, which, in these low latitudes, never comes in much before six. After washing, they all arrange themselves before the image of Buddha, the abbot at their head, the rest of the community, monks, novices, and pupils, according to their order. All together intone their morning prayers. This done, they each in their ranks present themselves before the KYOUNG-POGO, and pledge themselves to observe during the day the vows or precepts incumbent upon them. They then separate for a short time, the pupils to sweep the floor of the KYOUNG and bring the drinking-water for the day, filter it, and place it ready for use; the novices and others of full rank to sweep round the sacred BO-tree and water it; the elders to meditate in solitude on the regulations of the order. Some also offer flowers before the pagoda, thinking the while of the great virtues of the Teacher and of their own shortcomings. Then comes the first meal of the day, after which the whole community betakes itself to study for an hour. Afterward, about eight o'clock, or a little later, they set forth in an orderly procession, with the abbot at their head, to beg their food. Slowly they wend their way through the chief street of the town or village, halting when any one comes out to pour his contribution into the big soup-tureen-like alms-bowl,

but never saying a word. It is they who confer the favor, not the givers. Were it not for the passing of the mendicants, the charitable would not have the opportunity of gaining for themselves merit. Not even a look rewards the most bounteous donation. With downcast eyes and hands clasped beneath the begging-bowl, they pass on solemnly, meditating on their unworthiness and the vileness of all human things. Of course there are certain places where they receive a daily dole; but, should the open-handed goodwife have been delayed at the market chatting with the gossips, or the pious old head of the house be away from home, the recluses would rather go without breakfast than halt for a second, as if implying that they remembered the house as an ordinary place of call. It is a furlong on the noble path lost to the absentees, and the double ration of the following day is noted without a phantom of acknowledgment. So they pass round, circling back to the monastery after a perambulation lasting perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. A portion of all the alms received on the tour is solemnly offered to Buddha, and then all take their breakfasts. In former days this used to consist solely of what had been received during the morning; but the majority of monasteries have, sad to say, fallen away from the strictness of the old rule. Only a few of the more austere abbots enforce the observance of the earlier asceticism. Most communities fare much better than would be possible if they ate the miscellaneous conglomerate which is turned out of the alms-bowls. That indiscriminate mixture of rice, cooked and raw; peas, boiled and parched; fish, flesh, and fowl, curried and plain; GNAPEE (a condiment made of decayed fish, smelling horribly and tasting like anchovy sauce gone bad, but nevertheless wonderfully esteemed by the Burmans), and LET-HPET (pickled tea), is but seldom consumed by the ascetics of the present day. It is handed over to the little boys, the scholars of the community, who eat as much of it as they can, and give the rest to the crows, and the pariah dogs. The HPONGYEEs and POYINs find a breakfast ready prepared for them when they return from their morning's walk, and are ready to set to with healthy appetites. Breakfast done, they wash out the begging-bowls and chant a few prayers before the image of Buddha, meditating for a short time on kindness and affection. During the succeeding hour the scholars are allowed to play about, but must not make a noise; the monks pass the time in leisurely conversing; the abbot usually has visits from old people, or the KYOUNG-TAGA, the patron of his benefice, who comes to consult with him on various matters, or to converse about religion. About half-past eleven there is a light refecton of fruits, and

then their work begins again. If no one of his own choice cares to teach the lay scholars, some one is selected by the abbot. The monks and novices take up their commentaries, or perhaps copy one out, asking the abbot or one of the YAHANS about passages which they do not understand. This goes on till three o'clock, when the SHINS and scholars perform any domestic duties which may be required about the monastery. The scholars are then at liberty to run home and get some dinner, as nothing solid is eaten in the monastery after noontide. They return at six o'clock, or sunset, recalled by the unmelodious sounds of a big, wooden bell, struck with a heavy mallet. This serves also as a summons for the regular members of the order, who have probably been out for a stroll to some neighbors, or to visit the pagoda. From nightfall till half-past eight scholars and novices stand before the abbot and some of the YAHANS and recite all that they have learned, the whole sum of their literary knowledge, from the letters in the THEM-BON-GYEE, the A, B, C, up to the book which was last committed to memory. The Pali rituals are chanted with surprising energy, abundance of sound supplying the place of a knowledge of the sense.

Few even of the YAHANS have any but the most superficial knowledge of the sacred language. Afterward, if there is time, or if the KYOUNG-POGO is an enthusiast, that dignitary delivers a homily, or an exposition of some commentary. The evening closes up with devotions in the presence of Buddha's image; and, when the last sounds of the mournful chant have died away, a monk stands up, and with a loud voice proclaims the day of the week, the day of the month, and the number of the year. Then all SHE-KHO before Buddha thrice, and thrice before the abbot, and retire to rest. The same routine gone through day after day may become monotonous and lose some of its effectiveness; but such a school, presided over by an abbot of intelligence, and held in reverence by the people, can not fail to have a powerful effect upon the minds of an impulsive people like the Burmese; and, when we remember that the entire male population of the country passes through such schools, we can well understand how the mere teaching of Western secular knowledge has but little results in shaking the power of Buddhism among the people. Their manners may be softened and civilized; but they remain as firm as ever in their ancient faith, and more and more convinced that no other creed would suit them so well. The great number of the monasteries in all parts of the country render it perfectly easy for every one to obtain entrance for his children, and the poorest need have no fear that he will be refused

admission. Every one, too, must learn. The discipline is exceedingly strict. If a boy is obstinate, or stupid, his hands are tied to a post above his head, and a stalwart mendicant lays on to him with a rattan till the weals stand out like ropes, and the blood trickles down the victim's back. Many a grown-up man can show you the scars he got in the HPONGYEE KYOUNG, because his head was too dense, or his memory too feeble, to get hold of the Pali formulas, which had, and have, not any comprehensible meaning to him. Nevertheless, he bears no malice; on the contrary, he is rather proud of it, as being likely to stand greatly to his credit in some future existence, or at any rate as atoning for the obfuscated brains with which he has been endowed in this existence. A Turanian *plagosus Orbilius* is therefore regarded with especial favor, and a Dotheboys Hall would be extensively patronized in Burmah, as considerably shortening the way toward NEIKBAN.

The life of the HPONGYEE KYOUNG is about as lazy a round of existence as is to be found anywhere in the world. A few of the monks, seized by a sudden desire to do something, occasionally enter one of the ZAYATS, the rest-houses round the pagodas, on a feast-day, when there are a number of people gathered together, and read and expound passages of the law to such as care to come and hear them. Occasionally, too, devout laymen will go to the monastery to talk over points of theology, or to ask for elucidation of some passage in a commentary; but there are only a few who are troubled in this way, and, unless the monk is an enthusiast, he need never be troubled with doing anything. They learn long passages of Pali ritual and dogma when they are preparing for admission to the order, and can always rattle it over with surprising glibness when occasion requires. I have never yet, however, met with one who had more than a parrot-like knowledge of the sacred language. There are a few TSADAUS in Mandalay who are said to have a just comprehension of the sacred books, and certainly have most valuable collections of them, but they do not make much use of the learning claimed for them. They spend their time mostly in multiplying copies of Cingalese commentaries, occasionally adding a note or two of their own, more or less puerile or superstitious, for they never venture to hint at modifications of doctrines. As an almost invariable rule, the monk is densely ignorant and far below the most ordinary layman in knowledge of every kind. Prompted by the establishment of Government vernacular schools, a few monks in Lower Burmah have been induced, by the fear of losing their power over the youth of the country, to learn and commence teaching in their KYOUNGS a small amount of

secular learning, and occasionally a little arithmetic. The latter accomplishment, however, is regarded with great suspicion as being cabalistic, and therefore opposed to the regulations of the WINI. It is therefore only in the KYOUNGS, in and near our large towns, where the competition is great, that ciphering enters into the monastic curriculum. Nevertheless, though teaching is all the HPONGYEEs do for the people, and many of them do not even do that, there are no signs that they are losing their power over the Burmese. The public feeling against a want of rectitude in life in a monk is certainly very strong. A mendicant who committed any one of the four cardinal sins would be forced to leave the order by the unanimous voice of the people, supposing his abbot did not unfrock him—deprive him of the TSIWAYAN, the yellow monkish robe. As long, however, as he lives an orderly life, no matter how little he does, the veriest drone may be assured that the people will not withhold their alms or respect. From the time when he first ties the PATTa, the begging-bowl, round his neck, till the end, when his body is embalmed and burned on a funeral-pyre erected at the public expense, he meets with the utmost veneration. The people make way for him when he walks abroad. The oldest layman assumes the title of disciple to the last inducted KOVIN and with clasped hands ad-

dresses him as HPAYAH, the highest title the language can afford. The monk's commonest actions—walking, sleeping, eating—are referred to in language different from that which would be used of a layman, or even of the king, performing the same thing. The highest officials bow before them, and impose upon themselves the greatest sacrifices, both of time and money, to build KYOUNGS for them and minister to their wants. Finally, the monk's person is sacred and inviolable. There are but two motives for this high veneration: First, the admiration entertained for their austere manners and purely religious mode of life; secondly, the merit and rewards they hope to derive, in a future existence, from the plentiful alms they bestow. Nevertheless, to an unprejudiced stranger the HPONGYEEs appear the least deserving of mortals. They spend the entire day sitting cross-legged, chewing betel, or lying at full length, endeavoring to fall asleep; when they go abroad during the day, it is because they are utterly *ennuyés* with sitting at home doing nothing, and can not find sufficient relief in merely standing up and yawning. But, in their incomparable idleness, they are only an apotheosis of their countrymen, and perhaps not a little of the respect paid them is due to a secret admiration for their supreme objection to doing anything at all.

SHWAY YOE (*Cornhill Magazine*.)

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

LARGE as the Irish land question is, it can not be properly apprehended unless as a branch of a larger one. It is neither a land question only, nor an Irish question only. It has deep roots in the history of Ireland and the old wrongs of its native population, and the first and last thought of a great part of the Irish people is land; but it has roots also in the state of modern society—in the growing consciousness of popular strength, in the fact that the balance of power is altered, and that its center is now among the many instead of the few—in ideas of equality from the new world, and of revolution from the old world, and in all that is commonly meant by democracy. It involves a problem not only as to the use of the national soil, and the relations of landlord and tenant, but as to the directions of legislation, and the tendency of modern society respecting state intervention. A keen observer of the most disturbed parts of Ireland, it is true, has lately said that the more that is seen of the people of the west, the more

distinct becomes the conviction that the difficulty is rather economic than political, the complaints pouring in on every side referring not in the least to politics. Yet even in the remotest districts of Connaught the peasant is becoming conscious that his vote counts for more than his landlord's, that his representatives sit in Parliament, and that his cause is gaining ground. He is stirred, too, by a movement in the air of which he is hardly aware; his brothers and cousins have sent him something besides money from the Transatlantic Republic, and, if he now raises his voice only about land, he knows that he can make it heard afar off. In less disturbed parts of the island nearer the eastern shore, the political element is distinctly perceptible; and Fenianism, which is at once the ally and the rival of the Land League, aims ultimately at more than the separation of Ireland from England. Nor is it in this sense only that more than an Irish land question is before us. What brings it so prominently to the front in England as the political

question of the day is neither the recent distress nor the present agitation, for in both respects the state of the island has been worse in the memory of many. It is that in England, too, a new political spirit is astir; that landlords are no longer dominant over legislation about land; and, moreover, that there is a tendency to extend the control of the state to matters formerly left to private arrangement.

Down to recent years the course of legislation in this country, under the influence of the ideas of Adam Smith and his followers, seemed to indicate a contraction of the sphere of Government. The society of our day, said Sir Henry Maine, twenty years ago, is mainly distinguished from that of preceding generations by the largeness of the sphere of contract, and the assumptions of political economy would fail to correspond with the facts of life, were it not true that imperative law had abandoned the largest part of the field it once occupied. This proposition is in marked contrast with that of German economists and publicists, who assume that, as a community ascends to higher stages of culture, the state enlarges its province and tends to include within its scope the whole of social life. Without going all lengths with this doctrine, we may perceive that state intervention is no longer circumscribed by the limits surrounding it when the maxim of *laissez faire* was at the height of its authority. A multitude of causes tend to widen the province and quicken the activity of Government. The public know more than they did about evils calling for remedy. The press has acquired greater influence, and social grievances and wants are more powerfully and constantly urged. There is really a keener desire for the welfare of the poorer classes, and a warmer sympathy with suffering. With the spread of equality, some of the old fences around property, and even personal independence, have been removed. Aristocracy is distant, reserved, neither brooking interference with its own affairs, nor caring to meddle with those of others. Plutocracy, too, is averse from interference; it desires to make what bargains it pleases, to build wherever ground can be purchased by capital, to fill country and town with the smoke of tall chimneys, and to do what it wills with its own.

Democracy, on the contrary, is familiar, intrusive, meddlesome, and leveling. The interference of the Legislature last session, between landlord and tenant in England, and between employer and workman, was at once sign and effect of a change in the political constitution which will have further consequences. A number of new interests are gaining representation; new experiences and new political energies are called into play. The extension of the suffrage

to women would undoubtedly lead to an increased activity of Government in many directions—some undreamed of at present by the most earnest advocates of woman's rights. The state is ever acquiring greater powers and energies, further and quicker sight, a longer arm, a more impulsive heart, and a more active if not a more vigorous brain. The most powerful individual can nowhere escape the eye of the public or the control of the law; and a deeper feeling of national unity, as opposed to that of rank or caste, helps to foster the idea of the right of the state, as the impersonation of the national power and will, to subordinate everything to the public good. A generation ago, the practice of impressment or conscription seemed to most Englishmen a monstrous violation of personal liberty; now it is certain that compulsory military service would be resorted to if the safety of the country required it. Those who regarded the repeal of the Corn Laws as a legislative recognition of the maxim of *laissez faire* were in error. It was a result of the reform of Parliament, of legislators becoming more democratic, and setting aside the ideas of great landowners in the interest of the majority. There has long been an Irish land question, but it has only recently assumed its present prominence as a problem for Parliament to solve, and it may be taken for certain that the economic canons of the last generation respecting the sphere of the state will not determine the nature of the solution it shall ultimately receive.

Two opposite errors pervade much that is said on the two sides of the controversy. The advocates of the Irish landlords for the most part show no consciousness that we are in presence of a movement which is not exclusively Irish, but a movement of the age. Some of their opponents, on the other hand, seem to assume that it is enough to call a movement popular, democratic, and in harmony with the temper and spirit of the times, to establish its beneficial tendency. Government grows stronger as it becomes more closely identified with the feelings, convictions, and will of the people whose force it wields, but it does not follow that it must exercise its increased powers wisely or well. The theory of representative Government embodied in Mr. Mill's treatise is that prosperity must attain a greater height, and be more widely diffused, in proportion to the number and variety of personal energies acting on legislation directly or indirectly. As the state becomes more representative of the ideas and feelings of the people at large, it was assumed that the general interest, instead of that of particular classes, must become its object and care. Such has not, in fact, been always the actual result. It is true

that a narrow limitation of the franchise led to class legislation, but it does not follow that by its extension class legislation is avoided. The legislatures of the most democratic communities show a strong tendency to sacrifice the interests of the public to those of particular classes of producers, to shape the laws in conformity with the dictates of vigilant and organized bodies, instead of in accordance with the welfare of the inert and unorganized mass of society. "*Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura succurrunt*" is true of law-making as well as of its administration. Free trade itself was carried in England by the exertions of particular classes of traders, and, though much was said about the interests of the public, Cotton was King. Were Ireland to get a Parliament to itself, one of the earliest measures would be to protect Irish producers against English and foreign competition; nor would protection stop there—the small farmer would be protected against the large, and in other branches of business defensive measures would be taken against large capital. There was a movement in Ireland twenty or thirty years ago, zealously advocated by Mr. Butt, against monster shops. Mr. Bagehot says in his book on the English Constitution, that the natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon is gold, and that he bows down before a big heap, and sneers as he passes a little one. To bow down to the little heap is no nobler or less self-seeking a cult, and may have more pernicious effects. The worship of big heaps has some tendency to create them, and they can not be piled up without some benefit to the community. The worship of little heaps may be so conducted as to leave no heap at all in the end.

We reach thus two points in our inquiry in reference to the Irish land problem: First, that legislation on the subject will be governed neither by old economic formulas nor by the ideas of landlords, but will be democratic in its character; secondly, that it will not on that account be necessarily politic, just, or beneficial. It is thought, however, by some, and such seems to have been M. de Tocqueville's conviction, that, for better for worse, the movement of democracy follows a course over which no control can be exercised. The truth is, that the movement is irresistible but not uncontrollable; it has tendencies which will prevail, but it is amenable, in England, at least, to reason and guidance in the paths which it takes toward its ends. Universal adult suffrage is sure to arrive, but it will depend much on the wisdom and moderation of popular politicians whether it shall come suddenly in an angry storm or by gradual and quiet expansion. The majority of the electors of the United Kingdom may be said to have already resolved that Parliament shall grapple with the Irish land ques-

tion, but the manner of doing so is left for the present to particular statesmen. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," is the principle alike of democracy and despotism, but it does not follow that "*Stat pro ratione voluntas*."

The first step, then, is to consider the economic condition of Ireland. Regarded from this point of view, the greater part of the island is less unprosperous than is generally imagined in England. The true economic line of division in Ireland between advancement and stagnation was never between north and south, or between Ulster and the other provinces, but between east and west, between the English and the Irish side of the island. The manufactures lie in the east of Ulster, but the farming is better in parts of several southeastern counties than in parts of Antrim or Down. Even in Antrim and Down there are mountainous and ill-favored districts to which the natives were driven by English and Scotch settlers, and which have lagged behind the movement around them. Were Mr. Tuke, however, to revisit even Connaught and Donegal at this moment, he would behold a different prospect from that which he painted last spring. On wild hills and bogs and on remote shores, and in a few localities where cheap and bad seed was sown and the crops have in consequence failed, there is, indeed, immediate want, and the need of relief will be urgent before the winter is over. Yet Mr. Tuke might this autumn have heard women in Mayo, whose families were gutting public or private relief when he was among them, asking unprecedented prices for fowls and eggs, and answering objections: "Well, we don't care whether you buy or not; we can afford to eat them ourselves this year." The shops of county towns, not far from where Captain Boycott has been beleaguered, have been full of winter goods and of customers on market-days.

Comparing England and Ireland, on the whole, and looking at the condition of the rural population of both as they were thirty years ago and as they are now, and at the prospects of agriculture apart from political and civil disorder, Ireland exhibits, on the whole, the more satisfactory aspect. There is greater improvement in the condition of the country people in general, and the outlook of farming in the face of American competition is brighter. Ireland is in soil and climate better adapted than England for the productions which the foreigner finds it hardest to export, and which are most remunerative in price. The peasant is better clad in winter, and leads a happier life summer and winter, in Tipperary than in Dorsetshire. Some of the very facts of which landlords and agents in Ireland complain most, afford by no means unfavorable indications on the whole. It is curious to observe

how similar is the language which residents in widely distant parts of the island use with reference to extravagance and debt on the part of tenants. A gentleman in Connaught writes: "The Land Act of 1870 enabled small tenants to mortgage the holdings; this they have been doing ever since, and with the money so obtained living in quite a different style from what they did formerly. Their daughters dress extravagantly, and receive comparatively large fortunes, much of which is often spent immediately. There are about four times as many banks in Mayo as there were, and most of the business is in loans to small tenants, though sometimes they receive considerable sums on deposit from some of them. There are in all parts of the country tenants who are irretrievably insolvent." From the county Monaghan, in Ulster, a correspondent reports: "The Monaghan farmers are almost universally deeply in debt to banks, shopkeepers, and money-lenders. This was one bad effect of the Land Act, as it procured them unlimited credit, and they are so much in debt that it will take more than one good harvest to make much improvement in their affairs. Besides, they have got into extravagant habits as regards both food and dress, and this will help to keep them poor." From Cavan, in the same province, a person of great experience writes: "Holders of less than ten acres are worse off than the larger holders, for one reason, because they have endeavored to live up to the standard of larger farmers, and have not the means to do so. I should say that the tenantry of this county are so steeped in debt, owing to their reckless borrowing of money during the good years, that a very grave prospect lies before them unless a succession of prosperous years enables them to regain their property, and that they take warning by what has passed." From the county Tipperary, in Munster, the account comes: "There is little poverty in this county, there being few small tenants, except on good land. These spend immense sums on drink and consequent fines. They give their daughters good fortunes when they marry, and wives and daughters dress well. A farmer of ten or twelve acres generally keeps a maid-servant. The large farmers lost much on stock this year, but seem none of them to live less well." A great land agent, who manages estates in several eastern and midland counties of Leinster, states: "Although the larger holders are, I believe, well able to pay their rent, the smaller tenants are, as a general rule, poor. They have had this year an abundant harvest, but the last two years left many of them in debt to shopkeepers and money-lenders, and one good harvest will not set everything straight. At present, however, instead of applying themselves to work out of debt by the

ordinary means of thrift and industry, they are all like young hounds with their heads up, expecting that some great revolution in the conditions of land tenure will make them all rich by Act of Parliament."

The main facts brought out in such accounts have two sides. A rise in the standard of living is in itself good, not only because sufficiency and comfort contribute to happiness, but because a low standard leads to indolence, and leaves nothing to fall back upon or to retrench from. It used to be said that potatoes and rags were the cause of Irish over-population and beggary, and, though rather the effect than the cause, they reacted in that way. A higher measure of wants on the part of a peasantry is a mark of the growth among them of ideas of respectability and self-respect; it is a sign that their labor and produce are fetching a better price, and that they themselves are rising in the social scale, and breaking with ancient and barbarous usages. It is but natural to find them at the same time copying their superiors in superfluous consumption as well as in the requisites of healthful existence and decency. In every age when a considerable improvement has shown itself in the modes of living, it has at first been regarded as foolish and hurtful luxury, as in part it commonly has been. In Elizabeth's day Harrison complained that when houses were built of willow and wattles the men were of oak, but now that they must needs live in more durable dwellings, they had become as weak as willow themselves; and, now that chimneys were many, there were many sufferers from rheums and catarrh, whereas formerly the smoke hardened both the house and its inmates. Mr. Tuke has described a turf hovel, which the friends with him at first could not believe to be a human habitation, and a still wretchered dwelling, scooped out in a bog. Such habitations are not creations either of modern "landlordism" or of unprecedented distress; they are survivals of the barbarism of earlier times. Cave-men may still be found, not only in Ireland but in more prosperous countries; they are beheld with astonishment by a stranger, but cave-men once regarded the builders of houses with much greater astonishment. The drinking in Ireland is a serious evil, but not a new one; what is new is that there is something over for substantial food and good clothing. "It's all competition that's ruining the country," said a Tipperary man to the writer, in the town of Cahir, one October Sunday evening, pointing to a swarm of laborers in and around the public-houses in the market-place, waiting to be hired for potato-digging. "Look at them poor boys drinking their money, and the farmers up stairs waiting till one's more drunk than the other, to bargain with them.

And the farmers is drunk themselves." The "poor boys" were nevertheless all comfortably and respectably clothed, and the spokesman would have seen no harm in the drinking had it taken place on an ordinary Sunday. It was the intrusion of business into the pastime of the evening that provoked his censure.

The indebtedness of the Irish tenant at present is not altogether a bad sign. The development of banks, the custom of dealing with them, the ability to give better security than formerly, are all good in themselves. All people in trade are occasionally borrowers, and unexpected disasters may leave them in debt. Indebtedness is common among the happiest peasantry in Europe, that of France, and French country gentlemen, in the evidence published in the "Reports of the Enquête Agricole," hold much the same language about the extravagance and the debts of the farming classes that one hears now in Ireland, where a rise in the standard of living has certainly taken place. Two bad seasons came together on tenants who had been both making and spending more money than formerly. There was want of thrift and of providence, but the want of both was greater in old times, when they spent much less on their living and could not get into debt.

The real, radical weakness of Irish rural economy is the existence of a multitude of cottier holdings, the produce of which is insufficient to support the tenants, while other employment on the spot, to eke out the livelihood of the family, is not forthcoming. The change that is taking place in English agriculture will make the position of the cottier in Connaught and Donegal, with a few acres of land, still more precarious and wretched, by diminishing employment in summer and autumn, and drying up an indispensable subsidiary source of subsistence. The practice hitherto has been for the Connaught man to migrate to England in March, April, or May, leaving his little plot to his wife and children to manage, and often not returning himself until December, with a good part of a year's wages in hand. During the last two years many of these poor men not only gained nothing, but lost their expenses in going over. English husbandry may recover prosperity, but to do so it must be in a great measure transformed, and the transformation is likely to shorten considerably the demand for Irish labor. And as matters stood heretofore, the western cottier was always in peril, and in extremity when a bad season occurred. Mr. Tuke's pages are full of evidence on the point, which no one acquainted with Ireland will dispute:

"The little farms are the curse of the country; no man can really live on them in the best times. . . .

No one can dispute that it is of the utmost importance to realize the fact that farms under ten, fifteen, or twenty acres of land, according to quality, are too small to support a family. It matters not whether a man has fixity of tenure, or being a peasant proprietor has no rent to pay, he can not, unless he has some other source of income, live and bring up a family on the small farms under ten or fifteen acres which form so large a proportion of the holdings in the west of Ireland."

Nevertheless, even in this respect the economic condition of Ireland has materially improved in the last thirty years. Clearances of cottier holdings have been in some cases harshly brought about, it is true; the terror of the famine of 1846 was before the minds of landlords and agents; they resolved to prevent its recurrence, and they carried out the resolution in some cases with unsparing rigor. Yet a diminution of such holdings was an inevitable condition of the improvement of Irish rural economy and husbandry. The most unsatisfactory features of the present economic situation is that so many remain. But, looking at it as a whole, one may see that what is unsoundest in it is old, what is new is improvement.

It is not the economic but the civil and political condition of Ireland, then, that is alarming, and some of the darkest features are new. The rent question itself is no novelty. Peremptory demands for the payment of rent, and refusals to comply, were not unknown in the golden age to which the native Irish tenant looks back. The aposiopesis in the old couplet tells more eloquently than words how such differences arose and were settled under native Irish chiefs. "Says O'Neill to O'Donnell—If you don't pay your rent— Says O'Donnell to O'Neill—I owe none, and if I did—" But it is not a mere landlord and tenant question that now confronts the executive government and the Legislature, embittered as that is by old historical wrongs, or in some cases by the rigorous exercise of strict legal rights. A new revolutionary spirit, which draws inspiration from many different sources, is in the air, gathering round it long-standing causes of discontent, but having also an independent modern origin and a wider sweep. The people know that a revolution in the distribution of political power has already taken place, and they are anxious to realize its fruits. They have been told that the people make the land laws in America, and that in France and Prussia the land has been taken from the nobles and gentry and given to the peasantry. Whoever knows enough of the French people to picture to his mind what the civil state of France would be now, were land and property in as few hands as in Ireland, may form some conception of the ideas and feelings

at work among a no less excitable and far more ignorant Celtic population. It is an uprising not only of the descendants of the oppressed against the descendants or successors of the oppressors, but of the many against the few, of the poor against the rich, that we see beginning and spreading. The landlords are only the first objects of popular envy and wrath. The large farmer is already marked out for destruction; and, with an ingratitude that adds a revolting feature to the scene, the extermination of English and Scotch settlers is threatened by Connaught peasants, who have owed their own subsistence for many years in a great measure to the hospitality of England and Scotland, and who have been from father to son for generations competing with English and Scotch agricultural laborers and dividing their bread.

Nor would the movement subside when the landlord, the English and Scotch settler, the large farmer, and the grazier, had been "hunted out of the country." The banker, the money-lender, the shopkeeper, would receive only the mercy of the Cyclops, and be devoured last. At this moment there are places in Connaught where no magistrate dares to sit on the bench, no farmer dares to sue another, no tradesman dares to present a bill. The small farmer himself would soon find that he had an account to settle with a class that possesses still less. "*J'y suis; j'y reste*" is now his answer to the landlord's summons; but landless laborers may extort a different reply. M. de Lavergne, in his treatise on the rural economy of France, complained that the French Government in the treatment of rich and poor parts of that country had followed the maxim, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The opposite maxim is gaining ground in Ireland, "To him that hath not shall be given, and from him that hath shall be taken away even that which he hath." Last year Mr. Parnell distinguished between "the good landlords" and "the bad landlords," professing to agitate only against the latter. This year he asserts that "landlordism" must be got rid of altogether, nor has he stopped there. At a meeting of the Land League a few weeks ago, he said: "The laborers might trust him to obtain for them equal facilities with the farmers to become owners of land. He thought the League should discourage the letting of the grass-lands next summer, enabling small farmers and laborers to get back the rich class of feeding-grounds." In the lowest deep there is a lower deep.

An agrarian revolt could be easily suppressed and with little bloodshed. The Irish peasant is quick to know when he is beaten, and to count odds. But the landlords and the Government

would find themselves still in presence of a combination against the payment of rent. The difficulty is not to be solved by cunning statutory contrivances to deprive landlords of ownership without giving it to the tenants; thereby leaving nobody with the rights of property over the soil, and deepening the feeling on the part of Irish tenants that "landlordism" is an incubus to be got rid of. The main object ought to be, not to surround the exercise of land-ownership with such penalties that practically a tenant can not be removed, but to reënforce land-owners with such an accession to their number as materially to alter the balance, to array against spoliation and anarchy a force more conservative than any army of policemen or soldiers, and to do this without establishing a precedent for legislative confiscation of the possessions of the minority by the majority. Combinations to reduce rents have not been unknown in France in recent years, but they have never spread far, or caused danger to society, because of the multitude of land-owners, and because no prudent tenant need despair of possessing a farm of his own.

Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech a year ago at the Mansion House, strove "to impress on the consciousness of the nation," that "no tenure of land can be contrived except on the condition of furnishing three incomes, rent, profit, and wages," and that "the three incomes which the land in any circumstances must supply, in England, are distributed among three classes, and in the lands where peasant proprietors prevail are devoted to one class." The answer is, that not only may land be had in America without payment of rent, but a system of tenure actually exists in Ireland which in many cases yields no profit, but only rent and scanty wages for indolent and unskillful labor. Where the three incomes are really forthcoming, it is of no small advantage to a locality that they should be largely in the hands of small proprietors who are never absentees. A noble absentee has told the English public something about "the Portsmouth custom" in the county of Wexford, from which he draws some sixteen thousand pounds a year, without so much as a house of his own to fill during the few days of an occasional visit. Two hundred and sixty small land-owners, each with sixty pounds a year in rent or its equivalent, and wages and profit besides on their industry and capital, would do a good deal more for the trade of Enniscorthy in the midst of the Portsmouth estate. There are, however, better customs than the Portsmouth one on the Castleboro, the Wilton, and not a few other Wexford estates; and the best system, economically and socially, is one that admits of properties of different sizes, allowing the small owner to rise, developing various types of life, and

giving room for experiments in cultivation, of which only large owners are capable. Such a system is in harmony with the policy of Mr. Bright's clauses in the Land Act of 1870, and with the statesmanlike views of Mr. Shaw Lefevre. So urgent, however, has become the necessity for enlisting on the side of security and order in Ireland a multitude of proprietors, that, could it be done by no other means than buying out the existing landlords altogether, however great the loss of some of them might be, the transaction might nevertheless be a prudent one on the part of the state. Large sums of one hundred million pounds and upward have been spoken of as required for the purpose; and Lord Beaconsfield, who calls the national debt a flea-bite, ought not to object merely because of the amount of the purchase-money. No such sum, however, seems requisite. The rents of those land-owners who were willing to accept a commutation—which might, as a general rule, be left optional—could be converted into land annuities, secured on and collected by means of a land-tax, levied on the tenants becoming proprietors, like local rates, by public officers under a Land Board. This land-tax might further be redeemable by installments, payable as the new owners were able, and not at fixed periods only.* It is cer-

tain that a great number of the present landlords in the western, and some in the eastern, counties would accept a commutation thus secured, escaping, as they would thereby, many charges, deductions, and risks incident to their present position. Lower terms, too, might safely be offered than would be just were they expropriated by a compulsory act. To diminish absenteeism on the part of the land annuitants, they might be permitted to retain part of their present property in the neighborhood of their houses in absolute ownership, free from the provisions of the act of 1870. Existing absentees, not engaged in the public service, might be expropriated without any such option, the annuities payable to them being fixed by the Land Board on a valuation based on the average of the rents in the locality. The land held by the London Companies in Ulster might fairly be dealt with in a more summary fashion. It has no claim to be regarded as private property, and part of it might justly be applied to defray the expenses of the Land Board.

Optional commutation is not open to the powerful objections urged by Lord Dufferin against the plan of compulsory expropriation of the landlords of Ireland with compensation, proposed by Mr. Mill in 1868. It may, however, be asked, in Lord Dufferin's words, in relation even to an optional commutation such as is here proposed: "In what respect would the condition of affairs be an improvement on the present? You would not have got rid of 'landlordism,' you would only have substituted an innumerable crowd of needy landlords for the present more affluent proprietors."* The answer is, look at France with its innumerable crowd of little land-owners, and think what its condition would be, if, in their stead, there were only as many land-owners as in Ireland. By the creation of a multitude of small land-owners in Ireland you would get rid of much of the agrarian difficulty as affecting the peace and security of society. There have been, as already observed, combinations against the payment of rent in France, but the owners of landed property were too many for them. In Ireland even now there are no attempts to assassinate public officers, because the peasantry know that the state is immortal; and, under the proposed system, they would be interested in its security as the guardian of their own property. But it is not proposed here to include the smallest class of holdings in the commutation, unless in cases where the Land Board should see fit by reason

* It would not be unjust to make even the unrequited annuities terminable after a long period, say a hundred and twenty years, but it might be useless and inexpedient to propose it. Commenting on the gross injustice of an American economist's proposal that the state should everywhere confiscate land-rent without compensation, the present writer has observed ("Fortnightly Review," October, 1880), that, as a matter of abstract justice, a period of four generations or a hundred and twenty years might be fixed at which all landed property should lapse to the state, say in the year 2001; but this suggestion was not put forward as a practicable scheme. Mr. Alfred Wallace has since ("Contemporary Review," November, 1880) applied the suggestion with respect to "four generations" to Ireland, but with an alteration that would work grievous injustice. Instead of taking four generations as a fixed period of time, he interprets it as four successions or changes of ownership, overlooking the fact that four successions might take place in as few years, or even less. It would not be an unprecedented occurrence for a parent, who had just succeeded to an estate, and three of his children to be carried off by an epidemic; and, according to Mr. Wallace's plan, his other children would be left penniless orphans. Moreover, the market value of property liable to lapse in such a manner would suffer a corresponding depreciation, and existing mortgages and family charges could not be met out of it. There is no novelty in Mr. Wallace's suggestion that property should be descendible and devisable only to near relatives, nor could there be injustice in fixing a future and distant period at which such a law of succession should come into operation, but it would be most unjust to give immediate effect to it. There is also the practical objection that such a measure as Mr. Wallace proposes has no chance of adoption. What is wanted is

one that will not break up the Liberal party or the Government, and that will pass both Houses of Parliament.

* "Examination of Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland." By Lord Dufferin. P. 19. John Murray. 1868.

of special circumstances, such as a market-garden near a town. The business of a great number of the cottier holdings is of too hazardous a character, and carried on in too unskillful a manner, to fit the occupants for the position of owners. To give perpetuity or fixity in any shape to them would be to perpetuate bad farming, and to prevent the more industrious, energetic, and thrifty of the class to whom they belong from bettering their position by the enlargement of their farms. The act of 1870 went, in two respects, on wrong lines. Instead of boldly creating a great number of small proprietors with full ownership, it aimed at giving tenants indiscriminately an indefinite interest in the holdings, thereby causing much uncertainty and litigation, and satisfying neither landlord nor tenant. Secondly, it deliberately sought to protect the smallest holdings by higher proportionate compensation for disturbance, and other privileges. The compensation for disturbance given by the act is in inverse ratio to the value of the holding, and one might say, as a general rule, to the skill and efficiency of the farming. In the case of holdings of above one hundred pounds annual value, the compensation is in no case to exceed one year's rent; in that of holdings of ten pounds a year and under, it may amount to seven years' rent, and so inflict a ruinous penalty for getting rid of a sluggard who is exhausting the soil, though ready to swear he reclaimed it at infinite cost in labor. This is protectionism in its most sinister form. We deem it bad economic policy on the part of the legislatures of other countries to protect domestic industries against the competition of foreigners, yet our own Legislature protects small farms, scarcely deserving to be called farms at all, against large farms, by rigorous penalties on their consolidation and privileges to their occupants. It might as wisely have attempted to protect the hand-loom against the power-loom. One may see here an instance of that tendency of modern legislation to protect particular classes of producers, of which examples are, as before said, to be seen in other countries. Moreover, in this case Parliament has bowed down to "the little heap," and set one of the worst precedents that the new constituencies could have before them. The attempt last session to introduce the principle of foreign law, that the failure of crops shall exempt small holders from the payment of rent, was likewise of ill omen. "He that observeth the winds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." The husbandman should count on the chance of foul weather and unfavorable seasons, and a fair-weather farmer is unfit for his trade. He has, in truth, begun to count on them in a wrong fashion. The scene in "Punch" of the Irish

peasant saying, "Plase God, we'll have another bad year yet," was a divination. Words to that effect were actually used in the west. The Fleming inherits a love of minute and careful cultivation, but out-door relief and compensation for the failure of crops would soon turn the Pays de Waes itself back into a desert.

Instead of seeking to protect other holdings by special privileges, the Legislature should assist escape from them by emigration, as Mr. Mill strenuously urged; and the best of their occupiers might thus get elbow-room to work up to larger farms of their own. In all Mr. Tuke's sad story of the distress in the west of Ireland last spring, there is nothing so sad as the case of the man who saved a hundred and twenty-five pounds in seven years in America, and came back to sink it in Donegal on the tenant-right of a small farm. "It's no use," said the poor fellow; "a man may as well lie down and die; we're beaten, everything is against us; I shall take my wife and family to Ameriky again!" When asked why he had come back before and bought the farm, he replied, "Nature binds a man to his own counthrey"; on which Mr. Tuke remarks, "What true pathos and sentiment there is in these men!" Pathos and sentiment, certainly, but not true in the sense of being directed aright. By his own "counthrey" the man meant that part of Ireland in which he was born and bred; and few men or women in the most fortunate ranks of life can cleave to the place in which their childhood was passed. The son of an Irish farmer, who had left the paternal hearth, and made his way in the world, said to the present writer that, had he twelve sons, like Jacob, instead of gathering them round his bedside in his old age, he would drive them from his door with his crutch and scatter them over the globe.

No measures of the character indicated will, however, suffice in the present emergency. One is reminded of the crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty, when one hears it invoked against "coercion" to prevent anarchy and to maintain security of life and property. All government is coercive, and its restraints become more strict and more numerous for their protection, as regard for the weak and defenseless grows stronger, and the forces at the disposal of the state become more powerful and better organized. The Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor kings were arbitrary rulers, yet powerless to prevent innumerable acts of oppression, cruelty, and wrong, and had themselves small feeling for suffering. None but a highwayman would have stopped a coach in the last century, though it were likely to run over a woman or child. Now persons of high rank are ordered about by a policeman, and bidden to stop or go this way or

that as he directs. When a fire takes place, the neighboring houses may be injured or destroyed, and their inmates turned into the street, to prevent the conflagration from spreading. Men are compelled to vaccinate their children, to send them to school, to serve on juries themselves, and try prisoners, at great inconvenience and loss; and they would be forced to bear arms as soldiers in defense of the country were it invaded. The notions of some politicians about liberty are partly survivals of muddy eighteenth-century theories of natural rights, and partly results of thoughtlessness respecting the nature and objects of civil government, and the numerous restraints it imposes which they never think of disputing. It is not on behalf of landlords and agents alone that preventive measures against outrage are needed in Ireland, but also of thousands of peaceable, industrious, and thrifty tenants and their families. At a public meeting a few weeks ago Mr. Parnell's secretary spoke with theatrical and grotesque commiseration of the anxiety an assassin, who had shot a man a few days before, must have endured while lying in wait for his victim. "Think of the anguish of mind he must have suffered during those hours!" Good citizens are likely to think more of the anguish of mind in the homes of honest men who are liable to be fired at through their windows at night, dragged out of bed, carded, cruelly beaten, mutilated, and finally perhaps murdered, for paying their debts, or farming land that had never been decently farmed before. Principles adverse to that of the general good, Bentham has contemptuously characterized as maxims of sympathy and antipathy. "Punish as you hate; if you hate not, punish not at all." There are doubtless persons who, exasperated at the fiendish outrages committed in Ireland, are disposed to punish as they hate; yet the politicians who oppose the coercive measures necessary to prevent their commission, because their own anger and antipathy are not aroused in the cause of Irish landlords, may be more cold-blooded, but are not less irrational. Among the measures most urgently needed is a change in

the Irish jury system. A country of which most of the inhabitants resembled Lord O'Hagan would have small need of any criminal jury system at all; but the noble lord over-estimated the stage of advancement his own country had attained, and the Jury Act that goes by his name is an obstacle to its attainment.*

Repression of agrarian crime is an indispensable step toward the solution of the Irish land question, but it is only a step. It will never be solved until so large a number of the Irish people are on the side of landed property that its rights are sacred in the eyes of the majority. "Fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale," would stop short of creating a multitude of families interested in the maintenance of land-ownership, and taking a pride and a pleasure in it. Acute logicians like Lord Sherbrooke will easily find objections to any plan of diffusing land-ownership by the intervention of the state. But logicians should remember Archbishop Whately's refutation of "the fallacy of objections," that is to say, of concluding that a system is untenable because some objections may be urged against it. The true question is, whether there are not greater objections to its rejection. There may be risk in adopting it, but much greater danger in turning away from it for fear of them. The British Empire is surrounded with risks; so is every undertaking in life. There is risk in going out of one's house; but the slothful man who says "There is a lion without" is more likely to perish by bringing the wolf to his door.

* A resident magistrate of great ability and long experience says on this subject: "No amelioration of affairs can be expected until crime is punished, and that can not be as long as the present jury system exists. From the class from which petty jurors are taken emanate agrarian outrages, disaffection, and perjury. It is childish to expect such a tribunal to punish the guilty. Nothing takes the heart out of all intrusted with the administration of the law so much as to see, assizes after assizes, juries retiring to 'consider their verdict,' and returning half an hour afterward to affirm that in their belief the accused did not commit the offense with which he has been charged, though proved in the clearest manner."

T. E. C. LESLIE (*Fraser's Magazine*).

SHAKESPEARE'S TRADUCERS.

SHAKESPEARE, even Shakespeare, has had his traducers. Although the highest honors have been heaped to his memory, and he is almost universally admired as the greatest poet the earth has ever produced, yet there have been those, eminent persons, too, who have professed their inability to even peruse his works with any degree of pleasure. Some of these individuals may be utterly incapable of appreciating him, but the greater part of them must either have an unaccountably peculiar construction of the brain, or be obstinately perverse. Some, we may well believe, speak out of envy.

No doubt there are many who admire him simply because others do, and who have no real knowledge of his merits, except from the opinions of others; while there are those who admire him on compulsion, like the Slickville clock-maker, *attaché* at the court of St. James, who sarcastically says: "In the high life I've been movin' in lately, we must swear by Shakespeare, whether we have a taste for plays or not; swallow it in a lump, like a bolus, or we have no soul."

Again, there are those fanatical worshippers of the poet, who will not admit that he ever erred; who, in short, consider him completely perfect and immaculate. Of course this is absurd, when, in adulating a man, who can not be without his faults, his admirers allow themselves to go to such extremes.

However, as it has been so much the worthy custom to praise the immortal bard (as, indeed, what else can we do?), we will for a short time turn our attention to the opinions of those who, conscientiously or otherwise, could not appreciate his most palpable beauties.

Cadurcis, for one, could not understand the indiscriminate admiration of everything in Shakespeare's works, some of which he designated as trash worthy of a niche in the "Dunciad." Robert Greene, the inconsistent man of many similes, even in the great dramatist's lifetime (for which, perhaps, he was less to blame), spoke very contemptuously of him. He wrote several plays in conjunction with the profligate Marlowe and others, and is said to have been the first Englishman who wrote for bread. Be that as it may, he refers to Shakespeare as an "upstart crow beautified by our feathers—in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrey." Assuming this to refer to "our Will," the mysterious Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's work, may claim the credit of an apology, as he says that he expunged some of the hard words, and expresses his sorrow that he did not do a little more, for he "found

the 'Shake-scene' was honest and upright, and his facetious grace in writing approves his art." Strangely enough, Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," has the following criticism: "Greene succeeds pretty well in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakespeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in his historic plays effective and brilliant." His novels, however, he calls deplorable specimens.

Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," says: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writings, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted out a thousand,' which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told this posterity but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candor; for I loved the man, and do honor his memory (on this side of idolatry) as much as any." He rebukes Shakespeare for a passage in *Cæsar*, but finally patronizingly admits that he redeemed his vices by his virtues, and that there was more in him to be praised than pardoned.

With regard to the poet's never blotting out a line, it is well known that he often erased and rewrote passages in his plays.

Cartwright, who was great in his day, addresses the following lines to Fletcher—a piece of fulsome flattery, and a gratuitous insult to the Stratford genius:

"Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' ladies' questions and the fools' replies:
Old-fashioned wit which walked from town to town
In trunk-hose, which our fathers call the clown," etc.

"Twelfth Night" being here referred to.

John Evelyn remarked in 1662, after he had been to see the renowned Mr. Betterton as *Hamlet*, that "now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad."

John Dryden, in his "Defence of the Epilogue," a postscript to his tragedies of the "Conquest of Granada," says: "Let any man who understands English, read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are revered when we are not forgiven." He denounces "the lameness of their plots," made up of some "ridiculous

incoherent story. . . . I suppose I need not name 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' nor the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many of the rest, as the 'Winter's Tale,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Measure for Measure,' which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth nor the serious part your concernment." Beaumont and Fletcher he considered the most pleasant entertainment of the stage, saying (1666) "two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's. The reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours." He again remarks of the poet, that "he writes in many places below the dullest writers of our, or of any precedent, age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other. Let us, therefore, admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness and (as I may call it) a lethargy of thought for whole scenes together." Of the audiences of his time he says: "They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs the 'Golden Age of Poetry,' have only this reason for it: that they were then content with acorns before they knew the use of bread," etc.

The "majestic Denham" addresses the following eulogy to Fletcher:

"When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself, did sit,
And swayed in the triumvirate of wit,
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear."

This was doubtless written to suit the fashion of the day.

It would take volumes to note all the self-laudatory prefaces of Shakespeare's many editors and revisers, who have "improved" in their own way upon the original. Ravenscroft, in 1672, produced an adaptation of "Titus Andronicus," and boasted "that none in all the author's works ever received greater alterations or additions; the language not only refined, but many scenes entirely new, besides most of the principal characters heightened, and the plot much increased." In short, he self-complacently remarks that he had "but winnowed Shakespeare's corn," modestly announcing:

"So far was he from robbing him of his treasure,
That he did add his own to make full measure."

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Another address to Fletcher was written by Birkenhead, who therein says:

"Brave Shakespeare flowed, yet had his ebbs too,
Often above himself, sometimes below;
Thou always best!"

The renowned Dr. Hopkins, a New England preacher, professed he could find no attraction in either Milton or Shakespeare!

Genial Samuel Pepys accounted the play of "Romeo and Juliet" "a play of itself the worst that ever I heard"; that, in comparison with Tuke's "Adventures of Five Hours," "Othello" was a mean thing; and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" he deemed "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life," etc. When recording his first purchase of a Shakespeare, he shows a strange preference for other authors. He resolved to spend some money in books, but did not know what to choose. After looking at Shakespeare's works and several other books, he at last chose quaint Dr. Fuller's "The Worthies of England"; the "Cabbala, or Collections of Letters of State"; and "Delices de Hollande"; "with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure, and 'Hudibras,' both parts, the book now in the greatest fashion for drollery." About six months later, though, we find in his remarkable diary the entry: "My new books, namely, Sir H. Spillman's 'Whole Glossary,' Scapula's 'Lexicon,' and 'Shakespeare's Plays.'"

Thomas Rymer, the critic, writes in a most outrageous and ridiculous manner of the "immortal Will," in his "Short View of the Tragedies of the Last Age." Respecting the play of "Othello," he is angry that the hero should be a blackamoor, and that the army should be insulted by his being a soldier. Of "Desdemona" he says: "There is nothing in her which is not below any country kitchen-maid—no woman bred out of a pigstye could talk so meanly." Speaking of expression, he writes that "in the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and, I may say, more humanity, than in the tragical flights of Shakespeare." He is indignant that the catastrophe of the play should turn on a handkerchief. He would have liked it to have been folded neatly on the bridal couch, and, when Othello was killing Desdemona, "the fairy napkin might have started up to disarm his fury and stop his ungracious mouth. Then might she, in a trance of fear, have lain for dead; then might he, believing her dead, and touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat, by the good leave and with the applause of all the spectators, who might thereupon have gone home with a quiet mind, and admiring the beauty of Provi-

dence freely and truly represented in the theatre. Then for the unraveling of the plot, as they call it, never was old deputy recorder in a country town, with his spectacles on, summing up the evidence, at such a puzzle, so blundered and bedoltified as is our poet to have a good riddance and get the catastrophe off his hands. What can remain with the audience to carry home with them? How can it work but to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, scare our imaginations, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre and jingle-jangle, beyond what all the parish clerks in London could ever pretend to?" He then hopes the audience will go to the play as they go to church, namely, "sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon." With regard to "Julius Cæsar," he is displeased that Shakespeare should have meddled with the Romans. He might be "familiar with Othello and Iago as his own natural acquaintances, but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversation." To put them "in gulls' coats and make them Jackpuddens in the Shakespeare dress, is a sacrilege beyond anything in Spelman. The truth is, that this author's head was full of villainous and unnatural images, and history has only furnished him with great names." Of the well-known scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius*, he remarks: "They are put there to play the bully and the buffoon, to show their activity of face and muscles. They are to play for a prize, a trial of skill and hugging and swaggering like two drunken Hectors for a twopenny reckoning." Enough of Thomas Rymer, and his candid criticism.

In W. Clark Russell's excellent "Book of Authors" we find Lord Shaftesbury's opinion as follows: "His rude unpolished style, and antiquated phrase and wit." Not much courtesy there, either.

In the dedication of his mangled edition of the play of "Lear," Tate very coolly designates it "an obscure piece, recommended to my notice by a friend." He then found it to be "a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure"; he therefore determined, "out of zeal for all that remains of Shakespeare," to remodel the play.

John Dennis, in his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare," somewhat apologizes for what he considers Shakespeare's faults. He says that he unfortunately knew nothing about the ancients, set all propriety at defiance, and grossly outraged the unities. Also, that he was "neither master of time enough to consider, correct, and polish what he had written, and he had no friends upon whose capacity and integrity he

could depend." So that "his lines are utterly void of celestial fire," and his verses frequently harsh and unmusical. He was, however, so interested in the erratic and friendless poet that he kindly altered "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and touched up "Coriolanus," which he brought out in 1720 under the title of "The Invader of his Country, or The Fatal Resentment." The play, however, did not prosper, and he attributed it to the fact that it was played on a Wednesday. Dean Swift, in his "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the Strange and Deplorable Frenzy of John Dennis," relates how the said Dennis, being in company with Lintot the bookseller, and Shakespeare being mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, the latter "swore the said Shakespeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespeare."

Pope, whose pen spared very few, has the following lines:

"Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will),
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

He also protested against the absurd extravagance of Shakespeare-worship, in the following satire:

"On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow,
How will our fathers rise up in a rage
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!"

According to the industrious Malone, George II once said: "Who is this Pope, that I hear so much about? I can not discover what is his merit. I hear a great deal, too, of Shakespeare; but I can not read him, he is such a bombast fellow."

In 1762 Benjamin Victor published an edition of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona, and wrote: "It is the general opinion that this comedy abounds with weeds. The rankest of those weeds I have endeavored to remove," etc., he triumphantly relates.

Hume does not appear to have had much relish for Shakespeare, whom he defines "a disproportioned and misshapen giant." He also says: "If Shakespeare be considered as a man, born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy; if represented as a poet, capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy. In his compositions we regret that many irregularities and even absurdities should so frequently disfigure the animated and passionate scenes intermixed with them; and, at the same time, we per-

haps admire the more those beauties on account of their being surrounded with such deformities." His criticism is said to have been originally much more severe and tasteless than now appears, it having been much qualified and softened by Lord Kames, an elegant writer, who, says Boswell, "feared the historian would have been disgraced by confessing total insensibility to what the English nation has so long and so justly admired."

Even Voltaire could not appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare. "Hamlet" he pronounced as so gross and barbarous a piece that it would not be endured by the vilest population in France and Italy. He observed of the splendid passage commencing—

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

that a country bumpkin at a fair would express himself with more decency, and in nobler language. Respecting the lines—

"It faded on the crowing of the cock," etc.,

he could only express his surprise that Warburton could condescend to comment on such stuff.

Garrick, himself, a professed admirer of the poet, is yet charged with many sins against him. He retained Cibber's "Richard" and Tate's "Lear." He mangled "Hamlet," perhaps because of Voltaire's objection; he maltreated "Cymbeline," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Winter's Tale." He converted "The Tempest" and the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" into operas, and reduced the "Taming of the Shrew" into a farce.

When George Warrington speaks to the Baroness Bernstein of his grandfather loving Shakespeare so much that Madame Esmond had not a word to say against her father's author, "I remember," the old lady assents; "he could say whole pages by heart, though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the aged Beatrice, tapping her fan. She preferred the more modern Congreve to the immortal Shakespeare, and even the polished Addison could not persuade her to like the sublime Milton.

Schlegel tells us that it was owing to our commentators that foreigners were so long in recognizing the merits of the bard. Hume was very popular with them, and, with his description of Shakespeare before them, they stigmatized his plays as "monstrous productions which could only have been given to the world by a disordered imagination in a barbarous age." Even among the Shakespeare-loving Germans, Lessing, the poet, at the close of the eighteenth century, "was the first to speak of Shakespeare in a becoming tone."

Dr. Adam Smith, perhaps influenced by his intimate friend David Hume, did not admire Shakespeare, but preferred insipid French tragedy, particularly that of Voltaire, whose "Mahomet" he declared to be the summit of dramatic genius.

Good King George III cared very little for Shakespeare, and is recorded to have said: "Was there ever such stuff as a great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?" He much preferred O'Keeffe!

John Kemble professed a veneration for our poet, yet garbled several of his plays, and acted in many corrupt versions. Perhaps he "lived to please."

Even Byron has disparaged the merits of the bard of Avon in conjunction with Milton, and, while acknowledging that they "have had their rise," he states that "they will have their decline." He ranked the versatile Pope above them both. Again, he sneers at "one Shakespeare" and

"his plays so doting,

Which many people pass for wits by quoting."

And in another canto, after quoting the poet himself, he has—

"To be or not to be; that is the question,"

Says Shakespeare, who just now is much in fashion."

To his friend Moore he said, "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?"

The great Polish scholar, Jan Sniadecki, who knew English well, avowed his dislike of Shakespeare, "much of whose writings" he stigmatized as "at present unintelligible even to educated Englishmen."

Talfourd owned himself incapable of appreciating the deep humanities of Shakespeare, and greatly preferred Dryden, Rowe, and Addison.

Francis Jacox, in his "Aspects of Authorship," relates of Samuel Rogers, the veteran poet, that he was well known to have had little real admiration for Shakespeare. He would frequently read aloud from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries" the passage referring to the players who boasted that the poet never "blotted out a line," and on the concluding sentence of Jonson's, "Would he had blotted out a thousand," he always laid a strong emphasis. He one morning challenged the company to produce a passage from Shakespeare which would not have been improved by blotting; and he was with difficulty silenced, after picking many beautiful specimens to pieces, by the one commencing—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

The fertile De Quincey has written, "In some departments of the comic, Beaumont and Fletcher, when writing in combination, really had a freedom and breadth of manner which excels the comedy of Shakespeare."

Artemus Ward has a racy chapter on "Wax Figures *versus* Shakespeare," in which he maintains that "wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever written. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the kontrary."

Another departed wizard argues: "Shakespeare's all very well in his way, but he couldn't do the doll-trick. What's Macbeth to the pancake done in the hat, or the money in the sugar-basin? Answer me that, now, what's Macbeth to them?" After pausing for a reply, he proceeds: "But Shakespeare's going down, sir; he's not the card he used to be; the people begin to cut him, and he'll be at the bottom of the middle pack before long."

In "The Gentleman's Magazine" we read of an English commentator, who expressed it as his opinion that Shakespeare's sonnets were not only worthless, but that "nothing short of an Act of Parliament would induce people to read them."

Professor Anthon is certain that Horace would not have admired Shakespeare; that he would have considered Addison or Pope as much finer writers, and would have included Falstaff, Autolycus, Sir Toby Belch, and all the clowns and boasters of the Stratford genius, in the same

censure which he bestows on the Plautinus soles and the Mimes of Luberius.

Sentiments deprecatory of the "immortal bard" have been put by some of our best authors into the mouths of their fictitious characters, although it by no means follows that the writers intended to express their personal opinions on the subject.

Thus, in "Dred," the Dismal Swamp story, Nina Gordon frankly owns to Edward Clayton: "Well, I don't like Shakespeare. There! I'm coming out flat with it. In the first place, I don't understand half he says, and then they talk about his being so natural. I'm sure I never heard people talk as he makes them," etc. Clayton admires the young lady's sincerity in uttering her thought. "I have often heard ladies profess an admiration for Shakespeare that I knew couldn't be real. I knew that they had neither the experience of life, nor the insight into human nature, really to appreciate what is in him; and that their liking for him was all a worked-up affair, because they felt it would be very shocking not to like him."

Again, in Disraeli's "Venetia," the speaker, like Lord Byron, thinks Shakespeare was but an inspired adapter of the theatres, which were not then as good as barns; a mere botcher-up of old plays, who probably never wrote a single play himself; whose "popularity is of modern date, and may not last."

All the Year Round.

A LADY'S WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

THOSE who have been fortunate enough to read "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains" will hardly need to be assured that a great treat awaits them in the perusal of Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." * Miss Bird possesses in an eminent degree nearly every quality necessary to a traveler or explorer—courage, curiosity, perseverance, patience, great bodily endurance, tireless industry, a large toleration for alien customs and opinions, keen and cultivated powers of observation, and a quite exceptional force and facility of expression. The narrative of her travels in Japan might well be recommended as a model to all travelers in strange

and distant countries; and no such traveler need fear that his trouble will be unrewarded, if he makes his record of experiences one half as attractive as Miss Bird has made hers.

It was in April, 1878, that Miss Bird decided to visit Japan, "in order to recruit my health by means which had proved serviceable before," and on May 21st, after "eighteen days of uninterrupted rolling over 'desolate rainy seas,'" she found herself steaming up the Gulf of Yedo and in sight of the capital of the Mikados. On the 22d of the following December, from the deck of the steamer Volga, she saw the last of Japan—"a rugged coast, lashed by a wintry sea"—and during the intervening seven months she was engaged uninterruptedly in traveling, studying, observing, visiting leading native officials and foreign residents, collecting and sifting materials, and carefully qualifying herself for her

* Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. An Account of Travels on Horseback in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikko and Isé. By Isabella L. Bird. Two Volumes. With Map and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

proposed attempt "to contribute something to the sum of knowledge of the present condition of the country."

The plan which she formed at the outset, and to which she adhered in spite of obstacles that would have defeated any less resolute explorer, was to avoid as far as possible the beaten highways of travel and the scenes which other writers have rendered familiar, and to see the Japanese and study their modes of living in regions unaffected by contact with Europeans. The greater portion of her journey of twelve hundred miles was over a route that had never before been traversed in its entirety by any European, and in many of the districts through which she passed she was the first "foreigner" that the natives had ever seen. Indeed, so novel, startling, and unexpected was her appearance, that in some localities her advent was evidently regarded as the sensation of a lifetime; and on one occasion, as she and her interpreter were riding along a causeway through the rice-fields, they met a number of children returning from school, who, on catching a sight of them, turned, ran away, and even jumped into the ditches, screaming as they ran. "The *mago* ran after them, caught the hindmost boy, and dragged him back, the boy scared and struggling, the man laughing. The boy said that they thought that Ito [the interpreter] was a monkey-player, i. e., the keeper of a monkey theatre, I a big ape, and the poles of my bed the scaffolding of the stage!"

The general outline of Miss Bird's travels was from Yedo (or Tōkiyō) northwest to Nikko; thence almost due north to the northern extremity of the island of Nippon, or Japan proper; across the Tsugaru Strait to the island of Yezo, where she visited the aboriginal Ainos; back to Yedo, and thence again to Kiyoto, Osaka, and the famous shrines of Isé. Numerous excursions from the main route were made to local points of interest, and no mere summary can do justice to the indefatigable energy and systematic thoroughness with which Miss Bird pursued her inquiries.

The roads of the interior are for the most part untraversable by wheeled vehicles, and even in the great cities carriages drawn by horses are almost unknown. The universal conveyance, when it can be obtained, is the *kuruma* (or *jin-ri-ki-sha*), a sort of perambulator mounted on two high slim wheels, drawn by one, two, or three men, according to the speed desired by the occupants. On tolerably level ground a good runner can trot forty miles a day, and there is a great Transport Company with agencies throughout Japan which supplies travelers at fixed and very low rates. Wherever *kurumas* can be dragged, traveling presents no more than the or-

dinary difficulties; but throughout the greater portion of Miss Bird's itinerary these were not obtainable, and the only resource was a sort of pack-horse, led by a *mago*, and perhaps the most vicious and worthless of their race. "They are led," says the author, "by a rope round the nose, and go barefoot, except on stony ground, when the *mago*, or man who leads them, ties straw sandals on their feet. The pack-saddle is composed of two packs of straw eight inches thick, faced with red, and connected before and behind by strong oak arches gayly painted or lacquered. There is for a girth a rope loosely tied under the body, and the security of the load depends on a crupper, usually a piece of bamboo attached to the saddle by ropes strung with wooden counters, and another rope round the neck, into which you put your foot as you scramble over the high front upon the top of the erection. The load must be carefully balanced, or it comes to grief, and the *mago* handles it all over first, and, if an accurate division of weight is impossible, adds a stone to one side or the other. . . . You must balance yourself carefully, or you bring the whole erection over, but balancing soon becomes a matter of habit. If the horse does not stumble, the pack-saddle is tolerable on level ground, but most severe on the spine in going up hill, and so intolerable in going down that I was relieved when I found that I had slid over the horse's head into a mud-hole; and you are quite helpless, as he does not understand a bridle if you have one, and blindly follows his leader, who trudges on six feet in front of him." Some of the most amusing episodes in Miss Bird's narrative record her experiences with these degenerate animals; but there were times when even these were not available, when cows had to be ridden, or when, worse still, she was compelled to walk through mud and mire, climbing and stumbling over rough mountain-passes, up and down which the horses could scarcely carry their packs.

One other mode of traveling is in covered bamboo baskets, called *kago*, carried by men, but these are being rapidly superseded by the *kuruma*, and Miss Bird does not mention having tried them. On most of the routes there are *yadoyas* or inns, and post-stations where horses and coolies can be procured at fixed rates. The *yadoyas* differ from the "tea-houses," which are designed only for temporary stoppages and refreshments, and provide sleeping accommodation and food as required. They are so numerous on the "unbeaten" as well as the "beaten" tracks of travel that Miss Bird thinks there is probably no country in the world in the remote districts of which the traveler would be so sure of obtaining fair accommodation as in Japan. Their great drawbacks are the swarms of fleas and other vermin,

the vile smells, the lack of privacy, and the proximity of other guests, who swarm together like pigs in a pen.

Another quality of the Japanese, which is of vital importance to travelers, is their unflinching courtesy of manner and genuine kindness of disposition. This is a topic to which Miss Bird constantly recurs, and always with admiration. In her introductory chapter she says: "The Japanese of the treaty ports are contaminated and vulgarized by contact with foreigners; those of the interior, so far from being 'savages,' are kindly, gentle, and courteous—so much so, that a lady, with no other attendant than a native servant, can travel, as I did, for twelve hundred miles through little-visited regions, and not meet with a single instance of incivility or extortion." Again, after relating an incident which could have been alarming only to a novice, she says, in a note: "My fears, though quite natural to a lady alone, had really no justification. I have since traveled twelve hundred miles in the interior, and in Yezo, with perfect safety and freedom from alarm, and I believe there is no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and rudeness as in Japan." Indeed, politeness seems to be a truly national trait, for it is exhibited to one another as punctiliously as to strangers, and by children quite as markedly as by their elders.

Generally speaking, when Miss Bird finds herself on the beaten and familiar tracks, she dismisses them with a cursory comment or two; but, where their features have undergone marked changes within a few years, as in the case of Tōkiyō (Yedo), she describes them more or less fully, and there are fascinating chapters on the shrines of the Shoguns at Nikko, and on the famous shrines of Isé, which she saw under peculiarly favorable conditions. Yokohama she did not like. "It has a dead-alive look. It has irregularity without picturesqueness, and the gray sky, gray sea, gray houses, and gray roofs, look harmoniously dull." Tōkiyō has much of the fascination of a great capital, but Miss Bird thinks that, in so far as it has been Europeanized, it has been debased. The native in European dress was her special *bête noir*. "Each garment," she says, "is a misfit, and exaggerates the miserable *physique* and the national defects of concave chests and bow legs." Of the Japanese in general she remarks:

"Though the women, especially the girls, are modest, gentle, and pleasing-looking, I saw nothing like even passable good looks. The noses are flat, the lips thick, and the eyes of the sloping Mongolian type; and the common custom of shaving off the eyebrows and blackening the teeth (though less common in Tōkiyō than formerly), together with an ob-

vious lack of soul, gives nearly all faces an inane, vacant expression. The narrow, scanty dresses enable one to judge of the *physique*, and physically they look below par, as if the race were wearing out. Their shoulders are round and very falling, their chests and hips narrow, their hands and feet very small, their stature from four feet eight inches to five feet one inch. They look as if a girl passed from girlhood to middle age almost at once when weighted with the cares of maternity. The children look too big and heavy to be carried pickaback by their little mothers, and they, too, look deficient in robust vitality, and dwindle as they grow up. The men don't look much better. They are usually from five feet to five feet five inches, and their *physique* is wretched, leanness without muscle being the general rule. They impress me as the ugliest and the most pleasing people I have ever seen, as well as the neatest and most ingenious."

Elsewhere she observes that one can not be a day in Yokohama without seeing quite a different class of Orientals from the small, thinly dressed, and usually poor-looking Japanese:

"Of the twenty-five hundred Chinamen who reside in Japan, over eleven hundred are in Yokohama, and, if they were suddenly removed, business would come to an abrupt halt. Here, as everywhere, the Chinese immigrant is making himself indispensable. He walks through the streets with his swinging gait and air of complete self-complacency, as though he belonged to the ruling race. He is tall and big, and his many garments, with a handsome, brocaded robe over all, his satin pantaloons, of which not much is seen, tight at the ankles, and his high shoes, whose black-satin tops are slightly turned up at the toes, make him look even taller and bigger than he is. His head is mostly shaven, but the hair at the back is plaited with a quantity of black purse-twist into a queue which reaches to his knees, above which, set well back, he wears a stiff, black-satin skull-cap, without which he is never seen. His face is very yellow, his long, dark eyes and eyebrows slope upward toward his temples, he has not the vestige of a beard, and his skin is shiny. He looks thoroughly 'well-to-do.' He is not unpleasing-looking, but you feel that, as a Celestial, he looks down upon you. If you ask a question in a merchant's office, or change your gold into *satsu*, or take your railroad or steamer ticket, or get change in a shop, the inevitable Chinaman appears. In the street he swings past you with a purpose in his face; as he flies past you in a *kuruma* he is bent on business; he is sober and reliable, and is content to 'squeeze' his employer rather than to rob him—his one aim in life is money. For this he is industrious, faithful, self-denying; and he has his reward.

"Within an hour of arriving one hears the new word 'compradore,' and it is as compradores that the Chinese have the confidence, and in business matters something of the control, of this foreign community. Each firm has its Chinese compradore, a factotum,

middle-man, and occasionally a tyrant. The Japanese producers, and in many cases even the brokers, never see the foreign merchant, but deal with him through this Chinaman, who, having added 'pidgun' Japanese to 'pidgun' English, is further aided by his acquaintance with his own written character, which is largely used here. With a certain amount of deference to his employer's wishes, he arranges the purchase and sale of goods, the hiring and payment of coolies, the changing of money, and much else. Trusted, as he is, by the foreign merchants, who scarcely grudge him what he regards as legitimate 'squeezes,' he is abhorred by the Japanese dealers, from whom he exacts 'squeezes' on everything, and who have no check upon his rapacity. The Chinamen who are not compradores are money-changers, brokers, and clerks, and it is in their power any day to lock the wheels of Yokohama finance. You can not know what your money is worth, or the rate of exchange, or any of the mysteries of finance, without appealing to the sleek, well-dressed, imperturbable, 'defiantly comfortable' Chinaman. Japanese politeness is almost servile in its attitude and expression—the Chinaman is independent, almost supercilious. In life, as in death, he owes nothing to any one. He has his benevolent association, guilds, and temple, and, if he is so unfortunate as not to return alive to spend his fortune in his own country, he insures that his remains shall be taken there for their final rest. A more industrious and thriving nationality does not exist in Japan."

After three weeks spent in Yedo and Yokohama, Miss Bird's preparations for her long northern journey were complete, and she set out in a *kuruma* for Nikko, accompanied only by her servant and interpreter, a youth of eighteen, named Ito. The road was a good one, through a populous and well-cultivated country, and Miss Bird was able to observe the people at their various avocations. Both travelers and cultivators were nearly or altogether without clothes, though the richer farmers worked in the fields in curved hats as large as umbrellas, *kimonos* with large sleeves not girt up, and huge fans attached to their girdles. The soil is trenched for wheat as for all crops except rice, not a weed is to be seen, and the whole country looks like a well-kept garden. Wheat is sown in rows with wide spaces between them, which are utilized for beans and other crops, and no sooner is it removed than cucumbers or some other vegetable takes its place, as the land under careful tillage and copious manuring yields two and even three crops in the year. Sickles are not used, but the reaper takes a handful of stalks and cuts them off close to the ground with a short, straight knife, fixed at a right angle with the handle. The grain is usually laid on mats in clean, open spaces outside the barns, and threshed by three or four men with heavy revolving flails. Another

method is for women to beat out the grain on racks of split bamboo laid lengthwise. The winnowing is done altogether by hand, and, after the wind has driven the chaff away, the grain is laid out on mats to dry. The barns are often very handsome, their grand roofs having that concave sweep with which we are familiar in the pagoda. The eaves are sometimes eight feet deep, and the thatch three feet thick. As animals are not used for milk, draught, or food, and there are no pasture-lands, both the country and the farmyards have a singular silence and an inanimate look, mean-looking dogs and a few fowls being the only representatives of domestic animal life. "I long," says Miss Bird in one of her earlier letters, "for the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep."

Rice is the staple food and the wealth of Japan. Its revenues were formerly estimated in rice, and rice is grown wherever irrigation is possible. The mode of culture is the same throughout the country, and it requires mud, water, and much puddling and nasty work, it being a common experience to see hundreds of men and women wading above their knees in slush. The grain, after being soaked till it is on the verge of sprouting, is sown thickly in small patches, which are flooded every night to a depth of two or three inches, and dried off during the day. When the seedlings are well up, fish-manure or refuse oil is put over them to force them on, and in about fifty days, when the patch is covered with plants about three inches high, the people take them up in bunches of three or four, and plant them in tufts, in lines, leaving a foot between the tufts as well as between the lines. The rice-fields are usually very small and of all shapes. A quarter of an acre is a good-sized field. The rice-crop planted in June is not reaped till November, but in the mean time it needs to be "puddled" three times, i. e., for all the people to turn into the slush, and grub out all the weeds and tangled aquatic plants, which weave themselves from tuft to tuft, and puddle up the mud afresh round the roots. It grows in water till it is ripe, when the fields are dried off. An acre of the best land produces annually about fifty-four bushels of rice, and of the worst about thirty.

Among the annoyances encountered by Miss Bird in her travels, especially in the earlier stages of them, perhaps the worst was the difficulty of adapting herself to the life of the native guests in the *yadoyas* or inns. The following account of her second night's experiences at one of these inns is typical of the whole:

"The *yadoya* was a very large one, and, as sixty guests had arrived before me, there was no choice of accommodation, and I had to be contented with a room inclosed on all sides not by *fusuma* but

shōji [sliding screens of translucent paper], and with barely room for my bed, bath, and chair, under a fusty green mosquito-net, which was a perfect nest of fleas. One side of the room was against a much-frequented passage, and another opened on a small yard upon which three opposite rooms also opened, crowded with some not very sober or decorous travelers. The *shōji* were full of holes, and often at each hole I saw a human eye. Privacy was a luxury not even to be recalled. Besides the constant application of eyes to the *shōji*, the servants, who were very noisy and rough, looked into my room constantly without any pretext; the host, a bright, pleasant-looking man, did the same; jugglers, musicians, blind sham-pooers, and singing girls, all pushed the screens aside; and I began to think that Mr. Campbell was right, and that a lady should not travel alone in Japan. Ito, who had the room next to mine, suggested that robbery was quite likely, and asked to be allowed to take charge of my money; but did not decamp with it during the night! I lay down on my precarious stretcher before eight, but, as the night advanced, the din of the house increased till it became truly diabolical, and never ceased till after one. Drums, tom-toms, and cymbals were beaten; *kotos* and *samisens* screeched and twanged; *geishas* (professional women with the accomplishments of dancing, singing, and playing) danced, accompanied by songs whose jerking discords were most laughable; story-tellers recited tales in a high key, and the running about and splashing close to my room never ceased. Late at night my precarious *shōji* were accidentally thrown down, revealing a scene of great hilarity, in which a number of people were bathing and throwing water over each other!"

From the moment of her arrival in Japan Miss Bird had felt a keen desire to see "a genuine Japanese private house," and on her arrival in Nikko her wish was gratified, for she bore letters of introduction to Kanaya, the chief man of the village, who occupied himself almost entirely in embellishing his house and garden. Under date of June 15th she writes:

"I don't know what to write about my house. It is a Japanese idyl; there is nothing within or without which does not please the eye, and, after the din of *yudoyas*, its silence, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storied pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace approached by a flight of stone steps. The garden is well laid out, and, as peonies, irises, and azaleas are now in blossom, it is very bright. The mountain, with its lower part covered with red azaleas, rises just behind, and a stream which tumbles down it supplies the house with water, both cold and pure, and another, after forming a miniature cascade, passes under the house and through a fish-pond with rocky islets into the river below. The gray village of Irimichi lies on the other side of the road shut in with the rushing

Daiya, and beyond it are high, broken hills, richly wooded, and slashed with ravines and waterfalls.

"Kanaya's sister, a very sweet, refined-looking woman, met me at the door and divested me of my boots. The two verandas are highly polished, so are the entrance and the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk over them even in my stockings. The polished stairs lead to a highly polished, broad veranda with a beautiful view, from which you enter one large room, which, being too large, was at once made into two. Four highly polished steps lead from this into an exquisite room at the back, which Ito occupies, and another polished staircase into the bath-house and garden. The whole front of my room is composed of *shōji*, which slide back during the day. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, and the posts which support it are of dark polished wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky-blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two alcoves with floors of polished wood called *tokonoma*. In one hangs a *kakemono*, or wall-picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of the cherry on white silk—a perfect piece of art, which in itself fills the room with freshness and beauty. The painter who painted it painted nothing but cherry-blossoms, and fell in the rebellion. On a shelf in the other alcove is a very valuable cabinet with sliding doors, on which peonies are painted on a gold ground. A single spray of rose azalea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, are the only decorations. The mats are very fine and white, but the only furniture is a folding screen with some suggestions of landscape in Indian ink. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink, indenting the mats, or tearing the paper windows. Down stairs there is a room equally beautiful, and a large space where all the domestic avocations are carried on. There is a *kura*, or fire-proof storehouse, with a tiled roof on the right of the house."

At a later stage of her narrative, speaking of Japanese houses in general, she says:

"The fronts are very narrow, and the houses extend backward to an amazing length, with gardens in which flowers, shrubs, and mosquitoes are grown, and bridges are several times repeated, so as to give the effect of fairy-land as you look through from the street. The principal apartments in all Japanese houses are at the back, looking out on these miniature landscapes, for a landscape is skillfully dwarfed into a space often not more than thirty feet square. A lake, a rock-work, a bridge, a stone lantern, and a deformed pine, are indispensable, but, whenever circumstances and means admit of it, quaintnesses of all kinds are introduced. Small pavilions, retreats for tea-making, reading, sleeping in quiet and coolness, fishing under cover, and drinking *saké*; bronze pagodas, cascades falling from the mouths of bronze dragons; rock caves, with gold and silver fish dart-

ing in and out; lakes with rocky islands, streams crossed by green bridges, just high enough to allow a rat or frog to pass under; lawns, and slabs of stone for crossing them in wet weather, grottoes, hills, valleys, groves of miniature palms, cypresses, and bamboo; and dwarfed trees of many kinds, of purplish and dull-green hues, are cut into startling likenesses of beasts and creeping things, or stretch distorted arms over tiny lakes."

Of course, these passages depict Japanese domestic architecture at its best, and in her wanderings in the remote northern districts Miss Bird came upon very different scenes. There the villages were poverty-stricken and bleak-looking, the houses composed for the most part of boards rudely nailed together for ends, and for sides straw, roughly tied on, without windows or chimneys, and with smoke coming out of every crack. In many districts, indeed, mud plastered with the hands on a rude framework of wood constituted almost the only habitations, and in numerous instances horses and men were huddled together under the same roof, sometimes in the same room.

Of the life led in such households as Kana-ya's Miss Bird gives a very pleasing account:

"They rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quilts or *futons* on and under which they have slept, and put them and the wooden pillows, much like stereoscopes in shape, with little rolls of paper or wadding on the top, into a press with a sliding door, sweep the mats carefully, dust all the woodwork and the verandas, open the *amado*—wooden shutters which, by sliding in a groove along the edge of the verandah, box in the whole house at night, and retire into an ornamental projection in the day—and throw the paper windows back. Breakfast follows, then domestic avocations, dinner at one, and sewing, gardening, and visiting till six, when they take the evening meal. Visitors usually arrive soon afterward and stay till eleven or twelve. Japanese chess, story-telling, and the *samisen* fill up the early part of the evening, but later, an agonizing performance, which they call singing, begins, which sounds like the very essence of heathenishness, and consists mainly in a prolonged, vibrating 'No.' As soon as I hear it I feel as if I were among savages. *Saké* or rice-beer is always passed round before the visitors leave, in little cups with the gods of luck at the bottom of them. *Saké*, when heated, mounts readily to the head, and a single small cup excites the half-witted man-servant to some very foolish musical performances. I am sorry to write it, but his master and mistress take great pleasure in seeing him make a fool of himself, and Ito, who is from policy a total abstainer, goes into convulsions of laughter.

"One evening I was invited to join the family, and they entertained me by showing me picture and guide books. Most Japanese provinces have their guide-books, illustrated by woodcuts of the most

striking objects, and giving itineraries, names of *yadoyas*, and other local information. One volume of pictures very finely executed on silk was more than a century old. Old gold lacquer and china, and some pieces of antique embroidered silk, were also produced for my benefit, and some musical instruments of great beauty, said to be more than two centuries old. None of these treasures are kept in the house, but in the *kura* or fire-proof storehouse close by. The rooms are not encumbered by ornaments; a single *kakemono*, or fine piece of lacquer or china, appears for a few days and then makes way for something else; so they have variety as well as simplicity, and each object is enjoyed in its turn without distraction."

One very striking feature of Japanese social life is the prominent part played in it by children; child-worship, according to Miss Bird, being carried to a greater extreme than even in America. From the earliest age the children dress exactly like their parents, sit up as late at night, and are included in all their conversation. Both fathers and mothers take great pride and delight in their offspring, carrying them about, or holding their hands in walking, watching and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with new toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, and never content to be without them. The children, as a general thing, are very prepossessing in looks and behavior, are perfectly docile and obedient, are uniformly good to each other, and Miss Bird remarks that, in the many hours that she watched them at play, she never heard an angry word or saw a sour look or act. "They are little men and women rather than children, and their old-fashioned appearance is greatly aided by their dress, which, as I have remarked before, is the same as that of the adults."

On one occasion, Miss Bird was fortunate enough to be present at a child's party, and gives a very entertaining account of it. Formal invitations for it, in the name of the house-child, a girl of twelve, were first sent out:

"About 3 P. M. the guests arrive, frequently attended by servants; and this child, Haru, receives them at the top of the stone steps, and conducts each into the reception-room, where they are arranged according to some well-understood rules of precedence. Haru's hair is drawn back, raised in front, and gathered into a double loop, in which some scarlet *crêpe* is twisted. Her face and throat are much whitened, the paint terminating in three points at the back of the neck, from which all the short hair has been carefully extracted with pincers. Her lips are slightly touched with red paint, and her face looks like that of a cheap doll. She wears a blue, flowered silk *kimono*, with sleeves touching the ground, a blue girdle lined with scarlet, and a fold of scarlet *crêpe* lies between her painted neck and

her *kimono*. On her little feet she wears white *tabi*, socks of cotton cloth, with a separate place for the great-toe, so as to allow the scarlet-covered thongs of the finely lacquered clogs, which she puts on when she stands on the stone steps to receive her guests, to pass between it and the smaller toes. All the other little ladies were dressed in the same style, and all looked like ill-executed dolls. She met them with very formal but graceful bows.

"When they were all assembled, she and her very graceful mother, squatting before each, presented tea and sweetmeats on lacquer trays, and then they played at very quiet and polite games till dusk. They addressed each other by their names with the honorific prefix *O*, only used in the case of women, and the respectful affix *San*; thus Haru becomes *O-Haru-San*, which is equivalent to 'Miss.' . . . The dignity and self-possession of these children are wonderful. The fact is, that their initiation into all that is required by the rules of Japanese etiquette begins as soon as they can speak, so that by the time they are ten years old they know exactly what to do and avoid under all possible circumstances. Before they went away, tea and sweetmeats were again handed round, and as it is neither etiquette to refuse them, nor to leave anything behind that you have once taken, several of the small ladies slipped the residue into their capacious sleeves. On departing, the same formal courtesies were used as on arriving."

During her journeys through regions that had never before been visited by a European or foreign lady, Miss Bird was, of course, the object of a boundless curiosity, and the people used to surround the *yadoyas* in which she stopped, peep through the doorways and crevices, climb on roofs and trees in order to secure points of vantage, watch her every movement, and follow her in throngs from place to place whenever she went out sight-seeing. In no instance, however, did she experience an incivility or intentional rudeness, and the capable and omnipresent government police were always at hand to protect her from even the semblance of annoyance. A genuine kindness manifested itself in every possible way, aid was always cheerfully rendered, and information of every kind was furnished with a willingness and promptitude that put to shame our Western practices in this regard. As if to anticipate certain inquiries, boards giving the number of inhabitants, male and female, and the number of horses and bullocks, are put up in each village; and in many instances a similar board is placed on the outside of each dwelling-house, giving the number and the respective sexes of the occupants.

The principal object of Miss Bird in prolonging her journey to remote Yezo was to visit the remnants of the Ainos, who are supposed to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of all these islands

prior to the advent of the Japanese. Her visit to these "savages" was, perhaps, the most interesting episode of her travels; and her account of their appearance, manners, customs, and mode of life, is the best that has been written, and will be of real value to ethnologists. Mental capacity and acquirements seem to be the only point in which the Ainos are deficient, and their curiously European aspect renders it all the more strange to see the puny Japanese lordling it over them as the "superior race."

If Miss Bird's descriptions and implications are to be accepted as trustworthy, the inevitable supremacy of mind over any merely physical attributes has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the complete supersession of the Ainos by the Japanese; and, in intellectual capacity, fertility of resource, mechanical dexterity, power of adaptation, art, politeness, and social culture, Miss Bird evidently regards the Japanese as one of the foremost of civilized peoples. It is on the moral and religious side that she considers them most radically defective. Her own observations (or at least her record of them) scarcely seem to bear it out, but she was told repeatedly by those whom she asked that their characteristic faults are "lying and licentiousness." Her own special indictment against them is on the score of religion. Throughout all her wanderings she gave special attention to this point, catechising native priests and foreign missionaries, observing the habits of the people, listening to their conversation, and studying their literature. The conclusions at which she arrived as the result of her investigations are that, in spite of recent attempts to galvanize it into vitality by state recognition and aid, Shintoism, the ancient faith, is dead beyond the hope of resurrection; that Buddhism is hopelessly and pathetically decadent; and that the prospect of Christianizing the country is, to say the least, not encouraging. The mass of the people is either content with a soulless formalism or sunk in the grossest superstitions, many of which are nearly akin to Nature-worship; while the great majority of the progressive and educated classes openly scoff at all religion, and profess to have discovered that Christianity is no longer believed, even in Christendom. The views of "Young Japan" are utterly materialist in tendency; and when Miss Bird asked a young man, educated at an American college, whether he had studied Christianity, his answer was, that he had no time except for matters of practical importance! Again, in going over one of the new normal schools in company with the two principal teachers, she asked whether they taught religion, and both gentlemen laughed with undisguised contempt. "We have no religion," they said, "and all your learned men know that reli-

gion is false." Still again, visiting Kiyoto College, she found a large class of young men profoundly interested in mental and moral philosophy; and a highly cultivated Buddhist priest assured Miss Bird that "a far more powerful influence than Christianity" is now working in Japan, in "the English philosophy" as taught by Mill, Herbert Spencer, and others, while the scientific writings of Huxley and Darwin's "Origin of Species" are stimulating inquiries "which Christianity can not answer." These books are translated, and the higher education, rapidly extending, is enabling the young men to acquaint themselves with a wide range of similar works in English and German. "The Confucian philosophy is being rapidly replaced here by your English philosophy," he said. "This philosophy is threatening your beliefs at home; your priests are adapting their teaching, perhaps their creeds, to it. *God and*

immortality are quickly disappearing in England; so men grow more wicked, and despise your doctrines of purity, which are not consistent."

Commenting upon the spectacle thus presented, Miss Bird says, in an impressive passage, which may well bring our notice to a close:

"An imperial throne founded on an exploded religious fiction, a state religion receiving an outward homage from those who ridicule it, skepticism rampant among the educated classes, and an ignorant priesthood lording it over the lower classes; an empire with a splendid despotism for its apex, and naked coolies for its base; a bald materialism its highest creed and material good its goal; reforming, destroying, constructing, appropriating the fruits of Christian civilization, but rejecting the tree from which they spring—such are among the contrasts and incongruities everywhere!"

MUSIC.

TO discuss music without the aid of instruments, notes, or diagrams, is not an easy and would be an impossible thing, were I mainly dealing with its science, history, or performance. But it is with the general philosophy and *rationale* of the art that I am now concerned. Music has come in for its full share of science, history, and criticism; but how few have dived into its essence, and instead of seeking for the inevitable "how?" asked after the eternal "why?"

I have always thought that music should be discussed and written about just like any other art. The musical criticisms of the day deal chiefly in technicality and personality, and it is unfortunate that the few writers who occasionally venture out into the deep, and discourse on music *per se*, are deficient in the one thing needful—"musical perception"; in that ocean they can not swim, and the sooner some of them get to shore the better. Music has its morals, its right and its wrong, its high and its low, like any other art; and, until people can be got to understand how this can be, and why it must be, music will never assert its dignity among the arts and receive its dues. Before Mr. Ruskin wrote, people thought that there was no right or wrong about painting, sculpture, and architecture, and musical criticism has been in the same Slough of Despond. And what is the consequence? Painting and sculpture rank above music, yet music, not painting, not sculpture, is *the* modern art. Yet no one has been found to do for the new art of

music what Mr. Ruskin has done for painting and architecture—to create for it a moral philosophy as well as a *rationale*. I need not say that in "Music and Morals" I have tried to show why this ought to be, and how it might be done for the art of music, and I repeated those opinions in the "Quarterly Review," vol. cxxxi, No. 36, and I have been much gratified to observe that writers who are apt to treat my opinions as common when not wrong, and as wrong when not common, have not always been deterred from the not uncommon practice of appropriating them without reference.

I now glance briefly: I. At the development of music out of the rough elements of sound.

II. At its place among the sister arts, and its peculiar functions.

III. At the obvious nature of its influence.

Music, its origin, function, and influence—that is my subject.

I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC OUT OF SOUND.

We now enter at once into the world of mystery and imagination: of mystery because, though you know how a sound can be produced, you do not know why it produces its effect on you; of imagination, since I must ask you to recall as you read, by way of illustration, the most beautiful sounds you have ever heard. But sounds of less agreeable nature have first to be realized. Before we enter the temple of music or penetrate

its inner shrine, we find ourselves distracted with the rough elements of sound, the rabble of noise outside—how out of such elements shall we ever collect the "choirs that chime after the chiming of the eternal spheres"?

We have sound in the world around us of every conceivable kind. Listen to the distant roar of a great populous city. Its cry goes up by day and night. Myriad voices ascend from sea and land. If you notice the waves as they drag down the shingles on the beach, in their retiring scream they give forth a series of semitones; and there is a rough and elemental sort of musical sound in the moaning of the wind, which has supplied poets with illusions more sentimental than accurate; still the wind's harp does go up and down, like the mooing of a cow. And doubtless the rough inflections of the human voice existed long before music became an art. As the voice rises and falls you have a scale of emotional inflection which gives it full force; for it is the sound quite as much as the words used which gives the impression of what is passing in your mind. But even here we have not arrived at musical sound, we have only touched some materials of it. How shall we get at musical sound? Or, in other words, what is the difference between a noise and a musical note? A noise is only understood when the nature of a musical note is understood. Roughly speaking, a musical note means a "clang," to use Helmholtz's word, in which there is one fundamental tone, and along with it the third, fifth, and octave as buried tones. When the fundamental is strong, and the hidden tones, the third, fifth, and octave, etc., very faint, you get the impression of one musical note, which is invariably the fundamental tone. There are many hidden mysteries in a fundamental tone, a greater or less variety of overtones. I had occasion to dwell more scientifically upon this in my article on "Bells" in "Good Words."

Now, what makes noise is just this: You get the third, fifth, and the octave, or some other overtones, louder than the fundamental note. To illustrate this summarily, we might compare the notes of a violin or a fine bell with a Chinese gong, or you may strike a coal-scuttle or a warming-pan, and produce an equally satisfactory result. A gong is, however, perhaps the best type of noise—not those smooth Japanese metal plates or bars, which often give one or more very sweet tones, but those horrible gongs, dented all over, that you thump with a drum-stick, beginning *pp*, and ending with a purgatorial crescendo in *ff*. This, I say, is noise, and most of the sounds which fall upon the ear are noise, especially what we hear "whene'er we take our walks abroad" in the streets of London.

When, then, we have found a clear fundamen-

tal tone, with its accompanying fainter overtones, we have found a musical note. Now analyze this musical note. It can vary in three ways, and in three ways only. When you know how it so varies you know all that can be known about it. A musical note, then, can vary in pitch, in intensity, and in quality or *timbre*.

1. What makes the pitch of a note? It depends upon the rapidity of the vibrations. Supposing you take as an illustration the sound given by a note of an harmonium, which is caused by the vibration of a metal tongue. When this tongue vibrates slowly, or only a few times backward and forward in a second, you get a note of a deep pitch; but when it vibrates at the rate of sixty-seven thousand vibrations to the note, the pitch is so shrill that, although some cats may hear it, no human beings can. The ear of the cat is finer than ours. Cats and some birds are microphones compared to man; they see sights we can not see, they smell smells we very fortunately can not smell, and they hear sounds which we can not hear. A note is high or low in pitch according as the number of vibrations which produce it are in a given time few or many, fast or slow.

2. What makes its intensity? It is the length of the vibration-waves that determines their loudness or intensity. If the wave or the extent of "excursion" of vibrating molecules be large, the shape of the wave being the same, the sound is loud; if the reverse, the shape being the same, the sound is faint.

3. What determines the quality? The quality depends on the *mode* of vibration. It is, as Helmholtz has shown, the number, order, and intensity of the vibrations of the over-tones in a "clang" which determine timbre or quality, and which make the differences between the same note sounded on a violin, piano, harp, flute, etc.

But even now we have only arrived at the composition of musical notes, not at the composition of music. How, then, did music arise? Of course the human ear has always been open to sweet and disagreeable sounds, and has gradually been led to choose between them. I do not want to quarrel with the mythical notion that some pristine man or woman, wandering on the seashore, may have found a shell with seaweed stretched like strings across it, out of which the wind was making an Æolian harp, and so the first idea of the harp may have arisen. This may have happened for aught we know. The creating of artificial notes for mere pleasure seems to have been a custom from time immemorial.

Bones of extinct mammals have been found made into flutes. At least M. Lartét says so. What he found looked like a flute to him, and

far be it from me to bring art into collision with science by saying it does not look like a flute. I think on the whole it does; and, if so, this may be another proof that primitive man delighted in sweet sounds. But we are still far from the art of music. Here are witnesses to an ancient impulse in the direction of an art, but not the art itself.

We may as well skip Egypt and Assyria, and assume that the musical survival of the fittest remained, after the extinction of these empires, with Greece. However, we need not pause long even in Greece, for, although the Greeks had many modes or scales, as they never discovered the natural advantages of the octave completed by the eighth note, their musical art could not progress.

It is useless for philosophers to prose about the emotional advantages and special musical character of the Dorian, Lydian, or Phrygian modes—as if we had lost, or could lose, anything by adopting our system of fixed tonality; for once get that and you can obviously write in any mode and give your key any special character you like; and the proof of this is that Berlioz has used the proud Hypodorian mode in the second part of "Christ's Infancy." Saint Saens opens the "Noces de Prométhée" with it. Gounod uses it in "Faust" for the "Roi de Thule." The Hypophrygian mode colors the close of "William Tell," Act II (Rossini); and we might multiply instances—but the Greeks could never have written "Faust" or "William Tell," as will presently appear.

The fact is, that in Greece musical sound was auxiliary to the exercise of the dance, the ceremony of the feast, the discipline of the arena, or the voice of the orator; it accompanied chanting, and most people are agreed that harmony, in our sense of the word, was unknown. The Greek system, like some others in the realms of theology, philosophy, and science, was elaborate but sterile, and so Greece handed her traditions on to Rome, and still no progress was made, because music, like all other arts, had to bide her time. Her Muse is essentially the dear possession of the modern world; she lives and moves and finds free development and expansion in our atmosphere alone; and this is what makes her so absorbing and fascinating, and entitles her, now that she has reached her glorious maturity, to rank above the other arts. I say that music is essentially the modern art, although her mystic treasures lay buried for centuries in the womb of Time.

So all things have their supreme moment; so electricity slept in the amber, and was known to the Greek six hundred years before Christ, but was only wedded to applied science in the labo-

ratory of the nineteenth century. Every ancient who boiled a kettle must have observed the rush of steam from its spout, but it remained for Watt and Stephenson to adapt it to commerce, manufacture, and transport. And all arts have fared the same. Like spirits in the vasty deep, they wait for their special call. That call is always the same. *It is the deep need of an age.*

What need has human life of art? What is art? Art is, like sensation, one and indivisible in its essence; but, like sensation, it is manifold in its channels of expression. It captures in different forms and runs through the five senses. Expression is the imperative mood of our nature: without it we wither and pine; with it we grow, we develop, we soar. Man is essentially a dramatic animal; he is ever seeking to make known what is in him; he aspires to the true possession of himself. Life becomes more rich when it passes into word and action. Every moment in proportion as we are truly alive we are longing to manifest ourselves as we can. We are not satisfied till some one else enjoys what we enjoy, knows what we know, feels what we feel, and the great burden-lifters of humanity are those who have told us the things we knew already, but which we could not express for ourselves. These are "the souls that have made our souls wiser." These are the prophets and the poets and the artists, dear kindred, world-embracing spirits that give humanity back to itself, and make it doubly worth having by bestowing upon it those memorable and entrancing gifts of expression that hang like suns in the firmament of Time.

And do you not feel this as you stand before any great work of art—the "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden, the "Transfiguration" at Rome? Do you not feel—"Here is one who has painted my inexpressible thoughts—here before me are the divine figures I have seen in my dreams?" When you hear the "Elijah," do you not stand in the cleft of the rock with the prophet and veil your face as the whirlwind sweeps by, and, amid the crash of the thunder and rending of the rocks, you perceive that the Lord is not in the tempest, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but at last in the still small voice? Yes, you are shaken, you are lifted up in this elemental catastrophe, purified in this majestic outer expression, and you feel how the storm has passed from your own heart, as the last wild and nearly distracted cry dies away, and there comes very softly one of those magic changes in which the whole of the emotional atmosphere shifts. The cry of the spirit is going to be answered with a gentleness and a power above all that it could ask or think. The melody flows on in the clear and silvery key of E major; it passes like the sweeping of a soft, balmy wind. "And in that

still voice onward came the Lord, never rising, never pausing, but gentle and strong and pulseless, coming we know not whence, and passing, with "the tides of music's golden sea, into eternity!" (*vide* "Music and Morals"). And upon you has not this had a great and hallowing effect? Has not music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close? Such will indeed appear to be the special function of musical art.

II.—THE ART-PLACE AND SPECIAL FUNCTIONS OF MUSIC.

I SAID each art has to bide its time. When a man appears before his time he has to stand down, and another takes up his message later on. And so it is with art. There is affinity between an age and an art; let music come up before its time, another art, sculpture, will elbow it out, and each growth will be rapid in due season, like that of seeds. Sculpture, architecture, painting, music, all follow the same law. Look at sculpture in Greece from Agelades and Phidias to Praxiteles and Lysippus, a brief one hundred and fifty years—the art reached its culmination, then dropped, like a flower shedding its petals, throughout the isles of Greece. It was the same with the Greek drama, with Gothic architecture in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with Italian painting in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and music from Handel to Wagner is following a similar course, for I think the future history of music must be in its combination with the other arts, its adaptation to the ever-restless needs of human emotion.

Now, observe the grand fundamental law of art succession. Each art comes as the angelic response to some cry of deep developmental need, and it embodies the ideal tendencies of a whole epoch. Thus, sculpture was the art of the Greeks because they knew nothing higher than the beauty and symmetry of the human body; that was the climax of their adoring souls, and it came forth in the beautiful, graceful, and sublime forms of Venus, Apollo, and Jove. We pass over Roman art, for that was either done by Greeks in Rome or was simply a pale, too often a mechanical, copy of Greek art. We also pass over the early Christian art, for the early Christians looked askance at art, and yet were subdued by it, for they were forced at last to weave the heathen symbols—legends of Maia and Orpheus—into their sepulchral frescoes. We come later on to the extinction of almost all sensibility in art, through Byzantine forms—in fact, to the year 814, the time of Charlemagne—a time when the people of Europe were so busily engaged in

slaughtering one another that of course there was little to be expected in the way of art, which requires for its development a certain amount of peace and leisure.

But the great human needs are ever silently developing, and by and by another art arose, that of Gothic architecture. This became a grand medium for expressing the new thoughts and feelings of the people, the awe, the worship, the grandeur, and, above all, the human interests of the new Christianity now spreading rapidly, like some fertile and invincible creeper, over the ruined fragments of the prostrate Roman columns—the foundation-stones of the modern world. Mr. Ruskin has told us how the old monks built their very lives, and along with them the hearts of the people, into those noble cathedrals which are dotted over all Christian lands, and remain the pride and boast of the civilized world. He has made us feel how the recluse must have reveled in his cell as he gazed upon the stone which he was ready to carve, or intrust to the itinerant mason; how he paced his cloister and dreamed of the execution of those ideas which he had perhaps long cherished, until by degrees his imagination molded the very life of the period, its activity, its coarseness, its humor, as well as its devotion, into sculptured capital and gargoyles.

The efflorescent and flamboyant wildness of design marked at length the extreme limits of the stone art. To fitful, fanciful impatience or despair succeeded loss of healthy perception, loss of interest, of reason, of law, and Gothic architecture became worse than dead—degraded. But the stone art only fell when its powers as an expressional medium were exhausted.

Art now turned the stone-mason's chisel into the painter's brush; rapidly through the schools of Venice, Florence, and Rome, were the foundations of the art laid, the discovery of perspective, anatomy, and color. The noble edifice rose from Giotto to Raphael only to exhaust in its turn, and in a comparatively short time, the new, more plastic, more pathetic vehicle of color, and turn restlessly to seek and to find another medium.

What was that other latest-born minister of expression, eager to seize the torch as it fell from the painter's trembling hands?

It was MUSIC. She offered herself a new emotional medium fitted to express what neither sculpture, architecture, nor painting could express, the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, vision, ecstasy, which Christianity brought into the world, and which gave to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which must henceforth stamp and qualify all human progress. It is im-

possible to deny that more secular elements entered into the formation of the modern spirit, although its inwardness was its chief characteristic.

Great geographical discoveries, New Worlds, Australia, America, and the remote East; great commercial activities, great inventions, the printing-press, steam navigation, and the electric telegraph; great religious movements, great revolutions, the rise of the English Reformation, the translation of the Bible, many things combined to produce the unparalleled activity of the modern spirit. But among all these factors Christianity was paramount; it explored and sifted emotion as it had never been explored and sifted before; it set free the springs of the inner life, and taught men the sublime secret of an independent emotional consciousness, before which the outer world vanished into space, and the changes, the rise and fall, and subtle sequences of mental states became the only realities.

But the hunger of art could not long be evaded. These very states called aloud for expression; they were elaborated in the silence of the cloister, and it was thence that music stepped forth into the world, as the new art medium. Now, as I have elsewhere pointed out at some length, music possesses two qualities *combined* by no other art: first, the quality of velocity—it *moves*; and, secondly, the quality of direct appeal—it stirs feelings without having recourse to ideas or images. The drama, indeed, has movement, but it only stirs emotion through ideas; painting stirs us by the ideas presented and the direct emotional impact of color, but it has no *velocity*, that has to be supplied by imagination. You may ally music with anything you please, but it alone can deal first-hand with emotion, arouse it, control it, direct it, and follow its chameleon life through all its innumerable windings.

This, the secret of music, once stated, is stated for ever; it is revealed in two words, *directness* and *velocity*.

And now, having shown the place of music among the arts, I should naturally proceed to trace the history of modern music through what Mr. Hullah has termed its three periods. We must be satisfied here with but one glimpse.

First period, 370 to 1400, Ambrose (374) selected certain of the Greek modes for chants. Gregory (590) revived the forgotten work of the good Milanese bishop, and added four new scales. Then came Huchbald of Tournay (932), who introduced a sort of harmony which must have resembled the mixture stop of the organ. Guido (1020) of Arezzo, and Franco of Cologne (1200), who between them divide the honors of descent,

cantus mensurabilis, or division into bars, and flats and sharps, together with the invention of the monochord.

In the second period, 1400 to 1600, we have Josquin des Pres in Belgium, and Palestrina in Italy, and the rise of a true system of tonality; and when we enter the third period, 1600 to 1750, we have reached the true octave, the major and minor scale in which we find the uniform arrangement of semitones and the perfect cadence, ascribed by some to Monte Verde, 1770. When this moment arrived, the basis of a sound musical development was reached, and modern music then first became possible. The science of the cloister had at last stepped forth to wed, to train and discipline the wild, untutored art of the world outside.

Rapid and sudden, like the burst of Greek sculpture or Italian painting, was the rise and progress of modern music, the instant the science of the Church touched the heart of the world.

Carissimi died 1672; he was the type of the transition period. He might have seen Palestrina, and he lived to hear Corelli. In Corelli's lifetime the germ of every style of music since known arose. He witnessed the singing-schools of Naples in the south, the rise of the great violin-schools in the north, the foundation of the oratorio in Rome, the progress of instrumental music throughout Italy, France, and England. All this took place in the last century, and we are struck with a certain awe when we remember that men are still (1880) alive who may have listened to Mozart (died 1791), and conversed with the venerable Haydn (died 1808).

I return from this by no means irrelevant digression to illustrate the functions by completing the analysis of music, as *the direct language of the emotions*.

Have you ever analyzed your thoughts and feelings? Some say it is an unhealthy practice, but that quite depends; and, if it is used for a legitimate purpose, it is interesting to observe what is going on in the realm of emotion. Every moment is occupied by some feeling—good, bad, or indifferent. You are very seldom neutral, and, when you are, it is worthy of being noted as a fixed point from which to measure the "excursion" extent of your emotion.

I proceed to analyze first the properties of emotion; then those of sound, as manipulated by music; and we shall find that precisely the same qualities which exist *inwardly* in emotion exist *outwardly* in sound. And that is the reason why music is fitted to be, and is recognized as, the language of emotion. I pointed this out in "Music and Morals," and when it was pointed

out it seemed very simple. Some people said there was nothing in it; others said there was something in it, but they knew it before. "Well," I said to my critics, "all discoveries are simple when they are found out; but, if this was so simple, why didn't you state it before?"

Emotion, then, consists first of *elation* and *depression*; that is, it goes up and down like a wavy line. When a lecturer addresses an audience, the interest may go down lower and lower; then, perhaps, he says something which tickles the fancy, and the emotion goes up and up, his hearers' hopes are raised, and they say to themselves, "Oh, it's not going to be so dull, after all." Here, then, is an instance of depression followed by elation.

The next quality is *intensity*. Your emotion varies in intensity. You grow intense and earnest as you listen to a speaker who interests you, until perhaps you are quite, as you say, carried away, or entranced by his eloquence.

Then your emotion has *variety*. We may illustrate this: A man is sitting on a foggy day in his parlor, when a friend suddenly drops in. He is glad to see him, and out of depression he begins to rise into elation. And then comes a story of the hunting-field, a well-known wall had to be cleared, and some one was thrown; and, as he listens with more and more interest, he finds the climax to be that the narrator himself was the man who was thrown, and that he has come on this depressing day to see him partly on that account. Then other friends drop in, and you ring for cigars and wine. You are informed there are no cigars, and your emotion is now divided by the story, the cigars, the servant, and your friends; you are the subject of a great variety of simultaneous emotions, some not over-pleasurable, but, at any rate, there is variety.

Then, fourthly, emotion has a *kind of form*—you may give it an arbitrary form; you can represent its direction by lines curved according to elation or depression, thick or thin according to intensity, and you can bracket them together to show that they are simultaneous.

Lastly, emotion possesses *velocity*; it travels, and it is never quite at rest; you may call its velocity x .

Now pass to musical sound. The notes in a musical scale go up and down; they have *elation* and *depression*, may vary in loudness from *pp.* to *ff.*, from *crescendo* to *diminuendo*, and so they have *intensities*. Many lines of melody or harmony can be carried on simultaneously, as in a part-song or a score of Wagner's; there is then no mistake about *variety*. Then music has *form*. Musical form is as much a recognized musical phrase as "nicely-felt color" is in painting, and it is more to the point, for we have but to cast

our eyes over a score of Spohr or Beethoven, and compare it with one of Handel's, to see how widely different is the general form even to the eye. Lastly, from *adagio* to *presto* you have reached in music that crowning property of emotion, *velocity*, for music is never at rest.

Side by side, then, we place, after fivefold analyses, emotion and music, the thing to be expressed and the thing which expresses it. In passing from one to the other we have simply exchanged certain arbitrary lines and an x for a set of symbols capable of bringing the various properties of emotion into connection with sound. That set of symbols, so long in arriving, so glorious in its advent, is obviously modern musical notation, and in wedding that to sound we have reached at last the sovereign and direct medium of emotional expression in THE ART OF MODERN MUSIC.

III.—INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

AND now if it be asked, "What is the use of music?" I may ask in return, "What is the use of emotion?" It colors all life, it inspires all words, it nerves for all action. What would your life be without it? And what is the grandest thought without it? You know you may repeat a grand passage of Shakespeare without emotion. The noblest passages in the Bible are often read aloud without kindling a thrill or quickening a pulse. But apply the heat of noble dramatic action or impassioned religious eloquence, and how changed is the leaden atmosphere! how living and pregnant is the thought! Music expresses no thoughts, stands for no ideas or intellectual conceptions, rouses (except by association) no images; but it stands for independent states of consciousness, it creates the atmosphere in which thoughts are born, it deals with the mystic states in which thought is steeped and colored.

Without emotion thought would perish, or remain passive and inert. No age, no sentient creature, has been quite without a sense of musical sound as the language of emotion. In its rude elements even dumb animals are affected by it. It influences dogs, horses, and cattle generally. Notice how a musical sound, though monotonous, is understood and obeyed, and how the jingle of bells notoriously encourages horses to perform their work. The plowboy is inspired by the strains of his own whistling. And do you wonder that the Spartans were enabled to march to victory by the lays of the minstrel Tyrtæus—that our soldiers require the fife and drum? And I have been told that there are people in the north who are very delighted and cheered by that unutterable abomination, the Scotch bagpipe.

I must not trust myself to dwell upon the religious functions of music—active, as in the Lu-

theran hymn, sung *by* the people; passive, as in the mass or Catholic anthem, sung *for* the people. The songs of the temple have had more attention paid them than the songs of the street; but the time will come when these, too, will be understood as important factors in the life and morality of the people. A great statesman has said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and let who will make their laws." And when we think what might be the influence of music we can not but regret that the popular songs of England are, in fact, represented by "Tommy, make Room for your Uncle." The songs of our music-halls kindle emotions, truly, but of what kind are they? When you employ music, wed it to thought, and thus awaken emotions, you must remember you are playing with two-edged tools, for the emotions kindled and directed may be such as it is unhealthy and mischievous to cherish. Emotion means fire, and a heap of live coals on your carpet and in your grate subserve very different purposes; for in the one case your house is warmed, and in the other case it is burned down. So it is with music, which kindles and directs emotion. Music under certain conditions elevates, while under certain other conditions it demoralizes. Music ought to be used discreetly, advisedly, and soberly, and that is why the particular *kind* of music we adopt, and the words to which music is set, should be very carefully considered.

Music is not intended simply to tickle the ear; music is moral. And here let me remind you that not half enough has been said of the discipline of emotion, a function exercised in the highest degree by music. Upon this very quality of discipline, nobility, and truth of emotional expression, turns the distinction between the modern German and the modern Italian schools, as schools. I say modern Italian, because the old church schools of Pergolesi and Stradella were severe, beautiful, and sublime compared with the modern Italian opera and romance. Yet must we not deny the splendid melodic and even harmonic qualities which are to be found in the essentially false form and spirit of the Italian opera. It has been too much the fashion of the English Wagnerites to decry Italian music; but the German Wagnerite is more liberal and catholic in his appreciation, while Wagner himself is the most liberal and truly catholic musician alive. He can appreciate every kind of music, and so can those who know him and interpret him best.

I remember, when I was at Nuremberg, falling in with Richter (now conducting in London), then conductor of the Baireuth Festival. We were seated in the parlor of a little old-fashioned German inn, discussing the various schools of music, when I happened to allude to a famous

quartet in Verdi's "Rigoletto" as a fine specimen of dramatic part-writing, whereupon Richter, the great Wagner disciple—Richter, the conductor of the Baireuth Festival, the incarnation of the music of the future, sprang up, and, lifting high his glass in honor of the great Italian, exclaimed, "*Ach, der Verdi—ist ein ganz colossal Kerl!*"

To resume. The secret of a good school of music is, that it is a real exponent and a sound discipliner of the emotions. Listening to a symphony or sonata of Beethoven's is not a joke; it is a study, an emotional training. You sit down and listen attentively, and the master leads you through various moods; he elates you and depresses you; your feeling waxes and wanes with various intensities, not spasmodically, but by coherent sequences. You are put through a whole system of feeling, not of your own choosing; you are not allowed to choose, you are to control yourself here and expand there; and at last, after due exercise, you are landed on the composer's own platform, chastened, exercised, refreshed, and elevated. Although urged here and there, the light rein has been upon you, and the master drives you much in the same way that a skilled charioteer drives a spirited steed.

This is the process of all really great music, and the reason why the Italian, as a school, and, indeed, *all* bad music, Italian or otherwise, is injurious is because it deals *unfairly* or *untruly* with your emotions. It does not give you a balanced, rational, or healthful sequence of feeling. It is like a picture, the effect of which is spoiled by a washy background of raw color, or like a melodrama, such as "The Bells," which, without any reflection on Mr. Irving's fine acting, we may, however, call a very good melodrama, but of a bad art sort. It is unlike a play of Shakespeare's. If he has horrors to bring before you he prepares you for them; you are not trifled with and exhausted, your emotions are not whipped and spurred until they cease to respond. All bad art trifles with, exhausts, and enervates you, and music most of all, because it deals at first hand with the emotions.

In conclusion, I look for a great popular development of musical art in England. You know very well that "the English are not a musical people." They may cultivate music; they like it and pay for it; but they do not produce anything to be compared with the works of the great masters on the Continent. The national music is about "Champagne Charlie," "Tommy," "Waking the Baby," and "Grandfather's Clock." It is true we have Mr. Sullivan, whose compositions are always welcome; but he studied in Germany, he took the Mendelssohn scholarship at Leipsic, and therefore he may be considered, so far as

music is concerned, a German to the backbone; it can not be said of him that, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remained an Englishman."

But in the last forty years the progress of music in England has been very great. Mr. Hullah told me that when he began to examine schools he found children who could not sing two or three consecutive notes in tune, who lacked even the rudiments of a musical ear; but that now, very greatly through Mr. Hullah's own work, this state of things is altered, and he says that, if you go through the length and breadth of the land, you will find that the national ear has been to a great extent cultivated. But we must not stop here; the national art must be improved, and then the national taste, and, above all, the education of the nation as a whole, in music.

I should like to see some one who should be responsible for conducting the musical performances of our children. Nothing is more striking in our Board Schools than the admirable management of every other department of instruction, and the muddle, looseness, uncertainty, and general inefficiency of the musical instruction. Sound, popular music, songs, and part-singing, at sight

as well as by ear, should radiate from the Board Schools. I desire to see cheap sheets of music placed in the hands of the children, which they may take to their homes, and so learn the art of singing part-songs, as they do in Amsterdam, and, indeed, in Holland generally. Even in Switzerland there is a certain coherent musical part "yodelling," at any rate superior to the "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" style of chorus affected at our own convivial assemblies.

Let the heaven-born art of music spread; let it bless the homes and hearths of the people; let the children sing, and sing together; let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage; let not the only fiddle in the place be hung up in the beer-shop, the only choruses in the village be heard in the choir and at the public-house. And, while music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part-songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery; thus let the factory-girl forget her toil and the artisan his grievance, and music, the civilizer, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the music of the future for England.

H. R. HAWEIS (*Good Words*).

A DEADLY FEUD.

A SKETCH.

M. ISIDOR TISSON, Professor of History at the University of Montpellier, when he was sixty-five years old, had one great passion and one good friend; he collected rare books, liked to hear himself called a bibliophile, and was a bibliomaniac in the fullest sense of the word. His friend was the pensioned Colonel, Casimir Coste, whose age was the same as his own.

M. Tisson had been a widower for thirty years. His two daughters had, after the death of their mother, been brought up by a pious aunt in Nîmes, and they knew their father-confessor better than they did their own father. Since their marriage they lived, one in Nîmes, the other in Lunel. They were pious, respected ladies, both of whom fulfilled their Christian obligations without complaining and without joyfulness. They held the fourth commandment sacred, and made their father regular, formal visits at rather short intervals; always staying but a few hours, and never spending the night in Montpellier—disturbing in no way the careful order prevailing in the old professor's house.

The Colonel was an old bachelor. Isidor and

Casimir, sixty years before, had played together as neighbors' children. They had been school-mates, and had parted for the first time when the seventeen-years-old Tisson was sent to an uncle in Toulouse to attend the university there for several terms, while young Coste prepared himself for an officer's examination in St. Cyr. Then for something like thirty years they heard as good as nothing from each other, and had been mutually forgotten. During this long period M. Tisson had published several learned works, and had been appointed professor in his native city; Coste had battled with the Bedouins in Algiers, won the cross of the Legion of Honor, and at last, in consequence of a severe wound received before Sebastopol, had been obliged to retire from the service. The weary, lonely man had thereupon returned to his old home, which he had not seen since his youth, but for which he had always felt a longing. There he would end his restless and stormy life in peace.

Montpellier had changed but little during the long years of Coste's absence. The old invalid found once more, in a narrow, poorly paved

street, the house where his parents had lived and where he was born; and it chanced that there was a little lodging there to be let; it met his modest wants: he hired it, furnished it simply, and soon took possession.

One September evening as the Colonel was walking in the garden, smoking his short-pipe, he heard somebody calling his name in a way that startled him:

"Casimir! Casimir!"

For forty years no person had called him by his first name. To his superiors and subordinates, during that time, he had never been anything but the lieutenant, captain, major, or lieutenant-colonel Coste; for his comrades, simply Coste; he had long since lost his mother and father; sisters or brothers he had never had. He might have forgotten that he was named Casimir; but now some one called the old, familiar name:

"Casimir! Casimir!"

He looked around. In the next house, in the first story, an elderly gentleman stood at an open window and cordially nodded and smiled at him. The Colonel stood a moment as if petrified. Then he swore a mighty oath, as was usual with him, whether he was glad, angry, astonished, or bored, and shouted back:

"My God, Isidor! Is it possible?"

Five minutes afterward the two were in the garden together. M. Tisson related how he had returned from a vacation journey that morning, and that an hour before he had learned that the new tenant in the neighboring house was a native of Montpellier, a Colonel Coste.

"I wondered at once if that might not perhaps be my old Casimir, and I would have come to you this evening to find out if I had not seen you in the garden, and recognized you at once. You have not changed."

The Colonel laughed so loudly that the sparrows in the trees flew away in affright. "Well," said he, "that is just a little exaggerated; when I saw you off in the diligence that was to take you to Toulouse you were a handsome, slender fellow, with some light down on your upper lip, and with fine, dark, curly hair; now you have attained a portly figure, and have grown gray-haired, my old Isidor. And then I was a 'yellow-billed gosling' with clear eyes, strong teeth, lively legs, and bushy hair that I sometimes parted on the right, sometimes on the left, accordingly as I believed that one way or the other was the most becoming. Now I must have glasses to read with, chew like a rabbit because I have lost my back teeth, limp on the right leg, in which I was wounded by the Russians, and have a bald place that I cover by combing the hair from one ear to the other. Really! I resemble

the Casimir, whom you recognized, as closely as the hen does the egg from which it was hatched."

"Did I not recognize you at once?" answered the Professor, with a friendly laugh; "I would have known you among a hundred thousand and would have said, 'That is my old comrade, Casimir Coste.'"

"Did I hesitate long in calling your name?" cried the Colonel.

And the two old gentlemen clasped hands for the twentieth time, and laughed with tears in their eyes, and for ten minutes neither would allow the other to come to a word. Then followed short questions and quick answers:

"Are you married?"

"No. And you?"

"I have been a widower for thirty years."

"Children?"

"Two married daughters."

"Here in Montpellier?"

"No; in Lunel and Nîmes. Shall you stay in Montpellier?"

"To be sure. And you?"

"I am a professor at the university."

"And how is your health?"

"First rate. And yours?"

"A little rheumatism; otherwise I have no reason to complain."

And so forth, and so forth. At last the Professor said:

"It is growing dark and cool; come over to me; old Pascal shall get us a light supper, and we will drink a bottle of wine, and have a good long talk together."

The Colonel was agreed; and the two sat together in the Professor's cozy room that evening until a late hour, and told each other the simple, every-day stories of their lives.

On the next day they met again, and ate together at the Professor's. Thereupon the Colonel invited his old friend to eat with him the next day at the *table d'hôte*, where he had been accustomed to take his meals since his arrival in Montpellier.

"I have had no household all my life," said he, "and it is now too late to begin. In all the garrisons where I have been stationed I have lived in the hotel, and am now too old to learn how to manage a cook. My table is the *table d'hôte*, and I beg you to be my guest there."

The Professor would not listen to it. "We eat together in order to be together," said he; "not for the sake of showing each other a courtesy. When I see strangers about me I can not talk with you at ease; besides, I must confess that my stomach can no longer bear hotel cooking. So do me the favor of revoking your invitation. You owe me no formal courtesy, and I don't care to accept one from

you. Eat with me to-morrow, and the next day, and every day. You could give me no greater pleasure, for I am all alone."

The Colonel, who was no sponge, was long in being persuaded. Then he decided to eat the next day with Tisson.

Two weeks passed. During this time the Colonel and the Professor had seen each other for several hours each day, and the old bachelor had eaten with the widower something like a dozen times. Then, one evening, when the coffee had been brought on after dinner, and old Pascal had left the room and Coste had lit his short-pipe, he coughed, and, after a short introductory oath, made the following lengthy remarks, which he had been preparing for a week:

"That is all fine and good, Isidor, but it can not last for ever."

"What?"

"I live better just now than I ever have before; but the board doesn't suit me, after all."

"Why?"

"When I was a lieutenant, my dinner cost me sixty francs a month; as captain, I paid eighty. Since I was promoted to major—and that is a long row of years—I have laid aside from my pay, for eating and drinking, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty francs a month. I must retain these old customs if I want to keep contented. And, if you can find no means for me to spend my money in your company, I shall have to give up eating with you."

"You are not in your right mind."

"Now, I have been thinking how hard that would be for me, and I flatter myself that you would also miss me, if I should suddenly disappear from your table."

"On that you can swear your biggest oath."

"And therefore I want to make you a reasonable proposition."

A long pause. A new and stronger fit of coughing from the Colonel.

"Well, proceed," said the Professor, quietly.

"I see what you mean to say. Allow me to tell you, Casimir, that that is really childish."

"Very well, Isidor; but, childish or not, I shall insist upon it. And if you think as much of me as I of you—if you are not afraid to make me, in a measure, a member of your family—so—so I beg you to agree to my proposition."

The Professor resisted for a long while. He advanced the most telling arguments to persuade the Colonel to remain simply his guest; but he would not be converted; and at last the Professor gave way.

"You were always an obstinate boy, and I the best tempered of us two," said he. "So

your will be done; after to-morrow you pay your board."

But the discussion was not ended with this. Coste wanted to pay too much—Tisson demanded too little. At last they agreed to leave it to the arbitration of Pascal, who had been in the house thirty years, and was regarded by the Professor as a member of the family.

The old servant, who kept the entire household in model order, was what is called in France *une maitresse-femme*, who could give a clear, sensible answer to every question addressed to her. After a brief talk with her, it was ascertained that M. Tisson would suffer no loss and make no profit if the Colonel paid him one hundred and twenty francs for his share at the table. This price was at last agreed upon by both parties, and thus was ended the long and lively discussion. From that day there began for the lonely old men a new, glad life, that made them youthful once more, caused them to forget the burden of age, life that naught should trouble for years. The Professor had only a little, the Colonel nothing at all to do. Every day the two were together for hours. Then they went together upon the Péron and the Esplanade, the principal promenades of Montpellier, or sat in the Professor's library and in the Colonel's arbor, or played an almost endless round of the pleasant game called "*le mail*," so popular in southern France. They passed the evening in their club, where they met their regular partners in whist, and where both were gladly welcomed and highly respected guests. They became accustomed to each other like old people from whom life recedes more and more, who are loved by few and who love few, who are able to interest themselves in only a little circle, and who only care for each other. They soon came to be indispensable to each other. Tisson was uneasy if Coste came five minutes late to a meal; and every morning the Colonel had a long and confidential interview with Pascal, in order to learn whether "the master" had slept well, whether he had not coughed, and whether his morning coffee had agreed with him. He was a regular attendant at his friend's university lectures; his venerable head, his attentive, earnest face, were soon familiar to the whole university; and the young students took a liking to him and deferentially made room for him when he appeared in the lecture-room. After the lecture the Colonel had a talk with the Professor about what he had heard, and sought enlightenment on certain difficult points, the Professor answering with pleased pride. From time to time the Colonel came out with a Latin quotation: "*Alea jacta est*"; "*dulce est pro patria mori*"; "*errare humanum est*"; "*in vino veritas*," and the like, in order to show

that he too had learned something; and then the learned Professor smiled kindly and with some embarrassment, and quickly changed the subject. But when the old soldier spoke of his campaigns, then he might talk for hours without interruption from the Professor except by encouraging questions. The friendship of the two old gentlemen became proverbial; the only persons who found no pleasure in this touching relation were the two pious daughters of the Professor, who complained with bitter-sweet mien that monsieur, the Colonel Coste, used blasphemous words in their presence and infected the whole house with his pipe. "But our father likes anything that the Colonel says and does," they added. "Let us hope that he may not regret it."

The first remark was not entirely correct. The Professor was far from approving the opinions and conduct of his friend in all respects. Tisson was a firm Catholic, and, like most members of good society in southern France, a zealous Legitimist. Coste, on the other hand, very seldom went to church, possessed an inexhaustible treasure of light stories, in which monks, nuns, and priests, were not always treated with the respect which Tisson claimed for them; and in his political sentiments was a Liberal, with a tendency toward republicanism. Tisson jokingly called Coste "Charras," and Coste answered with "Polignac." Their discussions, which were not unfrequent, and often very animated, usually ended by one of the disputants recollecting that a game of "mail" or whist was waiting for them. Then the excited countenance of the other straightway became tranquil; each seized hat and stick, and they went their way toward the club or the Cours du Mail, contentedly chatting, as if their mutual harmony had not been disturbed for a moment.

The fearful year 1870-'71, "l'année terrible," brought all superficial disputes between the Professor and the Colonel to an end. Both were good, warm-hearted patriots, and, in their common solicitude for their troubled country, they forgot all differences of opinion which in former times had arisen between them. With unanimous bitterness they blamed the Emperor, the Empress, the ministers, and the generals; with equally unshaken confidence they believed in all the fables about the heroism of the French and the barbarity of the Germans circulated in the newspapers; they were filled with the same indignation against Russia, which did not conceal its sympathy for Germany; with the same contempt for the "English shopkeeping pack," and the "false, ungrateful Italians," who deserted their old allies in time of need; and they wept together when the tidings of Sedan reached Montpellier.

At this time an unhealthy, nervous excitement had taken possession of the entire French people. The two friends were both attacked by it. The glad, contented spirit of the last years had vanished for them. They touched not a card in the club, and the "mail" balls lay covered with dust in a corner. They studied the newspapers with feverish curiosity and tireless attention; made strategic plans and discussed them with a seriousness and zeal as if armies would obey their decisions; against all probability hoped for a sudden turn in the fortunes of the war, and did not despair to the last, for it seemed to them impossible that France, the beautiful, mighty country, could be overthrown in battle by any other nation; and they felt as if dashed to the ground when their eyes were opened to the simple, terrible truth, and they saw clearly and plainly that France had been beaten and had placed herself at the mercy of the victors. For days they walked together in silence and gloom, more closely united in sorrow than they had been in the peaceful calm of the past years. But despite their age they had, to a certain degree at least, retained the elasticity of spirit of their southern countrymen, and they soon roused themselves out of the heavy, speechless sadness in which they had lived for a while. Only a great bitterness, a diseased irritability, remained and manifested itself in frequent outbreaks of rage against the real, and also the supposed, originator of the misfortune under which they suffered in common with all patriots.

Then the papers brought the news that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that the communists had seized the reins of the government. The friends received the tidings rather indifferently at first. The wounds inflicted by the foreign foe were still so fresh that, to a certain extent, they were insensible to all other pain. But after several weeks their attention was attracted more and more toward the civil war. It was now the main topic of universal discussion; the interest in the struggle for Paris, where Frenchmen fought against Frenchmen, rose above everything else.

It was June 3, 1871, six o'clock in the evening. The day had been oppressively hot; black, gloomy thunder-clouds had overcast the sky, and they threatened every moment to burst in a tempest. The air was sultry, dread-inspiring.

The Professor paced uneasily to and fro in his dining-room, and waited for the Colonel to come to dinner. The latter was a quarter of an hour late. He had a lot of half-opened, crumpled newspapers in his hand, and he threw them on the table. He looked pale and agitated.

"I waited for the arrival of the Paris newspapers," said he. "Read! It is fearful, unheard of, incredible!"

Tisson took the newspapers and glanced through several of them.

Pascal had brought on the soup, and the full plates stood steaming hot before the old gentlemen; but neither of the two thought of touching them. The newspapers told about the barbarities of the communists, of the destruction of the Tuileries, of the Hôtel de Ville, of the palace of the Ministry, of the murdering of the prisoners, of the raging street conflicts, and, at the same time, of the fearful bath of blood that the Versailles troops had caused among "the enemies of society."

Tisson looked up with gleaming eyes, and said: "God be praised! The good cause has triumphed!"

"It might have triumphed with less pitilessness," answered Coste, frowningly.

"You are not making yourself an advocate of the communists, that bloodthirsty band of robbers and thieves?" cried Tisson.

"No, not that," answered Coste, pale and trembling. "But they might have proceeded with more humanity. Fifty thousand—Tisson, only think what that means—fifty thousand unfortunates—the newspapers say so—fifty thousand human lives have been sacrificed. Fifty thousand—oh! horrible! They spared neither women nor children; they strangled and murdered them as if they were fighting wild beasts."

"And they did well!" cried Tisson. "They did have wild beasts to fight! The scum of humanity, robbers, murderers, bandits, incendiaries. They should not have let a single one of the good-for-nothing rough-scutt escape."

"Tisson, Tisson! consider what you are saying! You are talking about Frenchmen—about children of our own race, about brothers!"

"Your brothers, if you will! Not mine, by God! I have nothing in common with knaves and cut-throats!"

"Neither have I."

"Yes! For you venture to defend them!"

"Venture, Tisson?—Tisson, you are not in your right mind when you talk to me that way."

"Yes, I am in my right mind; and I tell you, in full and bitter earnestness, it is disgraceful for you to say a word in defense of the Commune. You should be ashamed of yourself—ashamed of yourself, Coste!"

"Take that back, Tisson! Take that back, or, by—"

"You should be ashamed of yourself!—Bah! For shame!"

At this the Colonel struck the table with clinched fist, so that the dishes and glasses clattered. And then he rose, and, deathly pale, with red, glowing eyes, he swore a terrible oath, that he would never again sit at that table, never again

enter that house, until Tisson begged his forgiveness for the wrong he had done him.

"And I declare, without the utterance of many blasphemous words," said the Professor, with sudden calm, but just as pale and trembling as his old friend, "that the words you wish to hear shall never pass my lips."

The Colonel neared the door, took hat and cane without looking back, and vanished. Tisson heard his limping, heavy step upon the stairs, heard the door open, and close behind him—and then all was still as death.

For three days the Colonel and the Professor cherished their bitter resentment; then their rage had spent itself and they understood what they had mutually lost. The loneliness in which they lived became a hell to them. Coste did not venture to leave his room for fear of meeting his old friend; the latter sneaked like a thief out of the house when his official duties compelled him to go out; and still the two old hearts longed with all their power to be reconciled again. But that was impossible. Hundreds of times they rehearsed in their minds the unhappy scene which had parted them; they recalled every word, every look.

"He should not have insulted me in his own house, at his own table," said the Colonel to himself. And he felt that his honor would not allow him to take back the oath he had sworn.

"All the blame is on his side," said the Professor to himself. "How could he have attempted to defend the greatest evil-doers whom the world ever saw." And he thought with a shudder that he had solemnly vowed that the word should never pass his lips that Coste must hear from him in order to enter his house again.

One morning old Pascal came to the Colonel.

"Monsieur Colonel," she lamented, "what have you done to my poor master? He hardly touches his food now; he sleeps no more; he sits all day long in his room without looking at a book, without touching a pen, and he will see nobody and speak with nobody; he is wearing himself away; he is perishing. Monsieur Colonel, what have you done to him? Save my poor master!"

The Colonel was in no way too proud to talk with old Pascal as with an equal. He told her all. "And you see, Pascal," he ended, "I have sworn, by my honor and my salvation, that I will never enter his house again until he acknowledges his wrong—and I can not break my oath."

"Monsieur Colonel, a sinful oath sworn in anger is not binding," answered the devout old servant. "Ask the pastor, consult the Bishop himself; they will release you from the godless oath."

But the Colonel shook his head. "No, Pas-

cal, you do not understand it," said he; "I have sworn by my honor, and no priest can give my word back to me."

Tears stood in his half-blind eyes; he looked miserably and pitifully; but he spoke with such decisiveness that Pascal well saw that she would have to go away with nothing gained. Then the Professor's two pious daughters came to Montpellier on a visit, and learned from the servant what had happened. They were glad to see the house freed from the rough-mannered neighbor, and it was their opinion that their father would soon see that the loss, which he still mourned for the moment, was a great gain. They set out to talk with him about it. But with hoarse voice and eyes sparkling with anger, he commanded them to be silent or leave the house; and they left, shaking their heads doubtfully, to lament, in the circles of their acquaintances, about the obstinacy of their old father.

A month passed by without bringing any change in the situation between Tisson and Coste. The quarrel was the talk of all Montpellier, but nobody felt himself called to assume the part of a peacemaker.

Then the Professor, by special permission, began his summer vacation-journey earlier than usual. For ten years Coste had always accompanied him all through the vacation. The two had been together in Paris, in the Pyrenees, in Auvergne, and in Switzerland. Everywhere they had had delightful times. Now the Professor journeyed alone. He would go to Paris first—and thence—he did not yet know whither. Only away from Montpellier. He could stand it there no longer.

The Colonel, hidden behind the curtain, stood at his chamber-window when the carriage came up before the door of the next house. His breast seemed to be bound together with cords. His dry eyes burned like fire as he saw the Professor, feeble and bent, leave the house and step into the carriage. The carriage rolled away. Coste covered his worn face with his bony hands and wept; but he felt a sort of relief in the knowledge that his lost friend was no longer in his immediate neighborhood. For several days he walked in the garden with gloomy thoughts, disturbed and observed by no one. Then a certain calmness came over him; one morning, as soon as he had left his bed, he wrote the following letter:

"DEAR ISIDOR: I have concluded to leave Montpellier and go to Algiers to live. There I shall find my old regiment and several old comrades, with whom I shall stay. They can not replace what I have lost, but I shall not be so entirely alone with them as I am here. Before I

go, never to see you again, I would like to be with you together once more as in the good old times. So I make the following proposition: Write me when you receive this letter, and give me a rendezvous in Paris. Then, as two years ago, we can look around at the sights of the great city, eat together in the evening, and then wish each other a good night, just as we used to every evening for ten years. The next morning I shall be gone. You shall then think of me without anger, as of a departed friend from whom you have taken leave in peace and friendship; and you shall be the same as ever to me. My anger with you lasted only a few days; since my rage subsided and I came to myself I have felt the same toward you as of old, and I remain, even if you do not accept my proposition,

"Your true friend,

"CASIMIR COSTE."

Old Pascal had given the Colonel the address of her master in Paris. He had put up in a little hotel in the Rue du Helder, the landlord of which was a native of Montpellier, and at which Coste and Tisson had previously often lodged.

On the second day after the letter had been sent to the Professor, the Colonel received a letter from Paris. He recognized the writing of his friend at once, and tore open the envelope with trembling hands. The letter contained only a few hastily written and almost illegible lines:

"I have sworn never to speak the words that you would have to hear in order to enter my house; but I may venture to write you how hard it has grown for me to keep my oath. Forgive me the wrong that I did you in anger. I have atoned for it, and I have remained, unto death,

"Your faithful old friend, J. T."

The letter dropped from the Colonel's hands. The air grew black before his eyes. As soon as he had revived a little, he hastened to Pascal. She had received no news from her master. Thereupon Coste telegraphed to the landlord in Paris asking for immediate tidings about the condition of Professor Tisson, of Montpellier. A few hours later an answer was received from Paris: Professor Tisson had died suddenly; on the morning of the previous day he had been found dead in his room; the funeral was to take place to-morrow; the daughters of the deceased had been notified of the sad event.

Coste left for Paris that evening and arrived there a few hours after the burial of his friend. He met both daughters and the sons-in-law of the deceased in the hotel. They wore the deepest mourning, and bore the misfortune that had befallen them with great dignity. They looked

distantly at the old man who entered their room unannounced, in a dusty traveling-suit, and with agitated mien; and they gave short, precise answers to his questions about the last moments of their father. He had had a stroke of apoplexy; he went to bed about ten o'clock in the evening, well and in good spirits; twelve hours later he had been found dead in his bed, and already cold. He had probably passed away at about eleven o'clock in the evening—without pain, they would hope.

Coste asked to be conducted to the new-made grave the next morning. When he had returned from the graveyard to the hotel, he learned that the "ladies and gentlemen from southern France" had already departed, after they had ordered a "handsome" tombstone to be erected over the grave of Monsieur the Professor.

The landlord, M. Doucet, a talkative man, had known the Colonel for years, and usually was glad to converse with him; but, when the Colonel attempted to find out from him the particulars of his friend's death, he became reserved and chary of his words. Coste saw very well that they were concealing the truth from him. He wanted to know the facts of the case. He bribed the waiter who had charge of the room in which Tisson had died. At first the man would say nothing about it; but, after Coste had solemnly promised not to betray him, he told him the following, with a frightened face:

M. Tisson had arrived five days before. He looked most pitifully—so melancholy and weak. He had gone out but little; had eaten alone in his room, and spoken with nobody in the house. On Friday evening he wrote several letters, which he took to the post himself; then at about ten o'clock he ordered tea, and told him (the waiter) that he was going to bed; nobody should disturb him before morning.

"When I knocked at his door at about nine o'clock, Saturday morning, to give him a letter that had just come, I received no answer, and found the door locked; I suspected that something had happened. I called M. Doucet, and he sent me at once for a police commissioner, so that the door might be opened in the presence of an official. M. Doucet, the inspector, and a doctor, entered the room together. I was ordered to hold watch at the door and let nobody in. I waited long. When the three came out, M. Doucet looked white as chalk. He took me aside and said: 'I depend upon you as an old servant of the house to make no talk; for the reputation of the hotel would suffer in consequence.' I promised to say nothing, and up to this time I have not spoken with a soul about the affair; I shall also speak with nobody else

about it; you were an old friend of M. Tisson's; I know that: you ought to hear the truth. After some hours the doctor came back with two assistants. The three shut themselves up in the chamber where the corpse lay, and staid there a good hour. Late at night, so as not to alarm the other guests, the coffin was brought into the house. The next morning the folks from southern France arrived. They wanted to see the corpse. I went with them into the little *salon* where it lay. It was in the coffin. The face was not distorted—wax-yellow. About the neck was bound a high, stiff, white cravat, reaching to the ears. A cold shudder ran over me when I saw this. I whispered to the landlord that the dead man looked terribly with that cravat. M. Doucet gave me a frightened look and whispered to me to say nothing. My opinion is, Monsieur Colonel, that M. Tisson laid violent hands on himself, and com—"

Coste staggered backward pale as death, and fell upon a sofa. The waiter sprinkled his face with cold water, and forced him to drink some. Then, when the unhappy man had come to himself, the waiter begged him, once more, not to betray him, and went softly away.

Several days after this the Colonel went back to Montpellier, but only to prepare for removing to Paris. Soon after, he took up his abode in a remote quarter of the city, in the neighborhood of the cemetery where Tisson was buried. He lived there for a year—a silent, melancholy man; then he began to pine away, and after a few weeks he took to his bed. He had made no acquaintances in Paris; nobody looked him up to take care of him. The doctor whom he had called in recommended him to engage a Sister of Charity as nurse. The Colonel assented to everything. The nurse came, and left his side neither night nor day. She was a strong, young woman, with a very smooth, calm face, like milk and blood, a face of which one said, on seeing it for the first time, "It is the face of a pure and cleanly person," and of which, after regarding it attentively, one found not much more to say. She nursed the lonesome, helpless old man carefully, faithfully, untiringly, without selfishness, without concern, without hope, as for years she had nursed hundreds of sick and dying.

"He is growing weaker and weaker," she informed the doctor, when he came on his visit one morning at the usual hour. "He recognizes me no longer."

The doctor stepped to the sick-bed. The Colonel lay with half-closed eyes, breathing gently. The doctor felt his pulse, his forehead, his heart, and then said, while he slowly drew on his gloves:

"I hardly think that he will outlive the day.

I shall call again to-night. You may continue to give the medicine which I prescribed yesterday."

The sister nodded, and, after the doctor had gone, took up a piece of needlework with which she was accustomed to employ herself when the patient did not need her services.

The day passed away quietly. No noticeable change in the condition of the dying man. It grew dark. The sister stepped out of the still room on tiptoe, to light a lamp. She had left the door open. When she was in the kitchen she heard the sick man speak. She hastened to his side. He had risen up in bed. His features, which she could see but dimly in the dusk, appeared to her to have grown younger. The eyes, which had been half shut through the day, were open wide. They looked peaceful, friendly. The indescribably beautiful smile, with which so many tired ones greet rest-promising death, glorified his face.

"It is growing dark," he whispered; "wait for me—we will go home together."

He sank back upon the pillow. His breathing grew lighter and shorter—ever lighter, ever shorter—at last ceased.

The Sister stood for several minutes entirely motionless; then she left the room, and soon returned with the lighted lamp. She held it above the head of the dead man, so that the shade threw the clear light full upon the still face. She

regarded it long, without the least emotion, without tenderness, without pain, turned noiselessly away, placed the lamp upon the table, approached the bed again, and closed the eyes of the departed. In the same methodical way she smoothed the pillow and laid the calm head gently and carefully upon it; then she drew the sheets up beneath the chin of the dead man, and laid a wooden crucifix in the cold hands, after she had folded them above the spread; then she lit two candles and placed one at the head and one at the feet of the corpse; at last she took a flask that stood on the commode, and poured the holy water which it held into a saucer, which she had had standing ready on a chair beside the bed. As she did all this without hurry, without hesitation, she looked reflectively about in the room, as if to make sure that she had forgotten nothing. Her careful, quiet look scanned with the same indifferent seriousness the corpse, the candles, the cross, the saucer with the holy water; and when she had convinced herself that nothing was lacking, that everything was in good order, she drew a small, black book out of her pocket, opened it with certain hand at a place well known to her, knelt, made the sign of the cross, and with a half-loud voice began to say the prayers for the dead.

From the German of RUDOLPH LINDAU
(*Nord und Süd*).

DECORATIVE DECORATIONS.

AT first sight, the two words which I have put at the head of this paper look like an obvious tautology. All decorations, you will object, *must* necessarily be decorative. And yet, if I may judge by personal experience in most such English houses as have come under my notice, by far the larger part of our decorations are nothing of the sort. In fact, my purpose in writing this very article is just to put forward a plea for the use of decorative objects and designs in decoration: and, to make my meaning quite clear, I will begin with two examples, one of either sort.

Here, on the table before me, stand a piece of French porcelain, and a small, red Oriental earthenware vase. The French porcelain is undoubtedly, in its way, a work of art. It is produced in very fine clay, made of the best artificial, ground kaolin, and tempered with every addition known to the highest modern handicraft. As paste, it is technically perfect. Its grain is fine, white, and even: it is almost transparent to light;

it is thin and delicate to the touch; and it rings when struck, with a clear and resonant note to the ear. It has been molded into a shape which, though a trifle complicated and wanting in simplicity of outline, is yet pretty and graceful enough after its coquettish Parisian fashion. True, the handles are a little more twisted and curled than I myself should care to have them; and the lip is broken a little more into curves and wriggles than I myself like it; and the natural sweep of the swelling neck and body is somewhat marred by a series of flutings and excrescences which I myself would prefer to remove. But, on the whole, it satisfies the average taste, and its form may be fairly accepted as a good specimen of the ornate style in ceramic art. As for its coloring, it is really well managed, if we regard the vase as an object *per se*. There is a ground of a rich, deep purplish hue; and there are knobs of creamy white, and handles of a good, contrasting green; and in the middle there is a bunch of flowers,

painted with great care and taste by an artist who ought not to be throwing away his skill upon such a trifle as this. He is one of the best Sèvres painters, and he has taken an amount of pains over these violets and cyclamens which is quite out of proportion to the result obtained.

That is a fair description of the porcelain vase, by itself. Now let me put it on the mantel-shelf, and take a look at it for a moment as a decorative object. There can be no question that, from this point of view, the piece of porcelain is a total failure. It is pretty enough when you look closely into it; but at three yards' distance it is nothing at all. The colors are all jumbled together indistinguishably; the carefully painted bunch of flowers is quite lost; and the shape, obscured by its twists and twirls, becomes simply chaotic. There is no outline, no recognizable figure, no real harmony of color, nothing but a shapeless desert of purple and green, with a whitish medallion, variegated by pink and blue patches, in its center, which are vaguely recognized as meant for the bunch of violets and cyclamens aforesaid. As a decoration for a room this Sèvres vase is nowhere.

I turn next to the little bit of red, Oriental earthenware. It is made of common clay, and has not been molded with all the care bestowed upon the French porcelain: but its outline is simple, graceful, and full of native taste. Its swelling bulb curves outward just where it ought to curve; while its slender neck contracts just where it ought to contract, and just to the right extent. Were it fuller below, it would be bulky and inflated; were it slighter above it would be gawky and awkward; but, as it is, it has hit exactly the right mean in tallness and slenderness, in breadth and depth. It has about it that nameless something, that indefinable tone of grace, which one finds in the best Roman amphoræ, the best Etruscan vases, the best Grecian beakers, the best prehistoric flasks and cruets. There are no jutting ornaments, no twisted handles or undulating lips; nothing but sympathetic curves, melting into one another without angularity or break of continuous contour. The whole figure has been molded by a few turns of the wheel, and nothing has been added or altered afterward. In color it is uniform throughout, of a deep and full red, neither crude on one hand nor dull on the other. Its hue is entirely produced by a single vitreous glaze, a little plashed in the firing, but otherwise unvaried from end to end. Though comparatively dear in England now, because old and uncommon, I suppose it cost sixpence to make originally, while the Sèvres vase cost twenty guineas. In itself, as a work of art, it is a mere toy; no more comparable in technique to the bit of French porcelain than a blue-and-white teacup

is comparable to a group of Greek maidens by Sir Frederick Leighton.

I put it on the mantel-shelf, to stand out against the neutral background of the olive-green and blue-tinted wall-paper, and it becomes at once a different thing. I step back three paces into the room, to survey the effect, and I see at a glance that the Oriental red *is* a decoration, while the European purple and green and cream-color is *not*. The one stands out definite in hue and shade against the wall behind, showing off all the simple beauty it possesses to the very best advantage: the other merges into a confused mass of points and colors, having no individuality of its own, and wholly failing to compose an element in the picture as a whole. You could not enter the room without at once catching and comprehending the meaning of the little red vase: you must look at the piece of Sèvres porcelain with a close and critical eye before you begin to observe its good points. No doubt the Parisian product is a triumph of art in its own way; but it certainly is not a decorative decoration.

These two examples typify very fairly what decoration actually is, and what it ought to be. Most people are quite content to look at any pretty thing they happen to see in a shop, and, because it pleases them when so looked at, to buy it forthwith, never stopping to inquire what effect it will have as a part of a room. That is the reason why most of our houses are mere rough-and-tumble collections of stray objects, pretty or otherwise, with very little idea of arrangement, and with no general or intelligible effect. It is seldom, indeed, that we enter a room which we can take in and comprehend as a whole at a single glance. Yet that ought to be the end and aim of all our decorative efforts, the object which we should keep in mind in furnishing our houses, so far as the desire to please or to ornament enters at all into our plan. Of course I admit that our first object must be to secure shelter, warmth, and air, to have beds, tables, chairs, and carpets; but, in so much as we wish to make these pretty, and not merely and simply utilitarian, we should reasonably be guided by a sense of general effect, not of separate and individual prettiness. The rooms which most people most instinctively admire are those in which carpet, dado, paper, and ceiling make an harmonious and consistent framework, and in which chairs, tables, couches, beds, or decorations fall each into their proper place as parts of the general picture. Such a room as this needs no separate study of all its parts in order to see its prettiness; the eye takes it all in at once as a continuous and comprehensible whole, at a single sweep.

Many people say that this is a mere matter of taste: that one person will admire one style of

room while others admire the exact opposite. No doubt the objection is true up to a certain point; but I believe, as a rule, nine people out of ten will admire an artistically arranged and harmonious house, when they see it, far more than a mere scratch collection of odds and ends, such as we usually find in the average English home. They may not have originality or æsthetic initiative enough to invent such a house for themselves; but, the moment they are shown one which somebody else has had the wit to contrive, they are both surprised and delighted with it. I have known utter Philistines, like the Joneses of Cottonopolis, who said beforehand: "I'm sure I sha'n't admire Mr. Cimabue Jenkins's style; his taste is too high and dismal for me"; but when they have been to one of Mr. Cimabue Jenkins's "at-homes" they come away enchanted, saying to one another, "Well, Mrs. Jones, we shall sell all our old furniture, and do the house up again in that æsthetic fashion, as they call it, this very week."

I have a friend at Oxford whose rooms are, perhaps, the prettiest I ever saw. I have turned them into a sort of illustrative museum of domestic decoration by taking all my other friends to see them. Most of them say before they go, "I don't think I shall like them"; but all of them say when they come away, "I never saw anything so charming in my life." Look at the way in which everybody jumped at the new and really decorative styles in wall-papers, and textile fabrics for furniture, and good, honest wooden tables, the moment a small group of artists began to design such things for them. I believe most people have not creativeness enough to make good patterns for themselves; but they have taste enough to know and admire a good pattern when they see it. You need not be a Mozart, or a Beethoven, or a Mendelssohn, in order to appreciate a Twelfth Mass or a Sonata in B flat.

In all our greater artistic work we, in Western Europe, have long recognized the fundamental principle that ornamentation must be subordinated to general effect, and that, however pretty a piece of detailed work may be in itself, it can only be admitted if it helps on, or at least does not detract from, the excellence of the whole. It is this that makes the main difference between Oriental and Western architecture. Look at the gorgeous Hindoo temples, or even at Mohammedan mosques, like the Taj at Agra. You will see in the Eastern buildings whole sides of a quadrangle filled up with marble lattice-work, all fretted into minute and delicate lace-like patterns. This lattice-work is exquisite of its kind, and it produces a sense of high artistic pleasure even in the most cultivated mind. But, if you stand back a little and look at the various

parts of the whole, you will see that the dainty tracery is quite lost in a general view. All that artistic labor has been expended, not on the principal constructive points of the building, but on the mere interspaces; and so it fails entirely of distant effect. On the other hand, look at the tower and doorway of Iffley church. All the flat interspaces consist of plain, unornamented stone-work; but the arches of the portal are deeply recessed, and richly cut with dog-tooth moldings; the windows are decorated with similar ornaments; the corners, the battlements, the string-courses, are all marked with finer and more conspicuous detail. Here there is no waste of decoration where it will not be noticed; every piece of minute mason-work is expended upon some point of constructive importance, so that it helps us at once to grasp and comprehend the whole meaning and plan of the architect, without being distracted from the main purpose by petty and non-significant details.

This same principle can be applied to almost all buildings as a rough test of relative æsthetic development. The tiny Benares temples are most of them mere detail, and nothing else. They are each a simple chaos of admirable carving, without any general design at all. The Taj and the other best Mohammedan works of Agra and Delhi have very distinct and beautiful designs, and the chief architectural points are well brought out; but still a vast mass of the minor and intricate carving is lost in the general view, and only comes out when looked at piecemeal. The Parthenon and the Maison Carré of Nîmes represent the opposite pole; there only the constructive points are decorated, while the backgrounds are left quite plain. But the Hellenic model, if it fails at all, fails in its extreme simplicity, in the too great purity of its style, and the want of sufficient points of interest. Mediæval architecture combines the special beauties of each; it lavishes detailed decoration as freely as the Hindoos, but it restricts its richest work to the bringing out of the main design as rigidly as the Greeks. Lincoln Minster or Chartres will give one a good subject for comparison with the Taj on the one hand, and the Theseum on the other.

Again, contrast Milan with Salisbury Cathedral. It may seem shockingly irreverent to say so, but I have always fancied Milan, with all its wondrous spires and pinnacles and twirligigs, was, after all, but a glorified and idealized wedding-cake—the gorgeous dream of an artistic confectioner with a taste for building up that curious fretwork in white sugar and caramel which decorates the front window of the pastry-cook's shop. It is the apotheosis of confectionery, no doubt; but I am compelled to admit, con-

fectionery none the less. As you gaze up at it, or down upon it from its own top, you fail to get any one intelligent idea of its drift. However you take it, it remains a wilderness of stonework, reducing your mind to a maze and a haze, through which innumerable points and peaks loom up indistinguishably, and fade into others yet beyond them. On the other hand, go into the neat and green little close of Salisbury, take your stand at the northwest corner (or, for the matter of that, at any other point where the Dean and Chapter will permit you), and look up at the building in all its perfect unity and simplicity. To my mind, you will not find a more complete and self-contained cathedral in all Europe. It is not large, it is not even very notable in style, at least as far as peculiarities and technical *tours de force* go; but it forms a single beautiful picture, harmonious throughout, and bound together by the tie of a general conception to which all details have been duly subordinated. Peterborough is nothing but a west front with three magnificent doorways; Westminster Abbey is two fine but incongruous pieces of architecture, grafted inartistically upon one another: but Salisbury is a whole cathedral, with a plan and a central idea, to be grasped at once by eye and mind as readily as an Hellenic temple, yet adorned with all the richness and variety of mediæval workmanship.

In our larger architectural and decorative schemes, as I said before, we have fully mastered this first principle of design—to have a notion and stick to it. It is only in our houses that we have failed to perceive its applicability. And I think we may set down the failure to two causes: the first is, undue ambition; the second is, neglect of the principle of relief.

Ambition shows itself most in the desire for big pictures, good or bad, in heavy gilt frames, and for products of the very highest art, or, where these can not be afforded, travesties of them in coarse execution. Now, we ought never to forget that all pictorial art was in its origin purely decorative. The paintings on an Egyptian tomb or palace formed part of the architectural design; and we can get the best idea of their true import by visiting the admirable restorations at the Crystal Palace, where one can see the thorough subordination of the painter to the architect. The columns and capitals are covered with color; so are the walls and interspaces: but all the figures and subjects fall into their proper place in the total design as a whole. In like manner with Assyrian bas-reliefs; they are architectural compositions, not isolated specimens of plastic art. The frescoes on a Pompeian villa, though freer in treatment, are similarly subordinated to the general decorative conception. It was the

same in the early mediæval churches. They started from the Byzantine model, which we can still see represented in the style of the Greek church. Without moving from Western Europe one may see excellent examples in the well-known Russian church in Paris, near the Parc Monceaux, in the memorial chapel to the Czarewitch at Nice, and in the little white building at Vevay, whose brand-new elegance contrasts not unpleasantly in a single *coup-d'œil* with the somber grandeur of the heavy old tower of the parish church above. It is a striking enough style in its semi-barbaric way, with huge mosaic figures of conventionalized saints standing out in purple and green and violet against a massive background of solid gilding; and, though it fatigues us with its glitter and grandeur, it is not without a gorgeous impressiveness of its own. From this purely decorative art, mediæval Italian painting took its rise; and, though it grew more and more untrammelled with every generation from Cimabue onward, it remained essentially decorative till the Renaissance. Giotto or Ghirlandajo did not paint a picture and then sell it to anybody who turned up, to stick in anywhere, however incongruous the place might be; they undertook to embellish a particular church, and they painted particular square or semicircular or corner-wise frescoes on the spot, for this, that, or the other individual nook or angle of the wall. Even the great Renaissance masters engaged themselves to cover a certain space of St. Peter's or the Vatican, and covered it with suitable designs accordingly. No doubt this was slavery for imitative art, but it had at least the result of making decoration truly decorative.

In process of time, however, as imitative art developed to its full freedom, it cast off entirely the trammels of its architectural and decorative uses. It became a thing-in-itself (not in the Kantian sense, of course), an end to be pursued apart from all idea of special purposes for the finished product. The man who got an inspiration wrought it out on canvas as seemed to him fittest, and then left it to the purchaser to place it amid congruous or incongruous surroundings as he would. Such a change was absolutely necessary, if imitative art was ever to become perfect and individualized. Recognizing, as we now do, that the truthful and exact representation of nature is, to say the least, one among the main ends of pictorial art, we must sacrifice to that end all the mere decorative prettinesses of broad and effective coloring, of mosaic-like gilding, and uniform backgrounds, of artificially symmetrical composition, of balanced figures and hues and shapes. Whether we are entirely realistic, or whether, on the other hand, we allow somewhat to individual idealism and "spiritual insight"—

for into this vexed question I do not wish to enter here—we all agree that close fidelity to nature is one of the chief aims of painting; and that any mode of production which interferes with that aim must be promptly suppressed. Hence we all allow that it is best for our artists freely to choose their own subjects and represent them on their own scale and in their own way, leaving the question of their ultimate destination to be settled at a later period by the person into whose possession the finished pictures may finally come.

This being so, we find ourselves face to face with a new difficulty: what is the best way of exhibiting, in public or private, the works of imitative art so produced as objects of intrinsic beauty? This difficulty could not, of course, crop up under the old system, where such works were produced as parts of a particular architectural whole; and, though it seems rather far at first sight from the question of decorative decorations, I think a little consideration will show us its appositeness to the subject in hand.

Probably the ideally worst way of exhibiting pictures is that adopted in our Royal Academy, and in most galleries of painting, at home and abroad. Jumbled together in close proximity to one another, arranged for the most part according to size alone, with little reference to prevalent tone, subject, harmony, or contrast, and destitute of any background or relieving interspaces, the pictures become a mere waste of colored canvas, separated by wearying masses of gilt frame. I believe the well-known Academy headache is just as much due to the intense and unbroken stimulation of red, blue, and yellow pigments, together with the dazzling effect of continuous gilding, as to the constrained position of the neck, the constant alteration of focus and muscular adjustment in the eyes, and the mental effort of passing so rapidly from one subject of attention to another. All these things not only weary our nerves, but also detract largely from our critical appreciation of the paintings. Of course, a gilt frame throws up the color of the picture better than anything else could do; but then, in order to produce its full effect, it requires to be isolated in the midst of a comparatively wide field of neutral or dark-tinted background, so that the picture may be viewed by itself, as it was painted, uninfluenced in tone by the interference of other and often discordant fields of color, introducing fresh and perhaps disturbing sentiments into the mind. Accordingly, I believe that for our developed imitative art, divorced as it so largely is from decorative intent, the best mode of exhibition would be one apart from domestic adjuncts, and with each canvas in comparatively complete isolation against a studied

background. As this, however, would defeat the object for which most persons buy pictures—as domestic decorations—I think the next best thing would be to subordinate the room as far as possible to the pictures, and to choose them as far as possible with an eye to their effect upon one another in juxtaposition. No doubt there are a few people who do this already; but the vast majority of picture-buyers are quite capable of hanging a *Derby Day* by Mr. Frith close to a *Madonna* by Mr. Rossetti, and putting both against a background which makes even the first unnecessarily annoying to the eye.

I have been good-humoredly laughed at by a friendly critic for proposing that you should turn out Turner and David Cox because they would not harmonize with your coal-scuttle. Now, though this is an extreme way of putting the case, I am not sure that it is wholly wrong. After all, it is better at any rate to make your coal-scuttle harmonize with your Turner, and then to abstain from buying a David Cox unless it will go well with both. If the picture is to be used as a household decoration, care should at any rate be taken that it is relatively decorative. But most people go to a gallery, see a thing that pleases them, buy it indiscriminately, and then put it somewhere where it loses in effect itself, and spoils the effect of everything else about it. It seems to me that in this way the ambition to have pictures of some sort, because they are the highest form of our developed art, has largely prevented our decoration from working into natural lines. And, considering how very few people can afford really good pictures, I think it would be better for most, except the very wealthy, to confine themselves to the lower but more manageable design of planning their homes decoratively with good, effect. Thousands who can neither understand nor afford Botticellis and Pinturiccios can do this and do it well; but their impulse has been set in the wrong direction, and they fail accordingly to produce anything æsthetic in any way.

So much for the first point, the dangers of ambition; now a few words as to the second, the neglect of the principle of relief.

Æsthetic pleasure seems to consist for the most part in the due intermixture of stimulation and rest. If there is no stimulation, there is no pleasure, but, if the stimulation is too intense, sustained, and unbroken, the pleasure rapidly gives way to fatigue. In ordinary circumstances, however, we have abundant opportunities of relief in the general dull or neutral background. Hence, what we usually call pretty things are those which yield us considerable visual stimulation (for I am confining myself here to visual beauty alone) in luster, color, form, or detail. A glance at the

commonly recognized beautiful objects in nature will show us the truth of this, for they are mostly such things as red, yellow, blue, pink, and orange flowers; ruddy fruits and berries; bright-colored butterflies, beetles, birds, and animals; golden or other metallic plumes; crystals, gems, and brilliant stones; rainbows and sunset clouds; autumn hues on the forest; blue or purple seas; green fields, red crags, white chalk cliffs, dazzling skies, and so forth. On the other hand, we do not think of brown earth, dingy roads, overcast and gloomy skies, desert sands, or dull seas as *in themselves* pretty, though they may become so by some effect of contrast or sentiment. In fact, stimulation of color, luster, brilliancy, and light and shade forms the positive element of visual æsthetic feeling; whereas relief, or rest, gained by the intermeditation of duller or neutral backgrounds, forms only its negative or relative element.

Accordingly, we usually call stimulating objects pretty, and that is the common sense of the word in the mouths of all but a select artistic few. When average people want to buy anything, they naturally buy a "pretty" thing, and they buy everything "pretty" alike. They know the end they want to produce, but they mistake the means necessary to produce it. So they get a pretty white paper, with bright bunches of red and blue flowers; and a pretty piano with a piece of crimson silk facing let in behind its fretwork front; and a pretty carpet with green and orange spots; and a set of pretty chairs and couches, with light-blue satin coverings. They get still more color in their curtains and wool-work cushions, while they lavish a sea of gilding on their mirrors and cornices, besides running a little gold over the moldings of the door and round the base-board of the room. Then they stick in a lot of chandeliers with cut-glass prisms and brilliants, a pair or so of glass and porcelain vases, an ormolu clock, and a few water-colors or family portraits in heavy gilt frames, with knobs and curls to bring out the gilding into full prominence. We can hardly wonder at them when we look at what greater authorities have done—at the jumbled mass of internal decoration in Exeter Cathedral, or at the glassy-looking, slippery, oily, over-polished, and glistening interior of the Albert Chapel at Windsor.

Now, the error of all this consists in its neglect of the principle of relief. In order to produce an æsthetic effect you must have not only a few pretty things, but also, if I may be allowed the expression, a great many ugly or neutral things. You must not make your bouquet consist entirely of tuberose and gladiolus; you must intersperse a little green foliage as well. You must not paint your picture all crimson and purple; you must have a bit of brown hillside and cloudy sky. The

great secret of internal decoration consists in making the background into a background, and allowing your pretty things to come out against it by contrast. That is why everybody, or almost everybody, prefers (when once he has seen it) a neutral or retiring wall-paper to a white and gold pattern interspersed with casual bunches of red and green. You don't want your paper to be pretty in the sense of stimulating; you want it to be restful, delicate, relieving. If you can make it rich in diapered fretwork as well, so much the better; but its first object must be to retire, not to obtrude itself on the eye. Then, having secured such a general background, your next object must be to choose such decorations as will show well against it. In short, while your relief should be relieving, your decorations should be decorative. It is not enough that they should be pretty separately, or when closely examined; they should be pretty then and there, as they stand, in conjunction with all their surroundings. It is the neglect of this condition which makes most of our rooms into a bedlam of conflicting objects; it is attention to it which alone can make them into harmonious and intelligible wholes.

As a rule, a great deal too much labor is expended upon would-be ornamental products, and with very little artistic effect. Take, as a supreme and awful example, the old-fashioned Berlin wool-work. Look at all the time wasted in depicting and grounding those impossible bunches of patchwork roses, those ladies with square red blocks of woollen mosaic to represent their cheeks, those lap-dogs with lusterless eyes and rectangularly waving tails. Yet, incredible as it seems, human beings used to buy pieces of this work with the pattern already finished, and spend days in mechanically filling in the black background. They paid work-girls for doing the only interesting part of the design, such as it was, to save themselves even the faint intellectual effort of counting the holes, and then contentedly reduced their individuality to the level of a steam power-loom, to cover the remainder of the canvas with uniform lines of black stitches. Happily, crewel-work has now saved one half the British race from this depth of artistic degradation, and though they still buy their patterns ready traced, instead of honestly designing them for themselves, they do manage now to turn out something pretty in the end, and to make the result not wholly and ridiculously inadequate to the time spent over it. I have lately seen a beautiful brown-holland dado, one of the most effective bits of decoration that I ever saw for people of moderate means. It consisted of a plain wide strip of the simple material, unworked below, with a border about eighteen inches wide on top, worked in crewels with original designs of birds and water-plants, drawn in

Japanese fashion, without reference to the artificial limits of the material. This piece of work was very rapidly wrought in outline merely, by a few deft-fingered girls, and yet it was fifty times more effective than a dozen antimacassars or table-covers of the ordinary South Kensington type, which would have taken three times as long to make, and would not have had any of the spontaneity or originality of this pretty and clever dado.

Half our decorative work fails in just this same particular, that it lavishes labor without thinking of general effect. Vases are adorned with all kinds of quasi-ornamental knobs and excrescences, which take a great deal of time to make, and yet only succeed in spoiling the outline of what might otherwise have been a pretty form. Pictures are laboriously painted on porcelain or glass which would really look far better in uniform tints, or with simple party-colored glazes. Legs of chairs and tables are turned into alternate bulbs and contractions, when they would look much more solid and workmanlike with undecorated tapering or fluted stems. Chairs and sofas are contorted and agonized into the strangest wriggles, like dying serpents, all for the express purpose, apparently, of preventing their shape from being readily recognized by the eye in any position whatsoever. Mirrors are surmounted by curls and arabesques in gilt plaster of Paris, which generally mar the good effect of a simple square or canted rectangular frame. And all these curious uglifications—to borrow an expressive word from "Alice in Wonderland"—have been positively intended to beautify the objects upon which they are imposed. I have stood in a pottery or glass-factory and actually seen a workman take a natural and pretty vase in its plastic condition, and spoil it before my very eyes by crimping the lip, gauffering the neck, and adding a pair of bastard rococo handles to the two sides.

It will be said, no doubt, that most people like these things; that the taste for simple decorative objects, for relief, and for quiet arrangement, is confined to a very small number of people. I can hardly think so ill myself of the average taste. No doubt there are some people whose naturally strong and hearty nerves will enable them to stand so much stimulation as one gets in the ordinary blue-and-gold drawing-room without fa-

tigue. There is no more need to surround these strong-minded persons with decorations which they would never admire, than there is need to compel all curry-loving and deviled-meat-eating Indian colonels to forswear sherry and madeira, abandon kedgeree and red peppers, and take to drinking light hocks, eating *vol-au-vents* or smooth jellies, and smoking Turkish cigarettes after dinner, instead of their accustomed Havanas. But the vast majority of English people are really and unaffectedly charmed when they see a room prettily furnished, with due regard both to stimulation and relief. They allow at once that the effect is pleasant, and they are anxious to imitate it so far as they can. In most cases, the fact that their houses have been already furnished and decorated for them on the gilt-mirror and blue-satin principle, prevents them from adopting off-hand the fashion they admire; but one often hears them say, "If ever I set up house afresh, I shall get all my things in this new style." Then, again, there are others who like the old-fashioned glitter for association's sake, and find quiet papers and carpets "gloomy"; but these people often come round after a while, and learn to admire what at first they disliked. Only the other day, an old lady was looking with me into the windows of a good upholsterer's, and praising the pretty textile fabrics and the beautiful pottery displayed in tasteful black cabinets. "It takes some time," she said, "to acquire a taste for things of this sort; but, when one has acquired it, they are so much more satisfying than the gilt absurdities we used to put into our rooms a few years ago." This is the feeling of thousands and thousands. They feel repelled at first by what they think the dullness and dinginess of restful backgrounds for decoration; but when they have learned how to arrange them, and how to bring in those bits of color and ornament for which the background is only a relief, they find the whole result a hundred times more satisfying than the old chaos of glitter and jingle. The astounding revolution in taste within the last ten years sufficiently shows that the world at large is delighted to be taught decorative principles when any one who understands them is willing to undertake the task.

GRANT ALLEN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

ROMANCES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

THERE are few subjects, probably, in the domain of literary criticism that have aroused keener controversy or produced wider divergences of opinion than the historical romance. M. Souer, an eminent French critic, representing one of the extremes of opinion, affirms categorically that "romance is the mortal enemy of history," and that "historical romances injure the cause of science"; while extremists at the other wing declare that history is merely the residual dust of past events until it has been vivified and animated by the personifying imagination of the romancer, and that he is always the most successful and popular historian who borrows most largely from the art and methods of the romance-writer. It seems to us that the claims and affirmations of neither party can be wholly denied. As long as history remains a mere aggregation of facts and names and dates, nothing could well be more destitute of interest or value, and that art can hardly be unworthy which aroused the best efforts of Sir Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas, Sr., and which is illustrated by such works as George Eliot's "Romola," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and Kingsley's "Hypatia." On the other hand, no one knows so well as the serious student of history how narrow are the limits within which our knowledge of past times is confined, and that any attempt to reconstruct a detailed picture of them is simply to create something that never existed, and probably never could have existed, and, in so far as it is accepted as authentic, to confuse the memory and cloud the judgment of the inquirer.

The difficulties of the question are such, indeed, that no sweeping general judgment can properly be passed upon the historical romance as a species of literature; but each romance must be considered by itself as an independent work. No one can pretend to doubt that Scott and Dumas did more than all the writers of history proper to kindle a popular interest in mediæval life and events; nor can it be denied that from Scott, at least, we obtain a fairly accurate idea of the more salient and picturesque features of that previously obscure and neglected period. Yet the author even of such works should never attempt to blind the reader to the fact that it is romance and not history that he is reading, and that any realistic picture, even of a period so recent as the "age of chivalry," must contain many details which never existed save in the fancy of the romancer. As long as this condition is complied with, the ordinary criticisms upon historical romance would hardly seem to apply; for, after

all, human nature is to a surprising degree the same in all ages and among all peoples, and, with the exception of the drama, there is positively no other method by which the majority of readers can be made to *realize* the events, the circumstances, and the life of the past.

Precisely the right view of the matter appears to have been taken by Dr. Georg Ebers, the renowned German archaeologist, whose fictitious delineations of ancient Egyptian life have attracted quite as much attention, and aroused quite as keen an interest, as his more strictly scholastic researches and discoveries. Upon the details and accessories of these romances he has bestowed as opulent learning and as painstaking care as the most conscientious historian could bestow upon his narrative; and the apparatus of explanatory and corroborative notes is as formidable as in any history with which we are acquainted. Indeed, these notes show conclusively that the stories are less "coinages of the brain" than specimens of a sort of literary mosaic, in which minute facts, the accumulations of a lifetime of laborious research, are so pieced together as to form a representative picture. Nevertheless, while claiming that his attention and industry have enabled him to avoid glaring errors in matters of detail, Dr. Ebers warns his readers at the outset that his romances are, for the most part, products of the imagination, and are to be judged and enjoyed like any other work of art. In the preface to his latest romance ("The Sisters") he says: "All the personages of my story grew up in my imagination from a study of the times in which they lived, but, when once I saw them clearly in outline, they soon stood before my mind in a more distinct form, like people in a dream; I felt the poet's pleasure in creation, and as I painted them their blood grew warm, their pulses began to beat, and their spirit to take wings and stir, each in its appropriate nature. I gave History her due, but the historic figures retired into the background beside the human beings as such; the representatives of an epoch became vehicles for a Human Ideal, holding good for all time; and thus it is that I venture to offer this transcript of a period as really a dramatic romance."

The earliest written, the most celebrated, and, on the whole, the best of Dr. Ebers's historical romances, is "An Egyptian Princess."* Its

* An Egyptian Princess. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Eleanor Grove. Authorized edition. Two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

[Another translation of this story has been before the

scene is laid in the sixth century before Christ, and it aims to depict with more or less fullness the three great nations of antiquity. At the outset the reader is introduced to a circle of cultivated Greeks, the members of a colony that had established itself at Naukratis, the only Hellenic port of Egypt; then to the court of the Pharaohs and the company of Egyptians; then, through the marriage of the Princess, the scene is transferred to Persia; and finally we return to the Nile with the conquering legions of Cambyses. The events which it describes are in the main historical, and so are the leading characters. Among these latter, besides Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, are Darius, his successor on the Persian throne, and Amasis, under whom the ancient Egyptian civilization appears to have reached its culminating phase. Herodotus, the "Father of history," was born only forty or fifty years after the events related, and his history furnished the basis for the romance; but the author points out that he has not followed Herodotus blindly, but, especially in the development of his characters, has chosen those paths which the principles of psychology have enabled him to lay down for himself, and has never omitted consulting the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions.

In view of its somewhat formidable apparatus of learning, its attempt to adhere as closely as possible to the known facts of history, and the anxious industry with which each statement is fortified and confirmed, the story is much more dramatic, and much more interesting merely as a story, than would naturally have been expected. Some of the characters stand forth with a well-marked individuality; the forward movement of the narrative is seldom interrupted; the court scenes, ceremonials, displays, and pageantry, are painted with a splendid picturesqueness of detail; and there are times when the reader forgets that he is dealing with those who have hitherto appeared to his imagination in the august drapery of history, and takes a genuine interest in them as actual men and women. The passion warms the blood, and the pathos stirs the feelings; and, when we lay the book down at the close, we discover that Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, have become to us no longer "hollow-echoing names of the past," but "men of like manner even as ourselves."

This is the most conclusive possible testimony

public for some years, under the title of "The Daughter of an Egyptian King," but it was made from one of the earlier editions and omits the notes, the importance of which will be explained further along in our notice. Nine German editions of the work have appeared, and in at least five of them the author has made material changes and corrections. Miss Grove's version was made for Baron Tauchnitz from the latest German edition, and includes all the notes and amendments.]

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to Dr. Ebers's success, and places "An Egyptian Princess" in the front rank of historical romances. It is very rarely that the puppets of the romancer assume to our imaginations the hues of flesh and blood, and to make them do so is one of the highest achievements of creative art. To his success in this, far more than to the pictorial splendor of his descriptions, is due the wide popularity which Dr. Ebers's works have attained in his own country and elsewhere.

Before referring to the notes with which Dr. Ebers has fortified and illustrated his text, we will reproduce a descriptive passage which exemplifies his power of *realizing* and vivifying the arid facts of the annalists:

"That day was a busy, stirring one in Cambyses's harem. In order that the women might look their very best, Bogen had commanded that they should all be taken to the bath before the banquet. He therefore went at once to that wing of the palace, which contained the baths for the women.

"While he was still at some distance a confused noise of screaming, laughing, chattering, and tittering reached his ears. In the broad porch of the large bathing-room, which had been almost overheated, more than three hundred women were moving about in a dense cloud of steam. The half-naked forms floated over the warm pavement like a motley crowd of phantoms. Their thin silken garments were wet through and clung to their delicate figures, and a warm rain descended upon them from the roof of the bath, rising up again in vapor when it reached the floor.

"Groups of handsome women, ten or twenty together, lay gossiping saucily in one part of the room; in another two king's wives were quarreling like naughty children. One beauty was screaming at the top of her voice because she had received a blow from her neighbor's dainty little slipper, while another was lying in lazy contemplation, still as death, on the damp, warm floor. Six Armenians were standing together, singing a saucy love-song in their native language with clear-toned voices, and a little knot of fair-haired Persians were slandering Nitetis so fearfully, that a bystander would have fancied our beautiful Egyptian was some awful monster, like those nurses used to frighten children.

"Naked female slaves moved about through the crowd, carrying on their heads well-warmed cloths to throw over their mistresses. The cries of the eunuchs, who held the office of door-keepers, and were continually urging the women to greater haste—the screeching calls of those whose slaves had not yet arrived—the penetrating perfumes and the warm vapor combined to produce a motley, strange, and stupefying scene.

"A quarter of an hour later, however, the king's wives presented a very different spectacle.

"They lay like roses steeped in dew, not asleep, but quite still and dreaming, on soft cushions placed along the walls of an immense room. The wet per-

fumes still lay on their undried and flowing hair, and nimble female slaves were busied in carefully wiping away, with little bags made of soft camel's hair, the slightest outward trace of the moisture which penetrated deep into the pores of the skin.

"Silken coverlets were spread over their weary, beautiful limbs, and a troop of eunuchs took good care that the dreamy repose of the entire body should not be disturbed by quarrelsome or petulant individuals.

"Their efforts, however, were seldom so successful as to-day, when every one knew that a disturbance of the peace would be punished by exclusion from the banquet.

"They had probably been lying a full hour in this dreamy silence, when the sound of a gong produced another transformation.

"The reposing figures sprang from their cushions, a troop of female slaves pressed into the hall, the beauties were anointed and perfumed, their luxuriant hair ingeniously braided, plaited, and adorned with precious stones. Costly ornaments and silken and woolen robes in all the colors of the rainbow were brought in—shoes stiff with rich embroidery of pearls and jewels were tied on to their tender feet, and golden girdles fastened round their waists."

The notes, which we have mentioned as being especially numerous in "An Egyptian Princess," were prepared by the author for a threefold purpose. "In the first place," he says, "they served to explain the text; in the second they were a guarantee of the care with which I had striven to depict the archaeological details in all their individuality from the records of the monuments and of classic authors; and, thirdly, I hoped to supply the reader who desired further knowledge of the period with some guide to his studies." At a later period, his estimate of the utility of these notes appears to have been lowered, and in the preface to his second story he takes the trouble to point out that the book is intelligible without the aid of notes, and to add that "the reader who wishes to follow the mind of the author in this work should not trouble himself with the notes as he reads, but merely at the beginning of each chapter read over the notes which belong to the foregoing one. . . . Every glance at the foot-notes," he continues, "must necessarily disturb and injure the development of the tale as a work of art. The story stands here as it flowed from one fount, and was supplied with notes only after its completion." The suggestion is a very proper one, but if it should betray the reader into neglecting the notes altogether, he will not only have lost much that gives *vraisemblance* and significance to the stories, but will also have missed some of the most entertaining passages that the books contain. Many of them put into concise and available form just those items of information about creeds, cus-

toms, and manners that every one who becomes interested in the life of the ancient peoples will be sure to desire; and it adds very greatly to their value, of course, that they represent no second-hand gleanings, but embody the latest results of archaeological research. Where else, for example, can the reader find so clear and yet so brief an account of the Egyptian Cosmos as in the following note to a phrase in "An Egyptian Princess":

"Each human soul was considered as a part of the world-soul Osiris, was united to him after the death of the body, and thenceforth took the name of Osiris. The Egyptian Cosmos consisted of the three great realms, the Heavens, the Earth, and the Depths. Over the vast ocean which girdles the vault of heaven, the sun moves in a boat or car drawn by the planets and fixed stars. On this ocean, too, the great constellations circle in their ships, and there is the kingdom of the blissful gods, who sit enthroned above this heavenly ocean under a canopy of stars. The mouth of this great stream is in the East, where the sun-god rises from the mists and is born again as a child every morning. The surface of the earth is inhabited by human beings having a share in the three great cosmic kingdoms. They receive their soul from the heights of heaven, the seat and source of light; their material body is of the earth; and the appearance or outward form by which one human being is distinguished from another at sight—his phantom or shadow—belongs to the depths. At death, soul, body, and shadow separate from one another. The soul to return to the place from whence it came, to heaven, for it is a part of God (of Osiris); the body, to be committed to the earth from which it was formed in the image of its creator; the phantom or shadow to descend into the depths, the kingdom of shadows. The gate to this kingdom was placed in the West among the sunset hills, where the sun goes down daily—where he dies. Thence arise the changeful and corresponding conceptions connected with rising and setting, arriving and departing, being born and dying. The careful preservation of the body after death from destruction, not only through the process of inward decay, but also through violence or accident, was in the religion of ancient Egypt a principal condition (perhaps introduced by the priests on sanitary grounds) on which depended the speedy deliverance of the soul, and with this her early, appointed union with the source of Light and Good, which two properties were, in idea, one and indivisible. In the Egyptian conceptions the soul was supposed to remain, in a certain sense, connected with the body during a long cycle of solar years. She could, however, quit the body from time to time at will, and could appear to mortals in various forms and places; these appearances differed according to the hour, and were prescribed in exact words and delineations."

And where is there a more pleasing version of an ancient legend or myth than in this note

to a dialogue in which Æschylus's rendering of the nightingale's call ("Itys, ito, itys") is introduced:

"The Itys-call of the nightingale had, however, originally a very different signification. Philomela is bemoaning the boy Itys, who has been slain to revenge her wrongs on his father. Prokne, the sister of Philomela and daughter of the Athenian, Pandion, was the wife of Tereus of Daulis in Thrace. Itys was their son. Tereus, having to conduct Philomela to her sister, used violence toward the maiden on the way thither, cut out her tongue to prevent her from revealing his conduct, and left her in the wood. Philomela, however, wove the story of her wrongs into a garment, by means of which she informed her sister Prokne of Tereus's baseness. On discovering this, Prokne killed her own child Itys and caused his flesh to be served up as a dish for her husband. The sisters then fled, and were pursued by Tereus on his discovering that he had eaten his own son. They prayed to the gods, who granted their petition, and transformed them, together with Tereus, into birds. According to the original myth, Prokne fled into the forest in the form of a nightingale and bewailed her sacrificed Itys. Philomela was turned into a swallow, who, from the loss of her tongue, could only twitter and cry 'Tereu.' Tereus became a hoopoe, whose perpetual call (referring to his lost son) was 'pou?' 'where?' The punishments of entire and of semi-sleeplessness were imposed on the nightingale and the swallow. The accounts differ as to which sister became the nightingale. Ovid, who gives the whole story in a most charming form, leaves the question undecided. But he too assumes that Philomela became a nightingale, and this has since become the universal belief."

In "Uarda,"* the second of the romances in the order of appearance, we are carried back to the fourteenth century before Christ, to the period of the second Rameses, Rameses himself being a conspicuous figure in the story. The germ of the romance is the treason of the Regent Ani, as narrated by Herodotus and confirmed by the Epos of Pentaur; but the author desires it to be kept in mind that the product is "a poetic fiction, in which I wish all the facts derived from history and all the costume drawn from the monuments to be regarded as incidental, and the emotions of the actors in the story as what I attach importance to."

Regarded from this point of view, as a dramatic delineation of persons and events apart from their historical significance, "Uarda" must be pronounced greatly inferior to its predecessor. It is as full of information about the life of the

ancient Egyptians, and it gives a remarkably striking and adequate account of their religious observances and theories, and their educational methods; but it lacks the dramatic element and the atmosphere of romance, and the characters take a much feebler hold upon our sympathies. In it the German taste for abstractions and metaphysical speculation makes itself manifest; it is too full of argument and discussion and exposition; and in the treatment of theological questions it not infrequently wanders off into the vague twilight of mysticism. The canvas was too large for the picture that was to be represented upon it, and in trying to fill it, notwithstanding, the author has allowed himself to multiply and linger over details until the reader's interest is exhausted and his attention fatigued. For this reason, in spite of some excellent character-painting and some descriptive passages of extraordinary brilliancy, "Uarda" is not likely to be esteemed so highly as the earlier work.

The third and latest romance of the series is entitled "The Sisters,"* and its scene is laid in Memphis, under the Macedonian dynasty of the Ptolemys, in the year 164 B. C. The materials for portraying this comparatively recent period are tolerably ample, and the author has endeavored to give a faithful picture of its "historical physiognomy," as well as to entertain by his story. The two hostile brothers who figure in the latter, Ptolemy Philometer and Euergetes II, are historical personages; so is Cleopatra, the Queen; and so are the eunuch Eulæus and the Roman Publius Cornelius Scipio. The two sisters, Klea and Irene, are purely imaginary personages, but their characters and their story were suggested to the author by some fragments that have been preserved from the Royal Archives of Memphis, containing petitions written on papyrus in the Greek language. The leading characters of the story and its accessories are Greek, but the background and the atmosphere are Egyptian, and the scene is laid in one of the great Egyptian capitals.

Being but little more than half as long as "Uarda," "The Sisters" is more readable and animated, resembling in this respect "An Egyptian Princess." The portrait of the royal ruffian, Euergetes, is a vigorous piece of character-painting, and the more subtle and sinuous nature of Cleopatra (not Shakespeare's Cleopatra, by the way) is equally well portrayed. The figures of the sisters are somewhat spectral in comparison, but the reader will be sufficiently interested in their fate to follow the narrative with attentive interest. The descriptive passages are, as usual,

* Uarda. A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. Authorized edition. Two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

* The Sisters. A Romance. By Georg Ebers. From the German, by Clara Bell. Authorized edition. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

picturesque in a high degree, and bring vividly before the reader's imagination the "gorgeous East." Here is a portion of the description of a banquet given by Ptolemy to the Roman Publius Cornelius Scipio :

"Oriental splendor and Greek elegance were combined in the decoration of the saloon of moderate size, in which Ptolemy Philometer was wont to prefer to hold high festival with a few chosen friends. Like the great reception-hall and the men's hall—with its twenty doors and lofty porphyry columns—in which the King's guests assembled, it was lighted from above, since it was only at the sides that the walls—which had no windows—and a row of graceful alabaster columns, with Corinthian acanthus-capitals, supported a narrow roof. The center of the hall was quite uncovered. At this hour, when it was blazing with hundreds of lights, the large opening, which by day admitted the bright sunshine, was closed over by a gold network, decorated with stars and a crescent moon of rock-crystal, and the meshes were close enough to exclude the bats and moths which at night always fly to the light. But the illumination of the King's banqueting-hall made it almost as light as day, consisting of numerous lamps, with many branches held up by lovely little figures of children in bronze and marble. Every joint was plainly visible in the mosaic of the pavement, which represented the reception of Heracles into Olympus, the feast of the gods, and the astonishment of the amazed hero at the splendor of the celestial banquet; and hundreds of torches were reflected in the walls of polished, yellow marble, brought from Hippo Regius; these were inlaid by skilled artists with costly stones, such as lapis lazuli and malachite, crystals, blood-stones, jasper, agates, and chalcedony, to represent fruit-pieces and magnificent groups of game or of musical instruments; while the pilasters were decorated with masks of the tragic and comic muses, torches, thyrs wreathed with ivy and vine, and Pan-pipes. These were wrought in silver and gold, and set with costly marbles, and they stood out from the marble background like metal-work on a leather shield, or the rich ornamentation on a sword-sheath. The figures of a Dionysiac procession, forming the frieze, looked down upon the feasters—a fine *rilievo* that had been designed and modeled for Ptolemy Soter by the sculptor Bryaxis, and then executed in ivory and gold.

"Everything that met the eye in this hall was splendid, costly, and, above all, of a genial aspect, even before Cleopatra had come to the throne; and she—here as in her own apartments—had added the busts of the greatest of the Greek philosophers and poets, from Thales of Miletus down to Strato, who raised *chance* to fill the throne of God, and from Hesiod to Callimachus. She, too, had placed the tragic mask side by side with the comic, for at her table, she was wont to say, she desired to see no one who could not enjoy grave and wise discourse more than eating, drinking, and laughter.

"Instead of assisting at the banquet, as other ladies used, seated on a chair at the foot of her husband's couch, she reclined on a couch of her own, behind which stood busts of Sappho the poetess and Aspasia the friend of Pericles.

"Though she made no pretensions to be regarded as a philosopher or even as a poetess, she asserted her right to be considered a connoisseur in the arts of poetry and music; and, if she preferred reclining to sitting, how could she have done otherwise, since she was fully aware how well it became her to extend herself in a picturesque attitude on her cushions, and to support her head on her arm as it rested on the back of her couch?—for that arm, though not, strictly speaking, beautiful, always displayed the finest specimens of Alexandrian workmanship in gem-cutting and goldsmith's work.

"But, in fact, she selected a reclining posture especially for the sake of showing her feet: not a woman in Egypt or Greece had a smaller or more finely formed foot than she. For this reason her sandals were so made that, when she stood or walked, they protected only the soles of her feet, and her slender, white toes, with the roseate nails and their polished, white half-moons, were left uncovered. At the banquet she put off her sandals altogether, as the men did—hiding her feet at first, however, and not displaying them till she thought the marks left on her tender skin by the straps had completely disappeared. . . .

"Nine couches, arranged three and three in a horseshoe, invited the guests to repose, with their arms of ebony and cushions of dull olive-green brocade, on which a delicate pattern of gold and silver seemed just to have been breathed. . . .

"While the servants strewed the couches with rose-leaves, sprinkled perfumed waters, and placed by the couch of each guest a small table, made of silver and of a slab of fine, reddish-brown porphyry, veined with white, the King addressed a pleasant greeting to each guest, apologizing for the smallness of the number."

The pictorial effect of this can not be denied, and the author's resources are inexhaustible, yet this very banquet-scene illustrates what, from an artistic point of view, is the chief fault of all these stories. The account of it fills forty-nine pages out of a total of three hundred and fifty-two, and of course there can be very little movement or action where a seventh of the entire book is taken up with a single episode.

In conclusion, however, one thing more must be said in praise of these romances. No one can fail to admire the constructive skill which is displayed in all of them. Their plots are as intricate as a puzzle, but every part fits into its place like the carefully prepared bits of glass in a mosaic, and the development, though slow, is as orderly and regular as the evolutions of trained soldiery.

THE PHOTOPHONE.

THE world can not keep pace with the scientific surprises of this age. Before sufficient time has elapsed to make one startling invention familiar, another equally astonishing is already the subject of lectures and newspaper articles. Before the telephone, the microphone, and the phonograph have found their way into common use, a still more extraordinary instrument is announced—one of which the results are as unexpected by the scientific as they are incredible to the ordinary mind. We hear of conversation being carried on by means of a trembling beam of light, and incredulity reaches its climax when it is whispered that the photophone may enable us to hear the rise and fall of those gigantic storms that are constantly sweeping over the sun's surface. Is it possible that the revelations of modern science—condemned as materialistic and prosaic—can thus outstrip the wildest flights of the imagination?

The photophone is the latest development of Professor Graham Bell's ingenuity, and for its scientific novelty, if not for its practical utility, well deserves a brief description. One of the elementary bodies, named selenium, and allied to sulphur, is known to undergo certain changes in its molecular structure when light falls upon it. These changes cause the very high resistance it offers to the passage of an electric current to vary slightly, and this curious effect, hitherto believed to be unique, has lately been the subject of investigation by various English physicists. It occurred to several that this substance might be employed as a sort of telephone, a beam of light being used to replace the conducting wires of the usual forms of these instruments. Professor Graham Bell, the discoverer of the telephone, to whom, among others, this idea occurred, has had the good fortune to throw that thought into practical shape.

A mirror, from which is reflected a powerful beam of light, may be caused to vibrate by means of the voice. These vibrations toss the beam of light slightly to and fro, and this vibrating beam falls upon a selenium receiver, through which an electric current is passing, thereby creating slight variations in the resistances the current encounters. These tiny variations in electric resistance can be detected and rendered audible by that wonderfully sensitive little instrument, the Bell telephone. This was the conception which led Professor Bell to announce, in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution so long ago as 1878, the "possibility of hearing a shadow fall upon a piece of selenium." Within the last few months,

he has succeeded in putting this into practical execution.

In the articulating photophone, a beam of light, derived either from an artificial source or from the sun, is thrown by a mirror on to the transmitter, which is a small disk of silvered glass, with a tube and mouth-piece attached. The beam of light reflected from the transmitter is focused as nearly as possible upon the distant receiver. When, therefore, words are spoken into the mouth-piece, the disk becomes agitated, alters slightly in shape, and, therefore, in its focal length, and thus affects the receiving-station, by throwing upon it a greater or less amount of light, according as the beam is in or out of focus. If absolutely accurate adjustment were possible, and all disturbing elements could be eliminated, the varying amount of illumination received at the distant end would wholly depend upon the variations in sound at the transmitting end, and an exact reproduction of the original sounds would be obtained. This we can not expect yet, but the results already obtained lead one to hope that in time even this may be achieved.

The receiver of the photophone, as at present arranged, consists of a large concave mirror, which reflects and focuses the light upon a selenium cell; this is connected with a battery, and a couple of ordinary telephones are included in the circuit. The selenium cell is very ingeniously adapted by Professor Bell to its purpose. It consists of alternate disks of brass and mica, the edges of which are coated with selenium, pared to make it as thin as possible, while yet exposing a sufficiently large surface to the action of the light. Any increase of light, falling upon this selenium cell, lessens its electric resistance; hence the vibrations of the mirror (caused by the words spoken into the mouth-piece by the transmitter), altering somewhat the amount of light received upon the cell, reproduce themselves audibly, by means of the greater or less amount of electricity thereby transmitted through the telephone. Both transmitter and receiver must, of course, be so supported as to be free to move, according to the direction in which the beam has to be sent or received.

There are many difficulties in the practical working of this little instrument, but, though entirely satisfactory results have not yet been obtained, the principle is beyond dispute that sound and light can act upon one another in the manner described. Articulate speech has been transmitted by means of the telephone to a distance of some two hundred and thirty yards, the voice

being heard sometimes almost as loudly as in talking through an ordinary telephone, though the sound varies in intensity in an unaccountable manner.

Professor Bell has arrived at many interesting results while experimenting upon this instrument. He has found that curious molecular changes take place not only in selenium, but also in thin surfaces of almost any substance; so that they respond, by audible vibrations, to the action of an intermittent beam of light. There is a great difference, however, in the sensitiveness of the different substances; vulcanite is one of the best, carbon is very good, but water is absolutely irresponsive, and glass, unsilvered, is also bad. Upon this discovery, Professor Bell has constructed a simple form of photophone for transmitting musical tones.

A beam of light is thrown upon a mirror, and focused by a lens as before; at the focus is a disk, perforated round its circumference with numerous holes. From this disk, which can be rotated so that the beam passes through a varying number of holes, according to the speed of rotation, the light passes on to a receiving disk of ebonite, whence the sounds are conveyed by a tube to the listener. That these musical sounds—which are much louder than the spoken words—are really due to the action of light or radiant energy of some form, may be easily proved, for when the beam is interrupted by means of a disk of some opaque body, though the perforated disk is still rotating, nothing is

heard at the receiver. No wires are needed as conductors between the transmitter and the receiver; the beam of light forms the only necessary connection, and this beam of light, with the simple apparatus described, has been the means of conveying distinct musical sounds to a distance of more than a mile. Not that even this distance is a necessary limit, for there is no reason why the sound should not be carried as far as the light can be thrown. We have here, in fact, a *musical heliostat*.

The real cause of the molecular changes accompanying this action of an intermittent beam of light upon different substances is not yet certain. It appears probable, however, that the varying electric resistances of selenium are directly due to light; while, as with the radiometer, radiant heat is probably the real source of those molecular changes which produce the audible vibrations of vulcanite and other bodies. Whether, however, it be heat or light which is the original source of these vibrations, the wonder is equally great; for, if it be heat, the molecules composing the substance must be cooled and heated with sufficient rapidity to respond to vibrations, of which there may be many hundreds in a second. Science is every day showing us that we are only beginning to discern the subtler potencies of matter and energy, and we find that the goal of to-day becomes the starting-point of to-morrow, and that a barrier is no sooner reached than it becomes a gateway to new and wider views of truth.

London Spectator.

A STRANGE STORY.

I HAVE a strange, almost incredible, story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwoodsman's daughter, accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the loneliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing him and loving him in his works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver: "Why! the little critter'd starve in the cold season, if it hadn't used its little flat tail for buildin' its house, and then filled it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the caribou: "Look at *that*, too," he would say, "and at the moose. Now, the caribou has to travel often a matter of twenty mile for his dinner, for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that

hangs from the trees—so God gave him snow-shoes, good as an Injun could make 'em, to skim over the ice-crust—while the big, heavy moose there, sinks right in. His dinner is close to hand. He could live for months on an acre-lot!" He would speak of the loon, and its adaptation in every way to its watery home—always ending such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half-way with him!"

I was the only one left of ten children. My father, when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain, but only say: "They're better off. Why! if we can't trust the little children, that don't know what wrong-doing is, and don't know the meaning of sin, then there ain't *any* chance for us men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to

nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a *lorette Canadienne*, and her bright French spirits carried her gayly over many a hard trial in her life of frequent deprivations. One great, overshadowing sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year-old daughter, her only beautiful child—the one in her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half-hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little six-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had had a splendid time—we always did when we were away together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly home, toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's heart felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moaning, a dreadful, heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her head leaning on the empty crib, and mourning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How, or where, we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and, at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log-cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter-time. The nuns of the great convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose-hunting for weary months; but the summer-times we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, but never on the site of the log-cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my nineteenth year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centers there!

We passed one peaceful month together, disturbed only by distant rumors of the diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding along from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night,

when father came home, languid and feverish, from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father, all strength seemed to desert my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that, if father's life were taken, I should have to part with them both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and they had suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand, and sick at heart, against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and on the afternoon of the eighth day I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the thought of the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came, as I sat by the lake-side, flooding my desolated world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their newfound joy.

The stars had come out, before I ventured to return to the worse than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night, how horrible I did not foresee, or I could not have endured it. What follows I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof of it in a well-defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience, had not my children's laughter and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lake-shore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment on the opposite shore, had seen some game in our wild woods, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold in the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go on my rugged path alone! Heart-sick and overcome, I stopped at the door, and, leaning my head against it, sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out at length, I had grown quiet, and was just about to lift the latch, when a faint moan, as of an animal in pain, and close to me, startled me; then a death-like silence reigned.

I knew I had not been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature

in distress. "It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong." No longer hesitating, I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light, and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor, wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes! I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn—spotted dun-color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp!—and so I came quite close to it, leaned over, and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful, as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, dead, possibly, she lay—matted hair all about her face and clothed in doeskin. Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being, whatever, whoever she was, might be saved to live.

I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock-boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at length her great eyes opened, I felt it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an access of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like, wild terror took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I stanchd the wound, and prepared nourishment in case she waked. Too busied in these ways for further speculation, only with a strange weight at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a stealthy look in them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to

hide her head when I offered her my carefully prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided any appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement. I could see her eying eagerly, with a wretched, famished look, a raw venison steak that had been forgotten, and lay on the table close beside her. Stealthily, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

Horror filled my heart. Could this creature be human? I sat still in the corner, where, myself unseen, I could watch and restrain her if necessary, and soon—weakness overcoming her—after this last effort she lay tossing in an uneasy sleep.

Oh! I was so weary and so very lonely! The dreadful night was almost at an end. I went to her side, threw myself on the bed beside her, and put my arms about her neck. Again her wonderful eyes opened full in my face. I fixed them with my own. I caressed her, called her by the endearing names of old. I besought her to be gentle and to love me. I told her she was my own, the only creature left for me to love and care for! One short second it seemed as if a soul looked out of her glorious, deer-like eyes, then, with a groan as if she gave the struggle over, and with that low, fearful growl again, she fastened her white teeth in my hand.

Shrieking with the pain, I fainted. When I came to myself dawn was struggling in at the window; leaf-shadows flickered on the floor. Fearful pain in my hand roused me at length, and a consuming thirst drove me into the woods toward the spring to allay it.

I struggled through the underbrush, and there, close to the water, discerned a confused mass. There lay my poor sister, dead, her head pillowed on a wild-cat of the woods, shot by the same hand, probably, that had wounded her fatally.

ICI.

LOVE IN DREAMS.

LOVE hath its poppy-wreath,
Not Night alone.
I laid my head beneath
Love's lily throne;

Then to my sleep he brought
This anodyne—
The flower of many a thought
And fancy fine.

A form, a face, no more:
Fairer than truth;
A dream from death's pale shore;
The soul of youth.

A dream so dear and deep,
All dreams above,
That still I pray to sleep—
Bring Love back, Love!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE assertion so frequently made, that skill in handicrafts has declined and is declining, seems to be almost universally accepted as true. Ruskin has said so again and again; hosts of other critics have echoed the charge; it is a favorite theory with virtuosos and connoisseurs, who love nothing without a touch of antiquity; and innumerable writers assume off-hand that what all these people so confidently affirm must not be questioned. What, now, if a little cursory investigation should bring us to accept this general indictment with some small measure of reservation?

In all comparisons between workmanship of the present with that of the past, the work of to-day suffers greatly by one, perhaps unavoidable, circumstance—which is, that the selected work of bygone time, that which has survived, that which has made reputation in the midst of much inferior performance, is invariably made the standard by which the average of current work is measured. Out of the past there comes down to us, for the most part, only the best work, or it is only by the best work that judgment is formed. And it is the accumulation of this superior work, covering long periods and coming from many lands, that creates the vivid impression we have of ancient skill. Many splendid buildings and great paintings, many immortal books and admirable specimens of handicraft, have come down to us, but long intervals have sometimes elapsed between them, much inferior work has been altogether overlooked and forgotten; it is like a distant landscape in which we see only the hill-tops that seem to stand piled together, unconscious or ignorant of the level plains that intervene. It is therefore necessary, in comparing any kind of performance of to-day with that of the past, to select only the very best, to pass altogether by the mass of cheap and temporary productions, and confine ourselves to those things which confessedly employ our best skill.

In judging of the immediate present it is also necessary to consider tendencies, and see whether the current is toward better or poorer performance. There are always periods of depression and reaction; there are ceaseless mutations in human performance as well as in human affairs. There comes at one time a delight in certain kinds of skilled work, and then of course execution is much better—the tide rises; then come periods of indifference and neglect, and the tide falls.

In the early part of the century machinery began coming into use as a substitute for hand-labor; all at once there was a rush, so to speak, in this direction; innumerable inventions sprang into being, and devices without end for hastening and cheapening work came into vogue. In a vast majority of things the introduction of machinery has been of great and almost unqualified benefit; but in some articles, especially those of an artistic or semi-artistic charac-

ter, or such as afforded an opportunity for the operation of individual taste and skill, the exchange of hand-labor for machine-labor was felt to be unfortunate. But the very fact that this feeling existed was a good sign; and we already see the effect of it in the restoration of individual skill to many kinds of work. The economic law of supply and demand has manifested itself here just as it does in all other kinds of labor. The taste for artistic, individualized, hand-made objects has stimulated considerably the production of such objects, and, so long as this taste continues, craftsmen will be sure to respond to it. Whenever a craze for cheapness overrides everything else, real excellence in workmanship is impossible, and this has been one of the chronic obstacles to good work in this country. There must be a discriminating public of buyers before there can be a body of zealous and thoroughly skilled workers.

It is quite out of our power to enter into any detailed examination of articles produced to-day in comparison with the same class in the past. Furniture and a few other articles may, however, be considered for a brief space. We hear a great deal of the wonderful furniture of old times, but, after all, how little of it has come down to us; and how inevitably we see only the best, that which has stood the test of time! Then, however inferior the furniture of to-day may be to that produced in the past to gratify the pride of wealthy and luxurious patrons, there has certainly been an immense change for the better in the last thirty years—in the last dozen even—a change not only in execution but in design. A few years ago our chairs were all made of curved, distorted legs, and carved pieces glued on the backs; our tables were outbreaks of fantastic rococo ornamentation, commonly turned off by machinery; but now it is not difficult to get a chair or table of simple design, the ornament pure and a part of the structure itself, and thoroughly made. We have no doubt that a person so disposed could have made to order, in not a few of our shops, articles of furniture that would equal the best that exist anywhere. And, we repeat, the best of the past must be compared only with the best of to-day. In carpets and hangings there has been a very great improvement in taste; in fact, only recently has it come to be understood that floor-coverings and curtains should be quiet and simple in design, as the groundwork of the room. Necessarily these articles are made by machinery, and hence it is only the question of their design that is pertinent to our present inquiry. In wall-paper designs there has been an improvement that amounts to a revolution. In china and pottery there have been great changes. China decoration has advanced to an art, and some new forms of *faience* are singularly beautiful. The secret of a few old glazes has been lost, but the decoration at least of the new Limoges-ware is vastly more artistic than

much of the old. Collectors rave over rich, glazed majolica-ware, but, brilliant as the glaze is, who but a collector could find pleasure in the designs? We can not speak with confidence of metal-ware; old designs are copied and new ones are invented, but most of it is made doubtless by the aid of machinery; in silver-ware, however, America took the palm at the last Paris Exhibition. There is a notable revival of hand-carving, but obviously it must advance considerably before it can come near the superb work of Gibbons, or Verbruggen and other early Flemish carvers. In the manufacture of tools and implements there seems to be no little skill. No one in the present century can make blades like those famous ones of Toledo; but these exhibitions of marvelous skill are outcomes of the red-hot fervor of the time. When every gentleman bore arms and every one took a passionate pride in the beauty and perfection of his weapons, artisans worked under a stimulus that fairly put invention in their blood and execution in their finger-ends.

This leads us to the point where we can obtain a just comprehension of what the nineteenth century is doing. We must compare not only our best articles with the best of the past, but we must compare those things that are outcomes of our fervor and zeal with similar conditions elsewhere. Iron is the substance of the era, and machinery its characteristic product. Here there have been fervor of invention and extreme beauty of execution. What clumsiness of form and design, and what rudeness of execution once; what precision, symmetry, marvelous execution, elegance, beauty, perfection, now! Can any one, who recalls our noble display of machinery at the Centennial Exhibition, stop to deplore deficiencies in a few other things? Excellence everywhere is the product of circumstances. The genius of this age does not exhibit itself in inventing glazes for *faience*, in making sword-blades, or in carving woods, but in machinery it finds its passion and its occasion. If we could reverse the ages, if we could display backward to the craftsmen of three centuries ago the wonders we have accomplished with iron, they would be filled with astonishment and admiration, not only at the ingenious devices, the amazing functions which we have taught machinery to perform—they would recognize and praise the workmanlike perfection of form and construction.

It may be, therefore, after all, that our craftsmen are not losing either cunning or skill! It may be that those persons who whine over our deficiencies may not have surveyed the whole field; may not have discovered that comparisons must not be made specifically but generally; that one age differs from another in the direction of its energies, without differing from it in the sum of its forces.

THE editor of the "Evening Post" thinks that "gaudily covered and gilt-bedecked bookbindings are coming to be more and more fashionable," and that it is "nonsense to cover books as we do," the

function of a book-cover being simply to protect the book. "When men," it says, "learn to associate plainness of binding with literary worth, and to think of gaudily decorated books as books of small worth inside, the end of false art in bookbinding will be at hand."

No one will undertake to defend over-ornamented book-covers, but the notion that art may not decorate the cover of a book, because the cover has primarily only a utilitarian purpose, is to apply a principle to bookbinding that is utterly without recognition in other things. From the beginning of the race, men have taken pride in decorating and ornamenting almost everything their hands have touched, without regard to its primary purpose. Houses are designed for shelter, yet they are made splendid with costly material and many ornamental devices; apparel is intended for protection, yet human ingenuity is taxed to its utmost in order to make it beautiful; plates and dishes are intended to hold food, yet in all ages skillful artists have painted and decorated them; vehicles are constructed to bear us over rough roads, yet we have taken pride in giving them grace of form and beauty of ornament; and, in the same way, implements of war, tools of trade, utensils for domestic use, and objects of every kind, have been more or less incised, carved, painted, or in some way decorated. In fact, the desire to make ordinary things beautiful has, in many periods, amounted to a passion, and art-critics are continually condemning us for our indifference and deficiencies in this particular. In bookbinding, no less than in other things, there has always been a desire for splendor. In no country or age, unless with us, has "plainness of binding been associated with literary worth." On the contrary, in old times, books that were prized were given costly and brilliant covers; they were set with gems and adorned with lavish and loving care. To such an extent was this carried, that art-museums now consider the begemmed and inlaid bindings that have come down to us as among their most precious treasures. Nor is it, indeed, wholly true that plainness of binding is even now associated with literary worth. Books of permanent value are often sent forth by publishers in very plain bindings, but this is confessedly because, being of genuine literary worth, a temporary cover is given to the sheets until the owner shall have them permanently encased in covers of stamped and gilded leather. The most sumptuous of all bindings are bestowed upon such books, as any one will discover who enters the libraries of men of wealth.

Undoubtedly a great many books are over-adorned, and the decoration is frequently inappropriate. But, then, this is true of everything, and hence it is not an argument for the discontinuance of decorative binding. And, further, it is scarcely true that taste in this particular has declined. The application of color to cloth binding has been rendered more feasible, and hence, whereas twenty or thirty years ago books were often covered with an excess of gilt-work, the gilding is now relieved with black stampings and illuminated with colors. The addition of

bright colors would have been a dangerous feature, had not the introduction of lines stamped in black come into vogue at the same time, so that now, while book-covers are often very elaborate, they are more artistic than at the time when gilding was the sole resource of the binder. There has been a marked improvement, moreover, in the character of the designs used—the same improvement that we see now in all the arts of design—principally in the substitution of artistic forms for realistic natural objects.

It is, of course, open to objection that this decoration is generally applied to cloth, a material that fades and is not durable. It would be better, we think, if cloth binding were kept to its original purpose, merely as a temporary cover until the volume could be bound in leather. But so few books are rebound in this country that it is useless to look for a change in this particular. For our part, we should prefer the French custom—that is, that publishers should simply stitch all books in paper covers, with untrimmed edges, thus allowing each individual to have his books bound in sets according to his individual taste, with such uniformities and diversities as he might determine upon. One of the worst results of our plan now is that, as every book is bound by the publisher in entire disregard of every other book, a collection of volumes presents a most distasteful medley of colors and ornamentation, even when each individual book is unobjectionable in itself. If people took all the pride in their books that they should, they would discourage the practice that brings this about; they would ask the publishers to send their volumes forth in the simplest covers possible, not because decorated bindings are objectionable, but in order that they might have their volumes rebound in permanent material, in styles that suit them. And, were this generally done, there would be great changes in the art of binding. Hand-work would be more abundant, and, of course, styles more distinct and individual; we should have back something of the old mediæval passion for rich and artistic adornment in book-covers.

The writer in the "Post" does not say that excessive adornment on book-covers is peculiar to this country, but we suspect that many persons will infer it from the article in question. The fact is, English books are commonly more decorated than ours; their designs are more varied and striking, but they more frequently err by excesses than we do. We have known instances of English books being rendered fairly unsalable in this country on account of their over-decoration. The gaudily painted paper covers so popular there in railway libraries have never been tolerated here. Our national taste may be very false, but we may as well have all the advantage that the recognition of this fact will give us.

It is confidently believed that American wood-engraving now beats the world. That a great deal of excellent work is done here, no one can deny; but are the people who speak so confidently fully in-

structed in what has been done in former years elsewhere, and how far the much-praised present methods will stand the test of searching criticism? It is entirely true that many things are now done in wood-engraving that is new to the art; but novelties are not necessarily improvements, and new fashions in art are apt to have more fame than they deserve. We can not, for our part, believe for a moment that the old masters of the art would have been incapable of producing all the effects that we see to-day, had they for a moment considered it legitimate to do so. It was not thought the true province of wood-engraving to imitate other arts—to labor for effects of steel or mezzotint engraving, of crayon or charcoal drawing, or of lithography. The ambition formerly was not to produce novelties, but to reach genuine excellence. The best workmanship was not so generally in demand as it is now, the magazines, particularly, contenting themselves with inferior cuts; but there were books published every year that contained some masterpieces in the art. It will, doubtless, strike some persons as very old-fashioned to speak of the old Birket Foster illustrated books; but did not the cuts in those books possess every true quality of art—tone, texture, atmosphere, color, and satisfying beauty? Perhaps they were not so broad and virile as some of the cuts of to-day; but other artists of his time exhibited strength, while the delicate grace of Birket Foster's pencil was reproduced by the engravers with great fidelity. Those who can remember Linton's illustrated volume of English lake scenery will recall another work full of brilliant engraving. There is a volume now before us that is perhaps wholly unknown in this country, called "Nature Pictures," by J. H. Dell, published ten years ago in London, which contains some remarkable specimens of wood-engraving. The style is widely different from that preferred here, being generally in *fac-simile* instead of tint, which experts hold to be the most laborious form of engraving. The fashion is very different from the new school methods, but the richness of texture and the strength and character of the effects are quite remarkable.

How easy it would have been for the Birket Foster engravers, and others of the period, to have brought their performances to the level of to-day—to have made them harsh and rugged, to have converted the intelligible into the unintelligible, to have introduced meaningless forms and effects, to have changed light and shadow into monotonous gray, to have blotted out the sun, to have made sky and ground artistically interchangeable, to have substituted brush-marks for texture, to have transformed charming pastoral scenes into bewildering Chinese puzzles! The difficulty is, there was no disposition then to play tricks with the graver; it was presumption that was lacking rather than capacity. In a recent number of one of our illustrated magazines there is a picture, which we have shown to many persons to see if they could definitely say whether the ground is covered with snow or not, or whether the hour is night or day, and in every instance the problem was admitted to be beyond solution. No sentiment of

mystery is involved in the subject; it is simply a drawing of a court or quadrangle, and ought to tell a straightforward story. But the whole of the new-school engravings, so called, exhibit these inexplicable features. Given a gray sky, a gray ground, identical in treatment, a few strange, dark forms in the middle space, and we have a picture—or a “symphony,” or a “nocturne,” or an “arrangement,” or an “impression,” or anything an ecstatic fancy may call it. A singular circumstance in all these pictures is, that the sun never shines. Gray is the prevailing and predominant hue. We are ready to admit that this gray tint is sometimes very pleasing, and it is a quality that, if rightly employed, will always greatly enhance the artistic value of an engraving; but gray at all times and in all places, without reason or meaning, dead levels of gray for sky, and dead levels of gray for ground, and dead level of gray elsewhere, for no other reason than to multiply the tone, is transparently a theory gone mad. We can not do without form, color, contrast, texture, and meaning in pictures; and it will be discovered ere long that it does not require a high order of talent to substitute for these things mere confusion and caprice.

But all our wood-engraving is not of this strange character. A few recent examples seem to us to embrace all the good qualities of the art, new and old. This is notably the case in many of the engravings in “American Painters,” and in the illustrations to Mr. Hamilton Gibson’s “Pastoral Days,” which have been gathered from “Harper’s Magazine,” where they first appeared, into a handsome volume. The subjects in “Pastoral Days” are all of New England country life—of its forests, its streams, its meadows, its flowers, its changing seasons—and Mr. Gibson has given us, with great affluence, his cherished impressions of them. His drawings have not every desirable quality; they perhaps lack in strength and largeness, but they are full of infinite grace and tenderness, and ripe with poetic feeling; and these qualities the engravers have with

infinite skill faithfully reproduced. And they are just what all art ought to be—perfectly comprehensible to everybody of ordinary intelligence. There is no strange, occult beauty in them, no forms or effects that can not be instantly understood, no affectation of method, but pure, transparent ideas admirably expressed. To this same perfection all good engraving must come, for art can only be permanent when it rests on sound, balanced ideas, and employs for its purposes lawful and logical methods.

A WRITER in the “Contemporary Review,” in an article entitled “Village Life in New England,” utters the following: “Two hundred years, with a totally different environment from that of the old country, has somewhat modified or differentiated the New-Englander; but it is questionable whether he does not bear more resemblance to our common ancestors than does the Englishman of to-day. The ‘Pilgrim fathers,’ whose portraits are carefully preserved, certainly had more of the Yankee than the John Bull in their faces.” This being true, the peculiarities of our national physiognomy may be due to characteristics of the original settlers and not to climatic influences, as we hear so generally asserted. We once took occasion in these pages to point out that neither the French settlers in Canada, the descendants of creoles in Louisiana, nor the Germans in Pennsylvania, have undergone any noticeable modifications of type, and drew from the fact the inference that the physical variation between the typical Yankee and the typical Englishman of to-day is due to a difference of diet and habit instead of climate. But, if the “Contemporary” writer is right, there really has been no change in the American *physique*, our ancestors having been of a spare, austere type, like their descendants, rather than of the jovial, high-feeding class whose burly physical characteristics are so commonly considered typical of John Bull.

Notes for Readers.

CONSIDERING the amount of attention that has been concentrated upon the negro during the past two or three generations in this country, it is certainly surprising that it should have been reserved for Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to make the first authentic and adequate collection of his folklore, plantation legends, songs, proverbs, and sayings. It is the more surprising, because, if the negro has made any really native and original contribution to literature or to the general sum of human thought and knowledge, it is to be sought in these myths of the old plantation, with which every Southerner in his childhood is more or less familiar, and which occupy probably a very conspicuous place in his recollection of childish pleasures. It is only to children, be it observed, that they are commonly told, the

negro being very reluctant in general to open his budget before an unsympathetic and possibly incredulous listener; and this is the reason, probably, why they have never before found their way into literature. To the intelligence of children and of others in that primitive stage which fails to perceive the incongruity of the semi-human pranks and rivalries of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Wolf, Brer Tar-rypin, and Brer Tukky Buzzud, these stories are fascinating to a degree that no folk-lore has surpassed; and, now that they are accessible in literary form, many grown people will enjoy them for their dramatic action, their realism, their shrewd insight into character, their gleams of poetic imagination, and their genuine racy humor.

It is a great piece of good fortune that “Uncle

Remus; his Stories, Songs, and Sayings" have been first introduced to the public by so skillful an artist as Mr. Harris. He has arranged the legends in such a manner as to secure for them an almost epical consecutiveness and development; he has embroidered the telling of them with little episodes and interludes which aid materially in emphasizing their local color; and his portrait of Uncle Remus—as faithful and realistic as a photograph, but with touches that no mere photographer could hope to achieve—is one of the best things in the book. So good is it, indeed, that we are inclined to think that "Uncle Remus" will utterly dispossess the dynasty of "Pompey" and "Cuffy," and take a permanent place among the great race-types, of which "Pat" is the most complete and significant exemplar.

AMONG the many discoveries announced by Doctor Schliemann in his mighty book on "Ilios," not the least striking is that there was not one Troy, but seven. His explorations at Hissarlik have brought to light the remains of seven distinct cities superincumbent one above another, in strata, as it were. It is the third or burned city which he identifies as the Homeric Ilium, and among its *débris* he found no less than ten treasures, thus illustrating Homer's statement that "Priam's city used to be far-famed for its wealth in gold and bronze." Doctor Schliemann does not forget, however, that Homer was not an historian but an epic poet, and his researches do not tend to confirm the literal accuracy of the great poet's descriptions. "I wish," he says, "I could have proved Homer to have been an eye-witness of the Trojan war! Alas! I can not do it. At his time swords were in universal use and iron was known, whereas they were totally unknown at Troy. Besides, the civilization he describes is later by centuries than that which I have brought to light in the excavations. Homer gives us the legend of Ilium's tragic fate, as it was handed down to him by preceding bards, clothing the traditional facts of the war and the destruction of Troy in the garb of his own day. Neither will I maintain that his acquaintance with the Troad and with Troy was that of a resident; but certainly he was not without personal knowledge of the localities, for his descriptions of the Troad in general, and of the plain of Troy in particular, are too truthful for us to believe that he could have drawn all his details from the ancient myth. If, as appears likely, he visited the plain in the ninth century B. C., he would probably have found the *Æolic* Ilium already long established, having its Acropolis on Hissarlik and its lower town on the site of Novum Ilium. It would, therefore, be but natural that he should depict Priam's Troy as a large city, with an Acropolis called Pergamos, the more so as in his time every large city had its Acropolis. My excavations have reduced the Homeric Ilium to its real proportions." And those proportions, it may be added, are somewhat disillusioning; for Doctor Schliemann has made it clear that the renowned city which withstood for ten long years the heroic efforts of the united Greek army, and which at last was

captured only by a stratagem, can hardly have housed three thousand inhabitants.

THE "Athenæum" concludes a review of Tennyson's new volume, "Ballads and Other Poems," with a dissertation on English blank verse, which we here append:

"There seems to be a fatality about the writing of English blank verse. The fundamental difference between rhymed verse and blank verse is that while rhymed verse has for support harmony, melody, rhyme, color, and what not, and can, in the level and working passages of a poem, dispense with mere distinction or style, blank verse, though it has all these save rhyme, can not without distinction or style exist at all; and, if the mere working portions of a poem are too level in matter to call up the glow requisite to give this distinction, an artificial distinction has to be manufactured for blank verse to distinguish it from prose. Moreover, as in other matters of distinction or individual accent, the poet's style is sure to reach its culmination, and then it is liable to at once degenerate into mere manner—to afterward sink further still into mannerism. The poet begins by modeling his style upon that of previous writers or a previous writer—strikes out at last a style of his own, works in it, elaborates it, brings it to perfection, and then overdoes it. Shakespeare is an illustrious example of this. He began by imitating Marlowe, but, finding (what most likely Marlowe would have found had he lived) that the 'mighty line' is quite unfitted to render the varied and fluctuant life of drama (being really an epic movement), he invented a style of his own. The miracle of this style is that the pleasure we get from it is a something between the pleasure afforded by perfect prose rhythm and the pleasure afforded by poetic rhythm. And when we consider that the pleasure afforded by poetic rhythm is that of expecting the fulfillment of a recognized law of cadence, while the pleasure afforded by prose rhythm is that its cadences shall come upon us by surprise, it is no wonder if Shakespeare is the only poet who can catch and secure both these kinds of pleasure and alternate them. But even Shakespeare was human: the older he got and the more he drank the delight of faithfully rendering Nature, the more he felt inclined to make the expected cadence (the cadence of art) yield to the unexpected cadence (that of nature); and in some of his latest plays there are often between the great passages tracts of matter which, so far as any *metrical* music goes, might as well have been written in prose. And in the same way Milton, beginning also with Marlowe's movement, carrying it to its highest possible point in the early books of 'Paradise Lost,' could hardly finish the poem without being overmastered by the style natural to his own didactic instincts, which in 'Paradise Regained' flattened the lines and produced his mannerism.

"In the 'Morte d'Arthur' Mr. Tennyson had reached a style exceedingly noble of its kind; it seemed to combine the excellences of Wordsworth and of Milton. And the blank verse of 'Guinevere' was also very fine, though there were unpleasant affectations—such obvious tricks, for instance, as that of seeking perpetually to get emphasis by throwing a long pause after the first foot of the line, a device which Milton had already made so stale that it is surprising any successor dared to venture upon it. But from the publication of 'Guinevere' Mr. Tennyson's style stiffened with every poem, became more mannered and more cold, and it almost seems from the blank-verse pieces in this volume as if it will not revive. It is, however, rash to prophesy anything of a poet who

has shown such amazing power of rejuvenescence as Mr. Tennyson has displayed in some of these poems."

THE "Saturday Review," however grudgingly it speaks of American literature generally, has always a good word to say of the issues of our national and State governments. In a recent notice of Lieutenant Sigsbee's "Deep-Sea Sounding,"* issued from the Government printing-office at Washington, it speaks as follows:

"The debts that science and literature owe to the Government at Washington and to the Engineering Department of the Federal War Office are great and well known, if only for the publications that have recorded for the public benefit the various surveys undertaken and carried out with unsparing diligence and marvelous completeness at the national cost. No year has passed in which we have not had to acknowledge more than one such obligation, especially on the part of geographers and geologists, often for researches which hardly could, and certainly which would not, have been undertaken, at any rate for a generation to come, by private persons or even by scientific societies. There is nothing limited or petty in the views of the Federal Government or in the work of its officers; the labors of the latter and the liberality of the former might serve as an example to the most diligent of scientific enthusiasts or the wealthiest of societies. . . . The work immediately before us is a signal specimen of the thorough-going way in which the work is done, and shows how completely the most eager and enthusiastic specialists in the service of the Union can rely on the willingness of their Government to incur any expense necessary to render available to the world at large even the most purely technical of their labors. That the Naval Department at Washington should publish in the completest form, and with every aid that the art of the printer, the photographer, and the engraver could lend to render the researches of the explorer intelligible even to unscientific readers, all the results of their dredging and sounding expeditions in the Gulf of Mexico and elsewhere, is only what those who know the usual practice of the American Government would have expected. But even from that Government we should hardly have looked for this elaborate and beautifully illustrated memoir intended only to explain, for the benefit of those engaged in the same pursuits, the methods and instruments employed, the difficulties that have been encountered, and the manner in which they have been overcome. . . . It is vain, we suppose, to hope that for long years to come even the most advanced and most enlightened of European powers will take a tithe of the pains that America has taken at once to encourage her scientific servants to do their very best, and to render the fruit of their labors and researches useful to others."

THE London literary journals have, as a whole, treated Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" rather more favorably than the critics here have done. The "Saturday Review" thinks "it pleasant to find that a statesman, driven from the highest position in England, has had at an advanced age sufficient elasti-

city of spirit and freshness of mind to write the most popular book of the year." The "Athenaeum" declares that "it is excellently written," and that "the author has never so fully proved himself able to produce quiet, graceful, English prose. It is full," it goes on to say, "of epigrammatic turns of thought and speech," but admits that "as a story the book will probably be found disappointing." The "Spectator" pronounces the book "a poor and flashy one, with plenty of cleverness in it," and concedes that "we must take Lord Beaconsfield—unreality, grandiosity, and all—as he is, and let him amuse us as he will; and, if we do this and come to his pages with no preconceived ideal of our own, there is a good deal here to amuse us." The "Academy" says that the book is bright, "with not a dull page from cover to cover," and thinks "the brightness not that of a flower; it has neither softness nor enviroining perfume—it is that of a jewel," and concludes as follows: "Let us take heart for ourselves, and have a pride in this 'gay grandsire' of fiction 'skilled in gestic lore,' who, worn by fatigues of office, yet gallantly—

'Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.'"

BUCKLE speaks of the highest intellects in Germany having outstripped the general progress of the nation. "There is no sympathy between the two parties, nor are there at present means by which they may be brought into contact. Their great authors address themselves, not to their country, but to each other." A similar condition of things exists with many poets, English, German, and French, of whom other poets and a few critics talk and write continually, without in the least enlisting the concern of the rest of the world. Peter Bayne, author of "Lessons from my Masters," prefaces a volume on Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë, which has just been published in England, with an essay on poetry, from which we quote a passage that indicates unmistakably the reason why these poets have so limited a public:

"Poets of one class observe the beauties of nature with exquisite accuracy, but have, comparatively speaking, no hold upon the interests, passions, thoughts, activities of men. These poets love color for its own sake, form for its own sake, and are consummate in execution. With the warring, the working, the passionate loving, of the dusty throng around them, they have little sympathy; from humanity they ask only such lovely tints and hues as may afford play to their artistic skill. Their highest name, perhaps, is Keats. In delicate felicity of execution his work will challenge comparison with any the world ever saw. Shakespeare himself can not excel him in his own walk. But he cares little for common interests, common feelings, common life. A hundred generations of fighting men have thrilled to the harp, or to echoes from the harp, of Homer. The gray-haired farmer, as he harnesses his old mare, thinks of the genial notes of Burns. The furnace-man, as he groans and sweats, is happier because Schiller sang the song of the bell. But what plowman or blacksmith ever heard the name of Keats? what carpenter, as he plied adze or hammer, what fisherman, as he furled his sail, ever murmured a ditty of the London school? They are experts writing for experts."

* The full title of the work is as follows: Deep-Sea Sounding and Dredging: a Description and Discussion of the Methods and Appliances used on board the Survey Steamer Blake. By Charles D. Sigsbee, Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows: "I find in the 'Journal' for January the first part of Erckmann-Chatrian's story, translated, of 'Les Vieux de la Vieille.' Permit me to suggest to you that there is an error in the English title—'The Veterans of Yesterday'—the translator having fallen into the error of reading 'la Veille'—yesterday—instead of 'la Vieille'—the old. The meaning in the French is, 'The Old Men of the Old Army'; and although, I believe, the French confine the term 'veterans' to old soldiers who are still in service, the title might be rendered in English 'The Veterans of the Old Guard' (or of the old army)." We assure the writer of the above that the translator fell into no error, but adopted the title, "Veterans of Yesterday," for what he considered good reasons. It is not a literal rendition of the French title, it is true, but it is not thought necessary in cases of this kind to follow the original exactly. The translator chose "The Veterans of Yesterday" as more graphic and expressive than "The Veterans of the Old Guard," and as indicating not only the Old Guard, but that they had fought their last fight, and are at rest.

LADY EASTLAKE has written a life or sketch of Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, which the "Athenæum" considers not a success. It describes the work as a study, but adds that Mrs. Grote was neither remarkable enough nor well enough known for such a study. "If," says the "Athenæum," "the reader wishes to form an estimate of Mrs. Grote's intellectual powers, Lady Eastlake will not help him very much. She compares Mrs. Grote both to Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Staël, but she acknowledges that she can not make much of either comparison, and, in fact, the attempt to compare them is a little absurd. Mrs. Grote's letters were very shrewd and sensible, but certainly not brilliant, and her only important book, 'The Life of George Grote,' is (as has been said) singular and eccentric rather than well written.—Mrs. Grote's reputation really rests on her conversation, and that in the very nature of things is the least enduring foundation for any reputation. She was a bright, clever woman of the world, with few prejudices, somewhat audacious, extremely well read, and gifted with a perfect memory."

IN an ample volume of eight hundred pages, fully equipped with maps and plans, and embellished with about eighteen hundred illustrations, Dr. Schliemann narrates briefly the story of his life and work, and then describes in greater detail the results of his "Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the Years 1871-'72-'73-'78-'79." Professor Virchow contributes a general preface to the volume, and other eminent archaeologists, such as Max Müller, Brugsch-Bey, A. H. Sayce, Professor Mahaffy, M. A. Postolaccas, A. J. Duffield, and M. E. Burnouf, have lent their aid in elucidating special points raised by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries and speculations. Published by Murray in London and Harper & Brothers in New York, no expense or pains have been spared to render

the work a truly monumental one, worthy in all respects of the theme with which it deals and of the extraordinary achievements which it records.—A very stormy and stirring epoch of Irish history is dealt with by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in his "Young Ireland" (Appletons), which, though it covers only the brief period from 1840 to 1845, is especially valuable because it traces to their fountain-head many of the opinions and grievances that are now agitating the Irish people. The author participated in many of the events which he records, and knew most of the persons whom he portrays, and his object is to explain "why Ireland is distressed and discontented while England is prosperous and loyal."—Under the title of "Certain Men of Mark" (Roberts Brothers), Mr. George Makepeace Towle has collected a series of animated biographical sketches of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bismarck, Gambetta, Castelar, Victor Hugo, John Bright, and the reigning Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia. The feature of the sketches is the number of personal anecdotes which they contain.—From the same publishers comes a brief but interesting "Memoir of Governor Andrew, with Personal Reminiscences," by Peleg W. Chandler, to which are added two hitherto unpublished literary discourses, and the impressive valedictory address to the two branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, delivered January 5, 1866.—Messrs. Estes & Lauriat (Boston) have issued a satisfactory American edition of Madame De Witt's sketch of "Monsieur Guizot in Private Life," which was reviewed at considerable length in our November number.—Dr. W. G. Blaikie's "Personal Life of David Livingstone" (Harpers) is compiled chiefly from the unpublished journals in the possession of Dr. Livingstone's family, and aims to make the world better acquainted with his character rather than to describe the discoveries and explorations that have already been placed before the public in his own books. It is the work of one who is a warm admirer without being a panegyrist.—The fourth volume of Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (Harpers) is entitled "The Winter Troubles," and narrates what a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" calls "the most tragic and disastrous chapter of English military history since the peace of 1815." It is as piquant as its predecessors, and contains vivid sketches of the more active and marked personalities of the time, in civil as well as in military life.

In poetry the last month or two have been more than usually prolific. The "Poems" of Edwin Arnold is the outcome of the great success of his "Light of Asia," and contains such of his miscellaneous verses and translations as seemed, in the estimation of his publishers (Roberts Brothers), likely to interest American readers. Most of the original poems are on Oriental themes, and the most striking are two dealing with death and the future life—"She and He," and "After Death in Arabia."—The "Poems" of George Arnold, in a complete edition, appear with the imprint of Osgood & Co., and, besides a portrait, contain a biographical sketch of the poet by his friend William Winter.—"Under the Olive" is the title of a collection of poems by Mrs. Anne Fields, inspired mostly by classical themes and traditions (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—A similar collection of Lucy Larcom's poems, bearing the imprint of the same publishers, is entitled "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and other Poems," and is as distinctly modern in subjects and sentiment as the other is antique.—A slender volume of "Ballads and Other Poems" (Osgood) comprises Tennyson's most recent poetical work of a miscellaneous character. In it are "The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet," the "Defense

of Lucknow," the "Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice," and several other pieces that have been previously published, but the greater portion of its contents now appear for the first time.—From the various periodicals in which they originally appeared, Mr. William Pitt Palmer has collected his poems, over a hundred in number, and issued them through Messrs. Putnam as "Echoes of Half a Century."—The annual offering of the youthful poets, Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, is called this time "All Round the Year: Verses from Sky Farm," and, besides the new pieces, includes the thirty poems hitherto published in illustrated form in the volume entitled "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers." Some of Mr. Hamilton Gibson's tasteful illustrations to the latter are also reproduced (Putnams).—A volume in dainty binding and of great typographical beauty, with four autotype engravings, comprises "The Microcosm and Other Poems," by Dr. Abraham Coles, author of "Dies Irae in Thirteen Versions," and of several other volumes of verse of a more or less devotional character (Appletons).—Thomas Brower Peacock's "Rhyme of the Border War" (Carleton) is an historical poem of the Kansas-Missouri guerrilla conflicts before and during the late civil war, and has for its leading character the famous guerrilla captain, Quantrell.—Mr. William Leighton, author of several historical dramas, publishes through the Lippincotts a collection of his miscellaneous verses under the title of "Shakespeare's Dream and Other Poems."

Among novels, the Rev. E. P. Roe's "A Day of Fate" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has had time to find some twenty-five thousand readers since its appearance upon our table.—An anonymous story, "My Marriage," very similar in character and quality to those in their "No-Name Series," comes to us from Messrs. Roberts Brothers.—Mr. Henry James, Jr., issues his latest novelette, "Washington Square," through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, with the illustrations provided for it by Mr. George Du Maurier, as it appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine."—"Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ" (Harpers), is an historical novel, in which General Lew Wallace, author of "The Fair God," aims to bring to the aid of the Biblical account of Christ such confirmation as he has been able to gather from outside sources.—The latest additions to the ever-enjoyable "Leisure-Hour Series" (Holt) are "A Dreamer," by Katherine Wyld, and Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Trumpet Major."—"Nestlenook," a tale, by Leonard Kip, is the newest issue in Putnam's "Knickerbocker Novels."—To his series of novels from the German Mr. William S. Gottsberger (New York) has added "The Hour will come," a tale of an Alpine cloister, by Wilhelmine von Hillern, translated by Clara Bell.—A collection of short pieces by Mr. Horace E. Scudder is well described in the title, "Stories and Romances" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—In the "Franklin Square Library" (Harpers) we have "He that will not when He may," by Mrs. Oliphant; "A Confidential Agent," by James Payn; and "Love and Life: An Old Story in Eighteenth-Century Costume," by Charlotte M. Yonge.—"Missing" is a touching little story by Mary Cecil Hay, of such slender dimensions that it finds a place in Harper's "Half-Hour Series."

A new volume by Mr. Samuel Smiles is entitled "Duty" (Harpers), and consists of practical suggestions on courage, patience, endurance, truth, honesty, heroism,

sympathy, philanthropy, humanity, and the like, as illustrated by anecdotes and bits of information drawn from the biographies of great men and women.—The Rev. R. Heber Newton publishes through the Putnams a series of "Lectures on Woman's Work in the World," delivered originally to members of his congregation, but worthy of a wider audience.—More ambitious in scope and less didactic in manner is a collection of "Sketches of the Women of Christendom," by the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). They profess to have been addressed to Indian (Hindoo) women, and aim to illustrate "what Christianity has done and can do for women," by stories of the beautiful lives of Christian women from the days of Christ to our own.—A highly miscellaneous collection of "Sketches and Reminiscences of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston," including memoranda of essays and conversations by Emerson, Whittier, W. H. Channing, David A. Wasson, C. A. Bartol, O. B. Frothingham, Henry James, Julia Ward Howe, and many others, has been compiled by Mrs. John T. Sargent, and issued by J. R. Osgood & Co.—From Oliver Ditson & Co. (Boston) we have received an entertaining little volume in which Mr. Louis C. Elson describes some of the "Curiosities of Music" in all ages and countries.—A collection of "Japanese Fairy Stories," compiled by Mr. William Elliot Griffis and illustrated by Japanese designs, will interest young and old alike (Schenectady, N. Y.: J. N. Barhyte).—The same praise may be bestowed upon Mr. Benson J. Lossing's copiously illustrated "Story of the United States Navy" (Harpers), which, though designed especially for boys, may be read with pleasure by all patriotically minded citizens.—In "Friends worth knowing" (Harpers) Mr. Ernest Ingersoll reprints a dozen popular essays on American natural history, which attracted considerable attention when they appeared originally in this "Journal" and in other periodicals.—Under the somewhat startling title "Is Consumption contagious?" Dr. Herbert C. Clapp brings together an equally startling amount of evidence to prove that, "to a certain extent, at least, and under certain conditions, consumption is contagious" (Boston: Otis Clapp & Son).—Many readers would, doubtless, be profited by a perusal of Dr. Lennox Browne's "Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Singing Voice" (New York: M. L. Holbrook).

December was prolific, as usual, in illustrated books. A new enlarged edition of "American Painters" appeared, extending the number of engravings from eighty-three to one hundred and four, representing in all sixty-eight of our artists. "British Painters" is a volume similar in size and character, with eighty examples of their work. Both these volumes are from the press of D. Appleton & Co. Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," well illustrated by American artists, is a handsome volume published by Osgood & Co. "Pastoral Days, or Memories of a New England Year," by H. W. Gibson, is a luxurious reprint of well-known illustrated articles that appeared in "Harper's Magazine." Roberts Brothers published a handsome illustrated edition of Miss Alcott's "Little Women." The illustrated biography of the French painter Millet, which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine," was published in book form by Osgood & Co. The same house issued a reprint of Du Maurier's "Pictures from Society," collected from "Punch."